

Wm. M. James his Prose

THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE

English STAGE:

Consisting of all the Celebrated

PASSAGES, || SIMILIES,
SOLILOQUIES, || DESCRIPTIONS,

AND OTHER

POETICAL BEAUTIES
IN THE

ENGLISH PLAYS,

ANCIENT and MODERN.

Continued down to the present YEAR.

Digested under proper HEADS in ALPHABETICAL
ORDER, with the NAMES of the PLAYS and
their several AUTHORS refer'd to.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Purissima Mella sipant.

VIRG. GEORG.

L O N D O N,

Printed for, and sold by WARD and CHANDLER at the
Ship juft without Temple Bar, and at their Shops in
York, and Scarborough: C. CORBETT, at *Addison's*
Head against St. Dunstan's Church, and E. WITHERS
at the *Seven Stars* against Chancery Lane, both in Fleet-
Street. MDCCXXXVII.



[Faint, mostly illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. Some words like 'in' and 'of' are visible.]



THE
PREFACE.

 *T* is allowed by all who understand our Language, that we not only equal but surpass all Nations in dramatic Poetry, and that our Tragedies excell those of other Countries both in Majesty of Style and in variety of Incidents.

P R E F A C E.

The following Sheets, which I at first collected together only as a Satisfaction to my own private Curiosity, contain in them a Collection of the most celebrated Passages, beautiful Soliloquies, and justest Similies that could be extracted from the whole Body of English Plays.

As the collecting them was an agreeable, tho' laborious Amusement to me, I hope the Reader will receive much Pleasure and Instruction, as he will here find at one View the beautiful Thoughts of our greatest Poets on their several Subjects ranged alphabetically under all the Passions and Accidents of Life.

Those Authors, who have hitherto attempted Works of this kind, have blended together all kinds of
Poetry

P R E F A C E.

Poetry very confused, but the following are confin'd within the Bounds of the tragic Muse, and contain many thousand Lines on the several Topicks, more than are to be met with in any other Author.

I receive no little Pleasure in persuading my self, that young Gentlemen may by attentively perusing this Work, occasionally improve some of those excellent Hints they will here meet with, and avoid that common Error of making use of Similies, which have been worn Threadbare by a Succession of Authors though poorly disguis'd.

In Order further to make this Work as compleat as possible, we have consulted all the late Tragedies that have been introduced to the publick to the present Year,

P R E F A C E.

from whom I have collected the most beautiful Sentiments (which are in no other Work) and have omitted nothing to make this the most compleat of the Kind, only extracting the several Beauties without the Blemishes, in Conformity to our Motto from Virgil:

Purissima Mella stipant.



An



An Alphabetical LIST of the several
HEADS in this WORK, with Refer-
ences to each other, whereby all the
Beauties in our best Dramatic Writers
may easily be found.

A bsence.	Bawd.
Advice.	Beauty.
Adultery.	Bees.
Affronts.	Beggar.
Affrican.	Birds.
Alps.	Blast.
Amazon.	Blessing.
Ambition.	Blindness.
Angel.	Blush.
Anger.	Boar.
Apothecary.	Boasting.
Applause. <i>See</i> Popular.	Bower.
Arbitrary Power.	Brave.
Armour.	Bribery.
Aspick.	Bride.
Astonishment. <i>See</i> Con-	Business.
sternation.	Care.
Atheist.	Calm.
Attention.	Camp,
Avarice.	Cato.
Aversion.	Charnel House.
Augur.	Chaste.
Aurora. <i>See</i> Morning.	Children.
Bad News.	City Cliff. Clouds. <i>See</i>
Bastard.	Morning.
Battle.	Cock.

Combat.

Table of Heads.

Combat.	Defart.
Comet. <i>See</i> Imprecati- ons.	Deluge. <i>See</i> Meeting.
Comfort.	Despair.
Compassion.	Devotion.
Concealment.	Disguise.
Conceit.	Disappointment in Love.
Conjuration.	Dissembler.
Conquest.	Disimulation.
Conscience.	Distraction.
Conflict.	Doubt.
Conspiracy.	Dreams.
Constancy. <i>See</i> Incon- stancy.	Drinking.
Consternation. <i>See</i> Asto- nishment.	Drowning.
Content.	Dungeon.
Country House. <i>See</i> Re- tirement.	Dying.
Courage.	Dying of old Age.
Court and Courtiers.	Eagle.
Courtship.	Eclipse.
Coward.	Elder Brother.
Cuckold.	Eloquence.
Curse. <i>See</i> Rival.	Embrace.
Custom.	Emperor and Empire.
Damnation.	<i>See</i> Greatness.
Danger.	Enjoyment. <i>See</i> Falshood.
Darkness. <i>See</i> Wretch	Enthusiasm.
Cassius.	Entry.
Dauntless.	Error.
Dead.	Evening.
Death. <i>See</i> Fears.	Eunuch.
Deer.	Example.
Deformity.	Existence.
	Eyes.
	Fairies.
	False Appearance.
	Falshood. <i>See</i> Enjoy- ment.

Table of Heads.

ment. <i>See</i> Imprecation.	Vicissitudes.
on. <i>See</i> Inconstancy.	Good Name. <i>See</i> Reputation.
Fame.	Grief.
Famine.	Grove.
Fancy.	Guilt.
Fate.	Hag.
Fear. <i>See</i> Death.	Hand.
Females.	Happiness.
Fight. <i>See</i> Battle.	Hatred.
Flattery.	Heart.
Fawning.	Hell.
Flight. <i>See</i> Fear.	Honesty.
Flood.	Honour.
Flowers.	Hope. <i>See</i> Supposition.
Fondness.	Horror.
Fool.	Hounds.
Fortitude.	Hurricane. <i>See</i> Deserts.
Fortune. <i>See</i> Fate. Fool.	Husband and Wife.
Vicissitude.	Jealousy. <i>See</i> Revenge.
Friend.	Imprecations. <i>See</i> Falshood.
Friendship.	<i>See</i> Rival.
Protestation of Friendship.	Incest.
Frost. <i>See</i> Greatness.	Inconstancy. <i>See</i> Falshood.
Frown.	Ingratitude.
Forgiveness.	Innocence.
Future State.	Interest.
Futurity.	Joy.
Ghost.	Jove.
Gold.	King.
Grave.	Kisses and Kissing.
Greatness.	Lamb.
Greatness and Power.	Lamentations.
<i>See</i> Scorn. <i>See</i> Emperor and Empire. <i>See</i>	Lady at Prayers.

Lady's

Table of Heads.

Lady's Picture.	Misery.
Lark.	Mist.
Law and Lawyer.	Mistress.
Liberty.	Mob.
Life.	Modesty.
Lightning.	Monastic Life.
Lion.	Moon.
Looks.	Morning.
Loquacious.	Morrow.
Love. Vol. 1.	Mountebank.
Lover and Mistress.	Murder.
Love. Vol. 2.	Self Murder.
Falling in Love.	Musick.
In Love with an Enemy.	Name.
Protestations of Love.	Necromancer.
Loyalty.	Night.
Lust.	Nightingale.
Madness.	Nobility.
Magician.	Noise.
Malecontent.	Nun.
Man.	Oath.
Marriage.	Obedience.
Martyr.	Obstinate.
Massacre.	Old Age.
Mediocrity.	Omens.
Meeting.	Opportunity. <i>See Vicif-</i>
Melancholy.	<i>itude.</i>
Memory.	Oracle.
Merchant.	Ornament.
Mercy.	Pain.
Merit.	Parasite.
Mermaid.	Pardon.
Mirth.	Begging Pardon
Mischief.	Parent.
Miser.	Parting.
	Passions

Table of Heads.

Passions.	Repentance.
Patience.	Reputation.
Peace.	Retirement. <i>See</i> Coun-
Penance.	try House.
Physician.	Retreat.
Pity.	Revenge. <i>See</i> Jealousy.
Plague.	Rival. <i>See</i> Curse. <i>See</i> im-
Player.	precation.
Pleasure.	Sailing
Plot.	Scorn. <i>See</i> Greatness
Poison.	and Power.
Populace.	Scull.
Popular.	Secrets.
Poverty.	Sedition.
Prayer.	Self-Murder.
Predestination.	Shame.
Self-preservation.	Shepherd.
Priest. <i>See</i> Reason.	Ship.
Prison.	Sickness.
Prodigies.	Sigh.
Prophet.	Sight.
Providence.	Silence.
Complaints of Provi-	Sin.
dence.	Siren.
Punishment.	Slander.
Rack.	Sleep.
Rage.	Smile.
Rape.	Soldier.
Raving.	Solitude.
Reason. <i>See</i> Priest.	Soul.
Rebellion.	Sorrow.
Reconcilement.	Speaking.
Regicide.	Sphinx.
Rejoicings.	Spirits.
Religion.	Stag.
	Stars.

Table of Heads.

Stars.	Tyranny.
State.	Vale.
Statesman.	Vice.
Stork.	Vicissitudes of Fortune.
Storm.	<i>See Greatness.</i>
Stream.	Vicissitude. <i>See Opportunity.</i>
Subjects.	Victory.
Success.	Villain.
Sun.	Vine.
Supposition. <i>See Hope.</i>	Virtue.
Surprise.	Virginity.
Suspicion.	Voice.
Sweet.	Upbraiding.
Swimming.	Usurper.
Swooning.	Want.
Tears.	War.
Thanks.	Weeping.
Thoughts.	Welcome.
Threatning.	Wife.
Thunder.	Wind.
Time.	Wisdom.
Timon's Curse	Wishes.
Title.	Witch.
Toil.	Woman <i>Good</i>
Tomb.	Woman <i>Bad</i> .
Tongue.	Woing.
Traitor.	Words.
Treachery.	World.
Treason.	Wounds.
Tree.	Wretch. <i>See Want.</i>
Triumph.	Wretched.
Trust.	Youth.
Turtle.	



THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
ENGLISH STAGE.



ABSENCE.



OUR Moons already I have sigh'd alone,
And with repeated Prayers involk'd his
Name;

But he, or deaf, or fearful of our Fates,
Shuns the sad Triumph of his conquering Eyes. *Sewell's Sir Wa. Ral.*

THEN Sun, drive on, drive on in full Career,
And let thy Fiery Coursers fleet as Winds,
Guide the immortal Chariot round the Sphere
With more than common, with a Lover's Speed,
For that blest Hour shall both our Joys compleat,
Make mine as happy as thy own is great,
When you retiring to your *Thetis'* Charms,
Revel in Love and wanton in her Arms;

The BEAUTIES of

Then blest *Almeyda* shall behold her Lord,
Whom she so long hath lov'd, so long ador'd. *Beck. Scipio.*

THIS close Confinement pains me less,
Than Separation from my much lov'd Lord,
Were I with him in narrower Bounds imprison'd,
Imprisonment it self wou'd please; but since
His charming Conversation is deny'd me,
I like the Melancholly Nightingale,
Shut in a Cage and widow'd from her Lover,
Shall languish, droop, and pine my self to death.

Trap's Abram.

IN my *Lucia's* Absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a Burden;
And yet when I behold that charming Maid,
I am ten times more undone, while Hope, and Fear,
And Grief and Rage, and Love rise up at once,
And with Variety of Pain distract me.

Add. Cato.

It was not kind,
To leave me like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me, ev'ry Place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blessed,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul. *Otw. Orph.*

NIGHT must involve the World till she appear;
The Flowers in painted Meadows hang their Heads;
The Birds awake not to their Morning Songs;
Nor early Hinds renew their constant Labour:
Ev'n Nature seems to slumber 'till her Call,
Regardless of th' Approach of any other Day. *Rowe's Ulyss.*

WINDS murmur'd thro' the Leaves your short Delay,
And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your Stay:
But with your Presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And Walks wear fresher Green at your Return.

Dryd. St. Inn.

THE Joys of Meeting pay the Pangs of Absence;
Else who could bear it?

When

the ENGLISH STAGE.

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When thy lov'd Sight shall blefs my Eyes again,
Then will I own I ought not to complain,
Since that one Hour is worth whole Years of Pain.

Rowe's Tam.

I CHARGE thee, loiter not, but hafte to blefs me ;
Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage, I burn ;
For ev'ry tedious Minute how I mourn :
Think how I call thee cruel for thy Stay,
And break my Heart with Grief for thy unkind Delay.

Rowe's Ulyff.

FLY swift, ye Hours, you meafure Time for me in
vain,
Till you bring back *Leonidas* again.
Be fwifter now, and to redeem that Wrong,
When he and I are met, be twice as long.

Dryd. Mar. Alamode.

LOVE reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years ;
And ev'ry little Abfence is an Age.

Dryd. Amph.

THE tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute feems a lazy Day.

Otaw. Cai. Mar.

OH Love ! how fwiftly thy Hours fly away
When we are blefs'd ? How tedious are thy Minutes
When cruel Abfence parts two longing Lovers ?

Carrol's Perj. Husband.

OH ! can you think that Death is half fo dreadful,
As 'tis for me to live, and live without thee.

Smith's Phed. and Hipp.

LIFE of it felf will go, now thou art gone ;
Like Flies in Winter, when they lofe the Sun.

Dryd. Conq. of Gran.

SHE's gone, and I like my own Ghofst appear ;
It is not living when fhe is not here.

Ibid.

WITHOUT her Prefence all my Joys are vain ;
Empire a Curfe, and Life it felf a Pain.

Ibid.

WITH thee to live is Paradife alone,
Without the Pleafure of thy Sight is none.

Dryd. St. Inn.

The BEAUTIES of

WHAT shall I do? Oh! how alone am I!
I walk, methinks, as if half of me were lost.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

My Eyes are robb'd of what they lov'd to see;
My Ears of the dear Words they us'd to hear;
My longing Arms of the Embrace they covet.
Forgive me, Heaven, if when I these enjoy,
So perfect is the Happiness I find,
That my Soul satisfy'd, feels no Ambition
To change these humble Roofs, and sit above.

Robt. Valent.

EVERY Moment

I'm from thy Sight, the Heart within my Bosom
Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle,
Whose Nurse had left it.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

MOMENTS to absent Lovers tedious grow:
'Tis not how Time, but how the Mind does go.

Sedl. Ant. and Cleop.

ABSENCE alone can make our Sorrows less;
And not to see what we can ne'er redress. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

A D V I C E.

WHEN Things go ill, each Fool presumes to advise,
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise;
All wretchedly deplore the present State,
And that Advice seems best which comes too late.

Sedl. Ant. and Cleop.

A D U L T E R Y.

ALL Women will deny:
What have we for your Truth, but your bare Words?
The subtle Path is trodden without Print;
Not the least Footstep to be traced for Truth.

Lansd. Her. Love.

THE Stain of Violation is upon thee,
The ruddy Spot fresh ardent on thy Face:
Thy Cheeks are burning with the Adult'rer's Mark;
His Print is on thy Lips; thy melted Eyes
Yet glow with languish'd Lustre.

Ibid.

JUST reeking from my Arms! O thou Adultress!
Whose Name to mention, sure, would rot my Lungs,
And blister up my Tongue! Infatiate *Scylla*!
Bark'st thou for more? Then let the Furies seize thee,
Whose burning Lust damns to the lowest Hell,
Smokes to the Heavens, and sullies all the Stars.
Had she not fallen thus, Oh! ten thousand Worlds
Could ne'er have ballanced her; for Heaven is in her,
And Joys which I must never dream of more.

Lee's Cas. Borg.

I would chuse to scramble at a Door;
Make my loath'd Meals out of the common Basket,
With Dungeon Villains; wallow in the Stews,
And get my Bread by poisoning my firm Limbs;
E'er pass an Hour with her I have espoused,
If but in Thought consenting to another.

Ibid.

THOU art as honest
As Summer Flies are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou Weed!
Who art so lovely Fair, and look'st so sweet,
That the Sense aches at thee!
Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book,
Made to write Whore upon? O thou publick Commoner!
I shou'd make very Forges of thy Cheeks,
That would to Cinders burn up Modesty,
Did I but speak thy Deeds.
Heav'n stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks;
The bawdy Wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of Earth,
And will not hear it.

Shakes. Othello.

OH you have done an Act,
That blots the Face and Blush of Modesty;
Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose

The BEAUTIES of

From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,
 And makes a Blister there; makes marriage Vows
 As false as Dicers Oaths. O such a Deed!
 Heaven's Face doth glow at it.
 Yea, this Solidity, and compound Mass,
 With tristful Visage, as against the Doom
 Is thought Sick at the Act.

Shakesp. Ham.

A F F R O N T S.

YOUNG Men soon give, and soon forget Affronts :
 Old Age is slow in both.

Add. Cato.

It wounds indeed,
 To bear Affronts, too great to be forgiven,
 And not have Power to punish.

Dryd. Sp. Fryar.

A F R I C A N.

BEHOLD the *African*,
 That traverses the vast *Numidian* Desarts
 In quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow :
 Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chase ;
 Amidst the running Stream he slakes his Thirst ;
 Toils all the Day, and at th' Approach of Night,
 On the first friendly Bank he sits him down,
 Or rests his Head upon a Rock till Morn ;
 Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted Game ;
 And if the following Day he chance to find
 A new Repast, or an untasted Spring,
 Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

Add. Cato.

A L P S.

THUS where the Alps their airy Ridge extend,
 Gently at first the melting Snows descend ;
 From the broad Sloap, with murm'ring Lapse they glide,
 In soft Mæanders down the Mountains side.

But

the ENGLISH STAGE.

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But lower fall'n Streams with each other crost,
From Rock to Rock impetuously are tost,
Till in the *Rhone's* capacious Bed they're lost.
United there roll rapidly away,
And roaring reach o'er rugged Rocks the Sea.

Frowd's Fall of Sag.

AMAZON.

To weild the Sword, to strain the twanging Yew,
To lash the foaming Steeds, and drive the Car
With rapid Wheels, o'er mangled Carcasses,
These are Amazonian Virtues!

Frowd's Fall of Sag.

AMBITION.

AMBITION never was my View,
Tho' Glory, still has been my great Pursuit :
I would by noble Actions in her Service,
Deserve the utmost Honours of my Country,
Nor higher do my Thoughts affect to rise.

Frowd's Fall of Sag.

'Tis a common Proof,
That Lowliness is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upwards turns his Face ;
But when he once obtains the utmost round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base Degrees,
By which he did ascend.

Shakes. Jul. Cæs.

WHAT Pity 'tis,
That I had not your Birth, or you my Soul ;
A Prince without Ambition !
O monstrous Contradiction ! how it sounds ! *Trap's Abram.*
YET true Renown is still with Virtue join'd,
But Lust of Power lets loose th' unbridled Mind.

Dryd. Auren.

THE Blast which his ambitious Spirit swell'd,
See by how weak a Tenure it was held.

Ibid.

The BEAUTIES of

IF Glory was a Bait that Angels swallow'd,
How then shou'd Souls allay'd to Sense resist it.

Dryd. Secret Love.

AMBITION, is like Love impatient
Both of Delays and Rivals.

Denb. Sophy.

AMBITION is at a Distance
A goodly Prospect, tempting to the View ;
The Height delights us, and the Mountain Top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to Heaven :
But we ne'er think how sandy's the Foundation,
What Storms will batter, and what Tempests shake us.

Otaw. Ven. Pres.

AMBITION! the Desire of active Souls,
That pushes them beyond the Bounds of Nature,
And elevates the Hero to the Gods. *Rowe's Amb. Stepm.*

O ENERGY divine of great Ambition !
That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,
And ripen 'em to Men in spite of Nature.

Ibid.

AMBITION's never safe, till Power be past ;
As Men, till impotent, are seldom chaste.

Sedl. Ant. and Cleop.

AMBITION is the Dropsy of the Soul,
Whose Thirst we must not yield to, but controul. *Ibid.*

AMBITION's like a circle on the Water,
Which never ceases to enlarge it self,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to Nought.

Shakesf. Hen. VI.

AMBITION is a Lust that's never quench'd,
Grows more inflam'd, and madder by Enjoyment.

Otaw. Cai. Mar.

WHAT will not curs'd Ambition work in Woman !
Ambition first taught Angels to rebel ;
Ambition made Eve fall : And sure, my Elfrid,
If ever Woman could resist, 'twas she,
Who knew no Power to wish, but was her own.

Hill's Elfrid.

FLING away Ambition :
By that Sin fell the Angels. How can Man then,

The

The Image of his Maker, hope to win it?

Shakes. Hen. VIII.

WHAT is Ambition but desire of Greatness?
And what is Greatness but Extent of Power?
But Lust of Power's a Dropfy of the Mind,
Whose Thirst encreases while we drink to quench it,
Till swoll'n and stretched by the repeated Draught,
We burst and perish.

Hig. Gen. Comq.

AMBITION is an Idol, on whose Wings
Great Minds are carry'd only to Extreams;
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing.

Son. Ley. Br.

AMBITION, the Disease of Virtue, bred
Like Surfeits, from an undigested Fulness,
Meets Death in that which is the Means of Life.

Den. Soph.

AMBITION, like a Torrent, ne'er looks back;
It is a Swelling, and the last Affection
A high Mind can put off. It is a Rebel
Both to the Soul and Reason, and enforces
All Laws, all Conscience; treads upon Religion,
And offers Violence to Nature's self.

Johns. Catal.

ALREADY *Cæsar* has ravaged
More than half the Globe; and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive Sword.
Should he go further, Numbers would be wanting
To form new Battels, and support his Crimes.
Ye Gods! what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works!

Add. Catt.

ANGEL.

FROM the bright Empire of eternal Day,
Where waiting Minds for Heaven's Commission stay,
Amariel flies: A darted Mandate came
From that great Will which moves this mighty Frame.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

So Angels, when they stoop to mortal Sight,
Strike us with Awe, yet ravish with Delight.

Lee's Nere.

The BEAUTIES of

MORTALS in Sight of Angels mute become :
The nobler Nature strikes th' inferior Dumb.

Dryd. Aurenz.

A N G E R.

OH! *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Man,
That carries Anger as the Flint bears Fire,
Who much enforced shews a hasty Spark,
And straight is cold again. *Shakesf. Jul. Cesar.*

CAN he be angry? I have seen the Cannon
When it hath blown his Ranks into the Air,
And like the Devil from his very Arm,
Puff his own Brother; and can he be angry?
Something of Moment then. *Shakesf. Othel.*

ANGER like Madness is appeased by Rest.

Howard's Ind. Queen.

MY Heart swells at him, and my Breath grows short :
But whether Fear or Anger choaks it up,
I cannot tell. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

FROWNING he went ;
His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams ; as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-Star, scorch the Earth,
And kindle Rivers in its Course. *Cong. M. Bride.*

OH ! do not look so terribly upon me !
How your Lips shake, and all your Face disorder'd !

Otaw. Ven. Presf.

WITH fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
He coin'd his Face in the severest Stamp,
And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake.
He heav'd for Vent, and burst, like bellowing *Ætna*,
In Sounds scarce human. *Dryd. All for Love.*

OH ! I burn inward ; my Blood's all o' fire :
Alcides, when the poison'd Shirt fate closest,
Had but an Ague Fit to this my Fever. *Dryd. Oedip.*

ANGER is like

A full-hot Horse : Allow him but his Way,
Self-Mettle tires him. *Shakesf. Hen. VIII.*

T H E R E

the ENGLISH STAGE.

II.

THERE is a fatal Fury in your Visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces Destruction.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

A P O T H E C A R Y.

I DO remember an Apothecary,
In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,
Culling of Simples : Meagre were his Looks ;
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones ;
And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,
An Alligator stuff'd, and other Skins
Of ill-shap'd Fishes ; and about his Shelves
A beggarly Accompt of empty Boxes,
Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,
Remnants of Packthread ; and old Cakes of Roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a Shew.

Shakesf. Rom. and Julist.

A P P L A U S E. See POPULAR.

CAPS Hands and Tongues applaud it to the Skies:

Shakesf. Hamlet.

SUCH a noise arose

As the Shrowds make at Sea in a stiff Tempest,
As loud and to as many Tunes, Hats, Cloaks,
Doublets, I think flew up, and had their Faces
Been loose, this Day they had been lost.

Shakesf. Hen. VIII.

A R B I T R A R Y P O W E R.

WHAT alas is arbitrary Rule,
He's far the greater and the happier Monarch
Whose Power is bounded by coercive Laws,
Since while they Limit they preserve his Empire.

Trapp's Abram.

B. 6

No.

No Government can e'er be safe that's founded
 On Lust, on Murder, and despotick Power.
 'Tis not in lawless Strength, to turn and manage
 This cumbrous and unweildy Bulk of Empire,
 Which like the restless Sea still works and tosses,
 Vex'd with continual Change and Revolution.
 How few of my unhappy Successors
 Will scape my Fate? Even while we keep the Throne, }
 We fear those Subjects Threats on whom we frown,
 Infringe their Liberty, and lose our own;
 And hourly prove by arbitrary sway,
 That he's the greatest Slave, whom none but Slaves obey.
Ibid.

A R M O U R.

HIS Arms might well denote him,
 The Milk-white Plume that nodded on his Helmet,
 And Roman Eagle that adorn'd his Shield.
Frowd's Fall of Sag.

A S P I C K.

WELCOME thou kind Deceiver,
 Thou best of Thieves! who with an easy Key
 Dost open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,
 Ev'n steal us from our selves: Discharging so
 Death's dreadful Office better than himself,
 Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,
 That Death stands by deceiv'd by his own Image,
 And thinks himself but Sleep. *Dryd. All for Love.*

A S T O N I S H M E N T. See CONSTERNATION.

THEY looks do more than speak, my Son is dead.
Frowd's Fall of Sag.
 I WHO before had crimson'd
 My Arms with Blood of Rebels; I who moved
 With

With Whirlwind's Swiftneſs ſtill on every Side,
And toſt like Leaves the weightieſt Foes about me,
Now ſtood as if *Gorgonian* Charms had fix'd me.

YOUR Sword

Fell from your Hand, your mighty Spirit left you,
And as ſome famous Piece of antick Work
When the ſunk Props and waſted Beams decay
Staggers and nods before the Ruin comes,
So wav'd your royal Fabrick e'er it fell. *Lee's Mith.*

THY deſpairing Looks

Have told me all the tragick Tale already. *Trap's Abram.*

MY Soul runs back,

The Words of Reason roll into their Spring.

Lee's D. of Guiſe.

I COULD a Tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt Word
Wou'd harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,
Make thy two Eyes, like Stars, ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined Locks to part,
And each particular Hair to ſtand on End,
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine. *Shakeſ. Ham.*

PREPARE to hear

A Story that ſhall turn thee into Stone.
Could there be hewn a monſtrous Gap in Nature,
A Flaw made thro' the Centre by ſome God,
Thro' which the Groans of Ghoſts might ſtrike thy Ears,
They would not wound thee as this Story will. *Lee's Oed.*

MY Heart ſinks in me,

And every ſlacken'd Fibre drops its Hold,
Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life.

Dryd. Sp. Fryar.

NOT the laſt Sounding could ſurpriſe me more,
That ſummons drowſy Mortals to their Dooms;
When call'd in haſte, they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble, unprovided for their Charge.

Dryd. Don Sebaſt.

It drives my Soul back to her inmoſt Seats,
And freezes ev'ry ſtiſſning Limb to Marble.

Rowe's Ulyſſes.

THIS

THIS is a Sight that like the *Gorgon's Head*,
Runs thro' my Limbs, and stiffens me to stone.
He blushes, and would speak, and wants a Voice;
And stares, and gapes, like a forbidden Ghost. *Dryd. Cleom.*

WHAT means that gasty Look?
Hast thou the Furies seen? Why stand'st thou speechless?
What means that deep-fetch'd Groan? Why does Despair
Stare thro' thy Haggard Eyes. *Den. Iphig.*

THY late dreadful Tale
Had rais'd such various Furies in my Soul,
As left me impotent of Thought or Speech.
Den. Liberty Ass.

FIX'D in Astonishment I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heaven,
Who pants for Breath, and stiffens yet alive,
In dreadful Looks, a Monument of Wrath! *Add. Cato.*

O MY Heart pants, and every Nerve is shaken;
Upon my Forehead sits a Damp like Death:
My Blood runs cold; I feel the Channel freeze,
Scarce will my trembling Limbs support my Weight;
But shake like Cowards on a Day of Battle. *Lanf. H. Love.*

A T H E I S T.

WHEN Prejudice and strong Aversions work,
All whose Opinions we dislike are Atheists.
Now 'tis a Term of Art a Bug-bear Word,
The Villains Engine, and the Vulgar's Terror,
The Man who thinks and judges for himself,
Unsway'd by aged Follies reverend Errors
Grown holy by traditionary Dullness,
Of School Authority, he is an Atheist.
The Man who hating idle noise preserves
A pure Religion seated in his Soul,
He is a silent dumb dissembling Atheist.

Sewell's Sir Walt. Rowl.

A T T E N-

ATTENTION.

THE Air grows sensible
Of the great Things you utter, and is calm,
The hurry'd Orbs with Storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still as *Jove* himself were talking.

Dryd. Oed.

As I listened to thee,
The happy Hours pass'd by us unperceived,
So was my Soul fix'd to the soft Enchantment.

Row's Tamerl.

MY Soul is wrapt in dreadful Expectation,
And listens to thee, as if Fate were speaking.

Den. Ap. Virg.

I'LL lie and listen here as reverently
As to an Angel. If I breathe too loud,
Tell me, for I would be as still as Night,

Beaum. King and no King.

STILL as a Statue, lo!
I stand; nor shall the Wind presume to blow:
Speak, and it shall be Night; not one shall dare
To sigh, tho' on a Rack he tortured were;
Nor for his Soul whisper a dying Prayer.

Lee's Soph.

OH! I will hearken like a doating Mother,
To hear her Children praised by flattering Tongues.

Howard's D. of Lerma.

WHEN he speaks, the Air
A charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in Mens Ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd Sentences. *Shakesf. Hen. V.*

SURE 'tis the Calm of Nature:
So hush'd a Silence, as if all the Gods
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying.

Lee's L. J. Brut.

AVARICE.

A V A R I C E.

CAN nothing then content that greedy Tartar,
 But trading with the Purchase of thy Virtue,
 Damn'd Avarice, cursed destructive Avarice,
 Thou everlasting Foe to Love and Honour :
 What will not this vile Merchant turn to Traffick,
 If Chastity it self be set to sale,
 And Innocence and Virtue cannot 'scape him ?

Trap's Abram.

A V E R S I O N.

LEAD me o'er Bones, and Skulls, and mouldring Earth
 Of human Bodies ; for I'll mix with them :
 Or wind me in the Shroud of some pale Corse,
 Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
 Of *Garcia's* more detested Bed.

Cong. M. Bride.

As well the noble Savage of the Field
 Might tamely couple with the fearful Ewe ;
 Tygers ingender with the fearful Deer ;
 Wild muddy Boars defile the cleanly Ermine ;
 Or Vultures sort with Doves ; as I with thee.

Lee's Mithrid.

No ! were we join'd, even tho' it were in Death,
 Our Bodies burning in one Fun'ral Pile,
 The Prodigy of *Thebes* would be renewed,
 And my divided Flames should break from thine.

Dryd. Don Sebast.

A U G U R.

THE sacred *Calchas*, who reads every Page
 Of secret Fate, and knows the Hearts of Gods.

Lanf. Her. Lowe.

SOME frantick Augur has disturbed the Skies :
 Some Victim wants a Heart, or Crow flies wrong.

Shall

Shall I go publish *Hector* dares not fight,
Because a Madman dream'd he talk'd with *Jove*?
What could the God see in a brainsick Priest,
That he should sooner talk with him than me?

Dryd. Troil. and Cress.

Now, Dotard; now, thou blind old Wizard Prophet!
Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now,
Your Birds of Knowledge, that in dusky Air,
Chatter Futurity? *Lee's Oed.*

A U R O R A. *See Morning.*

Thus when her Son on Phrygian Plains lay dead,
In humid Clouds *Aurora* veil'd her Head;
Her rosy Cheeks thro' the dim Crystal glow
With fainter Colours, and confess her Woe,
Sadly her radiant Eyes the Tears adorn,
Yet in the fragrant Dew, more sweetly rose the Morn.
Frowd's Fall of Sag.



B A D N E W S.



SEEK him, whilst I go meet
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this Report
Into his Ears, I may say thrusting it;
For piercing Steel and Darts invenom'd,
Shall be as welcome to the Ears of *Brutus*,
As Tidings of this Sight.

Shakes. Jul. Caesar.

BECAUSE I knew 'twas harsh, I would not tell
All at once, but by Degrees and Glimpses
I let it in, lest it might rush upon you,
And quite o'erpower your Soul: In this, I think,
I shew'd a Friend. Your Past must follow next,
Which

Which is to curb your Choler, tame your Grief,
And bear it like a Man. *Shakesf. Troil. and Cress.*

I BRING you, Brother, most unwelcome News;
But since of Force you are to hear it told,
I thought a Friend and Brother best might tell it:
Therefore, before I speak, arm well your Mind,
And think y' are to be touch'd ev'n to the Quick;
That so prepared for Ill, you may be less
Surpriz'd to hear the Worst.

*Ibid.**BASTARD.*

WHY should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
That Law, by which herself is now betray'd?
E'er Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most noble, who was born most free:
Each of himself was Lord, and unconfin'd,
Obey'd the Dictates of his Godlike Mind.
Law was an Innovation brought in since,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call'd their Slavery Safety and Defence.
Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood,
Because I came not in the common Road,
But born obscure, and so more like a God?

Osw. Don. Car.

HE's a Bastard! Got in a Fit of Nature!
She shook him from her Nerves in a Convulsion;
His Father stamp'd the Bullion in a Heat,
And taking from the Mint the fiery Oar,
His Image bless'd, and cry'd, it is my own.
Yet more! A Priest begot him; and 'tis thought,
That Earth is more obliged to Priests for Bodies,
Than Heaven for Souls. Nay, and a young Priest too!
Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,
Who ventur'd Life to clasp the hasty Joy. *Lee's Cæf. Borg.*

THOU Nature, art my Goddess; to thy Law
My Services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the Plague of Custom, and permit

The

The Curiosity of Nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen Moonshines
 Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore Base?
 When my Dimensions are as well compact,
 My Mind as generous, and my Shape as true,
 As honest Madam's Issue. Why brand they us
 With Base, with Baseness, and with Bastardy;
 Who in the lusty Stealth of Nature take
 More Composition, and fierce Quality,
 Than does within a dull, stale, tired Bed,
 Go to the creating a whole Tribe of Fops,
 Got between Sleep and Waking? *Shakesf. K. Lear.*

BATTLE.

WHEN my fierce Courser with a Javelin stung,
 First rear'd in Air, then tearing with a Bound
 The trembling Earth, plung'd deep amidst the Foe,
 And now a thousand Deaths from every Side
 Had but one Mark, and on my Buckler rung
 Thro' the throng Legions; like a Tempest rush'd
 This Friend o'er gasping Heros rolling Steeds,
 And snatch'd me from my Fate. *Young's Busiris.*

THIS Battle fares, like to the Morning's War,
 When dying Clouds contend with growing Light;
 Now sways it this Way like a mighty Sea,
 Forc'd to retire by Fury of the Wind.
 Here on this Mole-Hill will I sit me down,
 To whom God will, there be the Victory:
 For Margaret my Queen, and Clifford too,
 Have chid me from the Battle: Swearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence. *Shakesf. Hen. VI.*

B A W D.

CURSE on that formal steady Villain's Face.
 Just so do all Bawds look: Nay, Bawds they say,
 Can pray upon Occasion, talk of Heaven,

Turn

Turn up their goggling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,
Dissemble, lie, and preach like any Priest. *Otw. Orph.*

WELL, first or last, all Women must be won;
It is their Fate, and cannot be withstood,
The wise do still comply with Flesh and Blood:
Or if, thro' peevish Honour, Nature fail,
They do but lose their Thanks, Art will prevail.

Roch. Valent.

BEAUTY.

A BEAUTY ripe as Harvest,
Whose Skin is whiter than Swan all over,
Than Silver, Snow or Lillies; A soft Lip,
Wou'd tempt you to Eternity of kissing,
And Flesh that melteth in the Touch to blood,
Bright as your Gold, and lovely as your Gold,
All her looks are sweet
As the first Grapes or Cherries.

B. Johnson's Volp.

SHE is so exquisitely fram'd,
That I who many Years have dealt in Beauty;
And had the fairest Females from all Parts
Committed to my Care, ne'er yet beheld
Mongst such Variety of foreign Charms,
A Virgin half so lovely.
She is all Perfection, and tho' born
In a cold frozen Clime o'erspread with Ice,
And driving Snow (which if compar'd with her,
Loses its Whiteness) yet her Eyes dart Fire,
Able to melt the most benum'd of Hearts
With kindling Warmth, and thaw it into Softness.

Trap's Abram.

WHETHER you blush, or weep, or smile, or frown,
You always Charm, nor can you coin your Face
To an unpleasing Shape.

Trap's Abram.

SURE never were there Charms like thine, on which
The Fate of this great Monarchy depends;
Let dull Astrologers foretel the Doom

Of

Of Kingdoms, from the Stars, and with their Schemes
And Calculations, cheat the giddy Crowd:
More ruling is the Aspect of thy Beauty,
Than that of those bright Orbs, to States and Empires;
More fatal Influence flashes from thy Eyes,
Than all those glittering Balls that light the Skies. *Ibid.*

HER Beauties glow'd upon my Mind,
And sparkled in each Thought. *Young's ufris.*

WHAT tender Force, what Dignity divine,
What Virtue consecrating every Feature;
Around that Neck what Dross are Gold and Pearl!

Young's Busris.

BEAUTY is seldom fortunate when great,
A vast Estate, but overcharg'd with Debt. *Dryd. Aureng.*

ALL Hearts alike, all Faces cannot move,
There is a secret Sympathy in Love.
The powerful Loadstone cannot move a Straw,
No more than Jet the trembling Needle draw.

Sedl. Ant. and Cleop.

BEAUTY has Bounds,
And can no more to every Heart be so,
Than any Coin thro' every Land can go. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

'Tis not a Set of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Sense. *Add. Cato.*

HAD you less beauteous been, you 'ad known less Care:
Ladies are happiest moderately fair. *Ether. Love in a Tub.*

WITH this Reward, the great Reward of Beauty,
The batter'd Soldier crowns his glorious Labours,
And softens all the rugged Toils of War.

Beaum. Bonduca.

WHAT Images shall Eloquence prepare
To paint a Form so perfect and divine?
Others by slow Degrees advance in Love,
And Step by Step, and leisurely get Ground:
We article with Judgment e'er we yield,
Reason rejecting oft, where Fancy's Fond.

She

She seizes Hearts, not waiting for Consent,
 Like sudden Death, that snatches unprepar'd;
 Like Fire from Heaven, scarce seen so soon as felt:
 All other Beauties seem inferior Stars,
 At her Appearance vanishing apace;
 Whene'er she mounts they set.

Lanf. Her. Love.

OH she is the Boast,
 The lovely chance-work Master-piece of Nature;
 Who blush'd to see what her own Hands had made,
 As if, mistaking Moulds, she unawares
 Had cast *Semandra* in a Form Divine.

Lee's Mith.

O SHE is all Perfection!
 All that the blooming Earth could send forth fair;
 All that the gawdy Heavens could drop down glorious.

Lee's Theod.

BUT *Theodosius* comes! Hide, hide thy Charms:
 If to his clouded Eyes such Day should break,
 The royal Youth, who doats to Death for Love,
 I fear would forfeit all his Vows to Heaven,
 And fix upon the World, thy World of Beauty.

Ibid.

FOR endless Joys are in that Heaven of Love,
 A thousand *Cupids* dance upon her Smiles;
 Young bathing Angels, wanton in her Eyes,
 Melt in her Looks, and pant upon her Breasts:
 Each Word is gentle as a Western Breeze,
 That fans the Infant Bosom of the Spring;
 And every Sigh more rosy than the Morn.

South. Loy. Broth.

SHE whose Eyes
 Meet ready Victory where'er they glance:
 Whom gazing Crowds admire, whom Nations court:
 One who could change the Worship of all Climates,
 And make a new Religion where'er she comes,
 Unite the differing Faith of all the World,
 To idolize her Face.

Dryd. Love Triumph.

HER Eyes, her Lips, her Cheeks, her Shapes, her
 Features

Seem

Seem to be drawn by Love's own Hand ; by Love
Himself in Love.

Ibid.

As at Troy,

When *Hellen* passes thro' the crowded Streets,
Who curs'd her out of Sight, strait blest aloud,
And cry'd, she's worth the War : Who would not fight,
Tho' sure to die, to save such wondrous Beauty ?
So when the fair *Chruſeis* comes in View,
Her Beauty reconciles the most enraged ;
The Sick, who know they perish for her Sake,
Crawl from their Tents to gaze upon her Face,
And, looking on her, feel Returns of Strength.
Soldiers and Captains swarm in Crowds about her ;
All with loud Cries approve the General's Love,
And with one Voice consent to their own Ruin.
To lose the Sight, seems what they fear
More than the Loss of Life or Victory. *Lanf. Her. Love.*

SHE was her Sex's Pride :

Nor think my Tongue too lavish, if I speak her,
Fair as the Fame of Virtue, and yet chaste
As its cold Precepts, wise beyond her Sex,
And blooming Youth soft as forgiving Mercy,
Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her Honour.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

SHE's outwardly

All that bewitches Sense, all that entices :

Nor is it in our Virtue to uncharm it. *Beaum. Capt.*

BEAUTY, like Ice, our Footing does betray ;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery Way ?
Pleas'd with the Passage, we glide swiftly on,
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun. *Dryd. Auren.*

BEAUTY! thou art a fair, but fading Flower ;
The tender Prey of ev'ry coming Hour.
In Youth, thou, Comet like, art gaz'd upon ;
But art portentous to thy self alone :
Unpunish'd thou to few wer't ever given,
Nor art a Blessing, but a Mark from Heav'n.

Sedl. Ant. and Cleop.

Is

Is she not as harmless as the Turtles of the Woods?
 Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields?
 As op'ning Flowers untainted yet with Winds?
 The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense?

Otw. Cai. Mar.

THE Bloom of op'ning Flowers, unfulled Beauty,
 Softness, and sweetest Innocence she wears,
 And looks like Nature in the World's first Spring.

Rowe's Tam.

Is she not more than Painting can express,
 Or youthful Poets fancy when they love.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

A LAVISH Planet reign'd when she was born,
 And made her of such kindred Mould to Heav'n,
 She seems more Heav'n's than our's.

Dryd. Oed.

Is she not brighter than a Summer's Morn,
 When all the Heav'n is streak'd with dapple Fires,
 And fleek'd with Blushes like a riss'd Maid.

Lee's D. of Guise.

IF that be she who yonder pensive comes,
 She seems some bright Inhabitant of Heav'n,
 Shot with a falling Star from yond bright Region,
 To light the World below.

Hill's Elfrid.

MARK her majestick Fabrick! She's a Temple
 Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands divine:
 Her Soul's the Deity that lodges there;
 Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.

Dryd. Don Seb.

OH she has Beauty might ensnare
 A Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crown
 At random, to be scuffled for by Slaves!

Otw. Cai. Mar.

OH she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues
 Of mighty Kings, and set the World at Odds!

Otw. Orph.

No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,
 Tho' the fair Child of Nature newly born,
 Can be so lovely.

Otw. Orph.

Nor purple Violets in the early Spring,
 Such graceful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring;

The

The orient Blush which does her Cheeks adorn,
 Makes Coral pale, vies with the rosy Morn.
Cupid has ta'en a Surfeit from her Eyes,
 Whene'er she smiles, in lambent Fire he fries,
 And when she weeps, dissolv'd in Pearls, he dies.

Lee's Nero.

BEHOLD her stretch'd upon a flow'ry Bank,
 With her soft Sorrows lull'd into a Slumber:
 The Summer's Heat had to her nat'ral Blush
 Added a brighter and more tempting Red:
 The Beauties of her Neck, and naked Breasts,
 Lifted by inward Starts, did rise and fall,
 With Motion that might put a Soul in Statues:
 The matchless Whiteness of her folded Arms,
 That seem'd t' embrace the Body whence they grew,
 Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that Field of Love.
 While to my ravish'd Eyes officious Winds,
 Waving her Robes, display'd such well-turn'd Limbs,
 As Artists would in polish'd Marble give
 The wanton Goddess, when supinely laid,
 She charms her Gallant God to new Enjoyment.

Lee's Mith.

BUT oh! what Thought can paint that fair Perfection?
 Not Sea-born *Venus*, in the Courts beneath,
 When the green Nymphs first kiss'd her Coral Lips,
 All polish'd fair, and wash'd with orient Beauty,
 Could in my dazzling Fancy match her Brightness.
 Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts,
 So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre,
 Such all Perfection, that I took whole Draughts
 Of killing Love, and ever since have languished
 With ling'ring Surfeits of her fatal Beauty.

Lee's Theod.

HER Gally down the Silver *Cydno*s row'd,
 The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold:
 The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
 Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd,
 Where she, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.
 She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,

C

And

And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
 As if secure of all Beholders Hearts,
 Neglecting she could take them. Boys like *Cupids*,
 Stood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds
 That play'd about her Face. But if she smil'd,
 A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
 That Mens desiring Eyes were never weary'd,
 But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes
 The Silver Oars kept Time: And while they play'd,
 The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight,
 And both to Thought. 'Twas Heav'n, or somewhat
 more!

For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
 Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
 To give their welcome Voice. *Dryd. All for Love.*

HER Eyes have Power beyond *Theſſalian* Charms,
 To draw the Moon from Heav'n. For Eloquence,
 The Sea-green *Syrens* taught her Voice their Flattery;
 And while she speaks, Night steals upon the Day,
 Unmark'd of those that hear. Then she's so charming,
 Age buds at Sight of her, and swells to Youth:
 The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles,
 And with heav'd Hands, forgetting Gravity,
 They bless her wanton Eyes. Ev'n I who hate her,
 With a malignant Joy behold such Beauty,
 And, while I curse, desire it. *Ibid.*

HER Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,
 From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant Vows
 Of fighting Kings, and at her Feet were laid
 The Sceptres of the Earth, expos'd on Heaps,
 To chuse where she wou'd reign. *Ibid.*

HER Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night,
 Like a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear.
 Beauty! too rich for Use, for Earth too dear.
 So shews a snowy Dove, trooping with Crows,
 As yonder Lady o'er her Fellow shows.

Shak. Rom. and Jul.

WHAT

WHAT art thou, Beauty!

Whose Charm makes Sense and Valour grow as tame
As a blind Turtle. *Fenton's Mariamne.*

Mariamne with superior Charms
Triumphs o'er Reason; in her Look she bears
A Paradise of ever-blooming Sweets.
Fair as the first Idea Beauty prints
On the young Lover's Soul: A winning Grace
Guides every Gesture, and obsequious Love
Attends on all her Steps: For Majesty,
Streams from her Eye to each Beholder's Heart,
And checks the Transport which her Charms inspire. *Ibid.*

B E E S.

IMAGINE to thy self a swarm of Bees
Driv'n to their Hive, by some impending Storm,
Which at its little Port in clustring Heaps,
And climbing ore each others Backs they enter.
Frowd's Fall of Sag.

So work the Honey-Bees;
Creatures that, by Rule in Nature, teach
The Art of Order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King, and Officers of Sorts:
Where some, like Magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like Merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like Soldiers, armed in their Ships,
Make Boot upon the Summers Velvet Buds,
Which Pillage they with merry March bring home
To the Tent Royal of their Emperor;
Who (busied in his Majesty) surveys
The singing Mason building Roofs of Gold;
The civil Citizen kneading up the Honey;
The poor mechanick Porters, crowding in
Their heavy Burdens at his narrow Gates;
The sad-ey'd Justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to Executors pale
The lazy yawning Drone.

Shakesf. Hen. V.
BEGGAR.

The BEAUTIES of

B E G G A R.

I'd rather wander thro' the World a Beggar,
And live on fordid Scraps at proud Mens surly Doors.

Otw. Orph.

WILL you then quite cast off your poor *Lavinia*,
And turn me like a vagrant, out of Doors,
To wander up and down the Streets of *Rome*,
And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Master's Plenty, when I ask
A little Pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the Cold, wet, windy Nights,
To seek a Shelter under dropping Eves?
A Porch my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow,
Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of Warmth and Food,
Swell'd with my Sighs, and almost choak'd with Tears?
Must I at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great Men implore Relief in vain?

Otw. Cai. Mar.

B I R D S.

THUS when the big impending Clouds appear,
And struggling Winds proclaim some Tempest near,
The trembling Birds, the coming Danger fly,
And seek for Shelter from the lowering Sky;
In wild Confusion and Affright divide,
The mournful Mate is sever'd from his Bride;
But when the Gloom is clear'd, the Storm o're past,
Each seeks his Consort, with impatient Haste;
Grieves till she's found, when found the joyful Pair,
With warbling Transports charm the listning Air.

Bec. Scipio.

THE watchful Birds, impatient for the Morning,
Already, hark! begin to call it forth,
With Notes, like Trumpets sounding a Retreat.

Hopk. Pyrrh.

SECURE

SECURE and free they pass their harmless Hours,
Gay as the Birds that revel in the Grove,
And sing the Morning up.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

So to th' appointed Grove the feather'd Pair
Fly chirping on, unwatchful of the Snare;
Pursuing Love, and wing'd with am'rous Thought,
The wanton Couple in one Toil are caught;
In the same Cage in mournful Notes complain
Of the same Fate, and curse perfidious Man.

Lansf. Br. In.

So in the Fields

When the Destroyer has been out for Prey,
The scatter'd Lovers of the feather'd Kind,
Seeking, when Dangers past, to meet again,
Make Moan, and all by such Degrees approach,
Till joining thus, they bill, and spread their Wings,
Murm'ring Love and Joy, their Fears are over.

Otw. Orph.

B L A S T.

BEHOLD my Arm thus blasted dry and wither'd,
Shrunk like a foul Abortion and decay'd,
Like some untimely Product of the Seasons,
Robb'd of its Properties and Strength of Office.

Shakesf. Richd. III.

B L E S S I N G.

REWARD him for the noble Deeds, just Heavens:
For this one Action guard him and distinguish him
With signal Mercies, and with great Deliverance,
Save him from Wrong, Adversity and Shame.
Let never-fading Honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his Name ev'n to Time's End:
Let him know nothing else but Good on Earth,
And everlasting Blessedness hereafter.

Row. J. Shore.

HEAR me, bounteous Heaven!

Pour down your Blessings on this beauteous Head,

The BEAUTIES of

Where everlasting Sweets are always springing,
 With a continual giving Hand: Let Peace,
 Honour, and Safety always hover round her;
 Feed her with Plenty; let her Eyes ne'er see
 A Sight of Sorrow, nor her Heart know Mourning;
 Crown all her Days with Joys, her Nights with Rest,
 Harmless as her own Thoughts; and prop her Virtue.

Orw. Ven. Pres.

THE bounteous Heavens

Rain on your Head whole Deluges of Mercies,
 For this great Goodness. Hear me, O ye Powers!
 Hear me upon my Knees! where'er he goes
 Guard him with Blessings; give him his own Wishes:
 If to the Wars he pass, Renown attend him,
 And growing Conquest dwell upon his Arms:
 Let him attain by a long Course of Valour,
 And gallant Acts, to the old *Roman* Greatness;
 And when at last in Triumph he returns,
 May all the fighting Virgins strew his Way,
 And with new Garlands crown his coming Glory.

Lee's Cas. Borg.

O GRACIOUS Heaven!

Thou that hast endless Blessings still in Store
 For Virtue and for filial Piety;
 Let Grief, Disgrace, and Want be far away;
 But multiply thy Mercies on his Head:
 Let Honour, Greatness, Goodness still be with him,
 And Peace in all his Ways.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

REWARD him for the noble Deed, just Heaven!
 For this one Action guard him, and distinguish him
 With signal Mercies, and with great Deliverance;
 Save him from Wrong, Adversity, and Shame:
 Let never fading Honours flourish round him,
 And consecrate his Name even to Time's End:
 Let him know nothing else but Good on Earth,
 And everlasting Blessedness hereafter.

Rowe's J. Sh.

ANGELS, preserve my dearest Father's Life,
 Bless it with long uninterrupted Days!

Oh,

Oh, may he live till Time it self decay,
Till good Men wish him dead, or I offend him!

Otw. Orph.

KIND Heaven has surely endless Stores
Hoarded for thee of Blessings yet untasted.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

THE Seal of Providence is sure upon thee,
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of Wonders. *Ibid.*

B L I N D N E S S.

ALL dark and comfortless!

Where are those various Objects that but now
Employ'd my busy Eyes? Where are those Eyes?
Dead are their piercing Rays, that lately shot
O'er flow'ry Vales to distant sunny Hills,
And drew, with Joy, the vast Horizon in.
These groping Hands are now my only Guides,
And Feeling all my Sight.

Shut from the Living while among the Living;
Dark as the Grave amidst the bustling World;
At once from Bus'ness and from Pleasure barr'd;
No more to view the Beauty of the Spring;
Nor see the Face of Kindred, or of Friend.

Tate's K. Lear.

OH Happiness of Blindness! Now no Beauty
Inflames my Lust; no others Good my Envy,
Or Misery my Pity: No Man's Wealth
Draws my Respect, nor Poverty my Scorn.
Yet still I see enough! Man to himself
Is a large Prospect, rais'd above the Level. *Denb. Sophy.*

B L U S H.

O CALL not to this aged Cheek,
The little Blood which should keep warm my Heart.
Dryd. Oed.

CONFOUND me not with Shame, nor call up all
The Blood that warms my trembling Heart
To fill my Cheeks with Blushes. *Trap's Abram.*

SEE, my *Palmyra* comes; the frightened Blood
Scarce yet recall'd to her pale Cheeks:
Like the first Streaks of Light broke loose from Darkneſs,
And dawning Blushes. *Dryd. Mar. Alam.*

LET me for ever gaze,
And bleſs the new-born Glories that adorn thee:
From ev'ry Blush that kindles in thy Cheeks,
Ten thousand little Loves and Graces ſpring,
To revel in the Roſes. *Rowe's Tam.*

How brightly her betraying Blushes move,
And ſeem a glorious Traytor to her Love.
How. Veſt. Virg.

WHAT means, alas!
That Blood which ſuſhes guilty in your Faces.
Dryd. St. Inn.

B O A R.

FORTH from the Thicket ruſh'd another Boar,
So large he ſeem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
With all his dreadful Briſtles rais'd up high;
They ſeem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back:
Foaming he came at me, where I was poſted,
Whetting his huge long Tuſks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his Prey;
Till brandiſhing my well-pois'd Javelin high,
With this bold executing Arm I ſtruck
The ugly brindled Monſter to the Heart. *Otw. Orph.*

WE purſued the Chafe,
When from behind the Wood, with ruſtling Sound,
A monſtrous Boar ruſh'd forth: His baleful Eyes
Shot glaring Fire, and his ſtiff-pointed Briſtles
Roſe high upon his Back: At me he made,
Whetting his Tuſks, -and chewing hideous Foam.
Then, then *Hippolitus* flew in to aid me!

Collecting

Collecting all himself, and rising to the Blow,
He launch'd the whistling Spear, the well-aim'd Javelin
Pierced his tough Side, and quiver'd in his Heart;
The Monster fell, and gnashing with huge Tusks,
Plough'd up the crimson Earth. *Smith's Phed. and Hipp.*

BOASTING.

I've seen the Day,
That with this little Arm, and this good Sword,
I have made my Way thro' more Impediments
Than twenty Times your Stop. *Shakef. Othello.*

'Tis yet to know
(Which when I know that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch Life and Being
From Men of royal Siege, and my Demerits
May speak unbonnetted as proud a Fortune,
As this that I have reach'd. *Ibid.*

My Arm a nobler Victory ne'er gain'd,
And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,
Than that I drove a Million o're the Plain;
Can none remember, yes I know all must,
When glory like the dazling Eagle stood
Perch'd on my Beaver in the *Granick* Flood,
When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighten'd on the Shore;
When all th' Immortals on the Billows rode,
And I my self appear'd the leading God. *Lee's Alex.*

SEND Danger from the East unto the West,
So Honour cross in from the North and South,
And let them grapple; the Blood more stirs
To rouse a Lion than to start a Hare.
By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
Where fathom'd Line could never touch the Ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks.

Shakef. Hen. IV. part 1.

Jove has poured the *Nile* into my Hand,
 The Prince of Rivers, Ocean's eldest Son;
 Rich of my self, I make the fruitful Year,
 Nor ask precarious plenty from the Sky,
 Throw all my Glories open to his View. *Young's Bufris.*

BUT when we join'd Battle,
 Fierce as a Winter-Storm upon the Main,
 I rang'd the Field, whilst my affrighted Foes,
 Like Billows at the angry *Neptune's* Frowns,
 Successively did vanish from my Sight.
 Did I not pour upon their foremost Ranks
 Sudden and fierce as Lightning; rush among
 Their thickest Squadrons, and in glorious Heat,
 Like Thunder breaking from a teeming Cloud,
 Make Desolation wait upon my Arms?
 With my drawn Sword I pointed out the Paths
 Of dazzling Fame, which none but I could tread;
 Mounting that stately Pyramid alone,
 Whilst all my Army lagg'd, and you below,
 Trembling like Girls but to behold my Daring.

South. Loy. Bro.

BY *Mars*, the single Virtue of this Arm
 Dispers'd their Troops, and drove them from the Field.

DID his Genius
 Know mine, the stronger *Dæmon*, fear the Grapple,
 And, looking round him, found this Nook of Fate,
 To skulk behind my Sword. *Dryd. D. Seb.*

DISCRETION,
 And hardy Valour, are the Twins of Honour;
 And nurs'd together, make a Conqueror;
 Divided, but a Talker:
 And we that have been Victors, beat our selves
 When we insult upon our Honour's Subject. *Beaum. Bond.*

B O W E R.

Go bid her steal into the pleached Bower,
 Where Honey-Suckles, ripen'd by the Sun,

Forbid

Forbid the Sun to enter: Like Favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that advance their Pride
Against the Power that bred it.

Shakesf. Much ado about Nothing.

BEHOLD the unlaboured Group

Bounteous of Fruit: Above our shady Bowers;
The creeping Jessamin thrusts her fragrant Flowers;
The Myrtle, Orange, and the blushing Rose,
With bending Heaps so nigh their Blooms disclose;
Each seems to smell the Flavours which the other blows;
By these the Peach, the *Guava*, and the Pine,
And, creeping 'twixt them all, the mantling Vine
Does round her Trunks her purple Clusters twine.

Dryd. St. In.

BEHOLD the Bower,

Where from the Jessamin Roof the Dew distill'd,
And trickling from thy Brow, perfum'd thy Tears:
Whilst to correct the Vapours of the Night,
Officious Love celestial Perfumes breath'd,
And tann'd the Moon Beams with more shining Wings.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

B R A V E.

Not all the lying Legends of Antiquity,
Can shew a Heroe that e'er suffer'd more
For his dear Country or his dearer Friend,
Than he has for his greatest Enemy;
To him whose Life and Honour I betray'd.
This unexampled Bravery so affects me,
That I could weep for his untimely Fall,
And curse my self, the Author of his Ruin. *Trap's Abram.*
A generous Soul is not confin'd at home,
But spreads it self abroad o'er all the publick,
And feels for every Member of the Land.

THE Brave do never shun the Light;
Just are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers;
Freely without Disguise they love or hate:

C. 6.

Still,

Still are they found in the fair Face of Day,
And Heav'n and Men are Judges of their Actions.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

B R I B E R Y.

THAT Gold is well employ'd,
It works like Poison thro' our weakned State,
And fits our freeborn Souls for foreign Yokes.

Setwell's Sir Walt. Raw.

HE scorned the Wages of disloyal Crimes
To rust in Peace and stretch a lazy Hand
For fordid Bribes.

Ibid.

DID not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
What Villain touch'd his Body that did stab,
And not for Justice? what, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost Man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our Fingers with base Bribes,
And sell the mighty Space of our large Honours,
For so much Trash, as may be grasped thus!
I'd rather be a Dog, and bay the Moon,
Than such a *Roman*!

Shakesp. Jul. Cæsar.

B R I D E.

THE Virgin Bride, who swoons with deadly Fear,
To see the End of all her Wishes near;
When, blushing from the Light, and publick Eyes,
To the kind Covert of the Night she flies,
With equal Fires to meet the Bridegroom moves;
Melts in his Arms, and with a Loose she loves.

Row's Fair Penitent.

WHAT strange Disorders youthful Brides express,
Impatient Longings for the Happiness;
Approaching Joys will so disturb the Soul,
As Needles always tremble near the Pole.

Otw. Don Carlos.

SHE

SHE is reserved you say, when you approach her;
Why let her weep too: Was it ever known
A subtle Bride laugh'd on her Wedding-Day,
Or clasp'd her Lover in the Eye o' th' World?

It is their Trade,

The very Nature, Soul, and Life-Blood of them,
To whine, and cry, and turn their Heads away,
When their Hearts doat on what they seem to scorn.

Lee's Cæf. Borg.

THESE are the Fears which wait on every Bride,
And only serve for Preludes to her Joys;
Short Sighs, and all those Motions of thy Heart
Are Nature's Call, and kindle warm Desires:
Soon as the friendly Goddess of the Night
Shall draw her Veil of Darkness o're thy Blushes,
These little, cold, unnecessary Doubts
Shall fly the Circle of my folding Arms;
And when I press thee trembling to my Bosom,
Thou shalt confess, if there be room for Words,
Or even for Thoughts, that all those Thoughts are Bliss.

Rowe's Am. Steph.

I'M mad! as promis'd Bridegrooms, born away
With Thoughts of nothing but the joyful Day.

Osw. Cai. Mar.

B U S I N E S S.

THE Day was made
To number out the Hours of busy Men,
Let them be busy still, and still be wretched,
And take their Fill of anxious drudging Day.

Dryd. Amphit.

C A R E



C A R E.



ARE that in Cloysters only seals her Eyes,
Which Youth thinks Folly, Ageas Wisdom

owns:

Fools by not knowing her, out-live the
wife,

She visits Cities, but she dwells in Thrones. *Dav. Gond.*

ALL Creatures else a time of Love possess,

Man only clogs with Care his Happiness;

And while he shou'd enjoy his Part of Bliss,

With Thoughts of what may be, destroys what is.

Dryd. Conq. of Gran.

C A L M.

THE Tempest is o'erblown, the Skies are clear,

And the Sea charm'd into a Calm so still,

That not a Wrinkle ruffles her smooth Face.

Dryd. Don Sebast.

WE often see against some Storm

A Silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack stand still,

The bold Winds speechless, and the Orb below

Is hush'd as Death.

Shakesf. Ham.

C A M P.

DANGER and Death in Camps I've learn't to court;

In Camps, where Death's rough Business is a Sport.

Dav. Circe.

Go to the Camp, Preferment's noblest Mart,

Where Honour ought to have the fairest Play, you'll find

Corruption, Envy, Discontent, and Faction,

Almaſt

Almost in every Band. How many Men
Have spent their Blood in their dear Country's Service,
Yet now pine under Want; while Selfish Slaves,
That even would cut their Throats whom now they
Fawn on,
Like deadly Locusts, eat the Honey up,
Which those industrious Bees so hardly toil'd for.

Orw. Orph.

So in a Camp, tho' at the dead of Night,
If but the Trumpet's chearful Voice is heard,
All at the Signal leap from downy Rest,
And every Heart awakes, as mine does now.

Ibid.

C A T O.

GREATLY unfortunate, he fights the Cause
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and Rome:
His Sword ne'er fell but on the guilty Head:
Oppression, Tyranny, and Power usurp'd,
Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon them.

Add. Cato.

Not all the Pomp and Majesty of Rome
Can raise her Senate more than Cato's Presence:
His Virtues render our Assembly awful;
They strike with something like religious Fear,
And make e'en *Cæsar* tremble at the Head
Of Armies flush'd with Conquest.

Ibid.

TURN up thy Eyes to *Cato*,
There may'st thou see to what a Godlike Height
The *Roman* Virtues lift up mortal Man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his Friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing Sleep, and Food, and Rest, and Ease;
He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil and Heat;
And when his Fortune sets before him all
The Poms and Pleasures that his Soul can wish,
His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

Ibid.

The BEAUTIES of

CHARNEL HOUSE.

BEHOLD a Charnel House,
O'er cover'd quite with dead Mens ratt'ling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapless Sculls.
Shakesf. Rom. and Jul.

CHASTE.

SHE's chaste as the fann'd Snow,
Twice bolted o'er by the bleak Northern Blasts.
Lee's L. J. Brutus.

CHASTE as the Icicle
That's curdled by the Frost from purest Snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* Temple. *Shakesf. Coriol.*

CHASTER than Cristal on the *Scythian* Cliffs,
The more the proud Winds court it, still the purer.
Beau. D. Mar.

IN thy fair Brow there's such a Legend writ
Of Chastity, as blinds the adult'rous Eye:
Not the Mountain Ice,
Congeal'd to Crystal is so frosty chaste
As thy victorious Soul, which conquers Man,
And Man's proud Tyrant Passion. *Dryd. Av. Albo.*

COLD as candy'd Ice;
Not a Thought starting free from warm Desires:
As the bleak Girl upon the Mountain's Top,
Cover'd with Snow, beaten with constant Winds,
That feeds on Herbs and Roots, and drinks the Dew.
Lee's Mithr.

OH! she's a Cake of Ice,
Whom all the Love in th' Empire cannot thaw;
A dull cross Thing, insensible of Glory,
Deaf to all Promises, dead to all Desire:

She has in her
All the Contempt of Glory, and vain Seeming
Of all the *Stoicks*; all the Truth of Christians,

And

And all their Constancy: Modesty was made
When she was first intended: When she blushes
It is the holiest Thing to look upon,
The purest Temple of her Sex that e'er
Made Nature a bless'd Founder. In vain were all
Our Promises, Persuasions, Reason's Wealth,
All that can make the foremost Virtue bend,
To alter her: Our Arguments, like Darts
Shot in the Bosom of the boundless Air,
Are lost, and do not leave the least Impression.

Shakes. Val.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, the blind Effects of Love and Chance,
Bear from their Birth the Impressions of a Slave. *Dryd. Aur.*

WHEN Parents their Commands unjustly lay,
Children are privileg'd to disobey. *Dryd. Conq. Gran.*

WHY do we pray for Children, call 'em Blessings,
And deem the barren Womb a Curse? O Marriage!
Unhappy, most unhappy of all States!

Matching with Sorrows teeming still with more,
The vexed Womb seems to bring forth to vex. *Lanf. Her.*

FOR Children Blessings seem, but Torments are,
When young our Folly, and when old our Fear.

Otw. Don. Carl.

CITY.

THIS ancient City
How wanton sits she, amidst Nature's Smiles,
Nor from her highest Turret has to view
But golden Landskips and luxuriant Scenes,
A Waste of Wealth, the Store-house of the World;
Here fruitful Vales far stretching fly the Sight,
There Sails unnumberd whiten all the Stream,
While from the Banks full twenty thousand Cities
Survey their Pride, and see their gilded Towers

Float

Float on the Waves, and break against the Shoar.

Various Nations meet

As in a Sea, yet not confin'd in Space,
But streaming freely thro' the spacious Streets,
Which sends forth Millions at each brazen Gate;
Whene'er the Trumpet calls high over Head,
On the broad Walls the Chariots bound along.

Young's Busiris.

C L I F F.

FROM the dread Summit of this chalky Bourne
Look up a-height, the shrill-gor'd Lark so far
Cannot be seen nor heard. *Shakes. K. Lear.*

LET us advance tow'rd's the Cliff's dreadful Brow,
From which the fearful Downfal of the Precipice,
And the wild Horrors of the rocky Beach,
Lie subject to our View. *Den. Iphig.*

BEHOLD with what laborious Task they mount
To climb the craggy Steepness of the Cliff;
While some at distance, with unequal Pace,
Pursuing, pant behind 'em. *Ibid.*

BEHOLD the Summit of yond shaggy Mountain,
That bending its black Brow, with dreadful Scoul,
Over the gloomy Deep, affrights great Neptune. *Ibid.*

WE seem to lean over some hanging Cliff,
O'er looking all the Wrecks that float below:
Should we stretch more beyond the Verge, we fall
Infinite Fathoms down, and sink for ever. *Hopk. Pyrr.*

As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who sees before his Eyes the Depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub
To break his dreadful Fall. *Dryd. Sp. Fryar.*

BEHOLD a Cliff, whose high and bending Head
Looks dreadful down upon the roaring Deep:
How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low!
The Crows and Choughs that wing the midway Air,
Shew

Shew scarce so gross as Beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire: Dreadful Trade!
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach
Appear like Mice; and yond tall anch'ring Bark
Seems lessen'd to her Cock, her Cock a Buoy
Almost too small for Sight. The murmuring Surge
Cannot be heard so high. *Shakesf. K. Lear.*

As from steep and dreadful Precipice
The frighted Traveller casts down his Eyes,
And sees the Ocean at so great a Distance,
It looks as if the Skies were sunk beneath him;
If then some neighbouring Shrub, how weak soever,
Peep up, his willing Eyes stop gladly there,
And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it: *D. R. Lad.*

FROM the Brow
Of a wild Precipice, immensely horrible
And painful to the Sight: The curdling Blood
Chills in his Heart who treads the dangerous Cliff;
For from the out-jetting Top, a dreadful Steep
Falls many a Mile direct: The dizzy Eye
Akes with Contraction, and grows dim in vain
To search the unfounded Bottom. *Hill's Fat. Vision.*

CLOUDS *See Morning.*

THE gathering Clouds like meeting Armies
Come on apace. *Lee's Mith.*

THE Rack of Clouds is driving on the Wind,
And shews a break of Sun-shine. *Dryd. D. of Guise.*

THE lowering Clouds that dip themselves in Rain,
To shake their Fleeces on the Earth again.
Dryd. Ind. Emp.

COCK.

I HAVE heard
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the Morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding Throat

Awake

Awake the God of Day,
 Some say, that ever against that Season comes,
 Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
 This Bird of dawning singeth all Night long.

Shakesf. Haml.

C O M B A T.

WHEN at the Legion's Head the brave old King,
 And I, like Clouds with Thunder charged,
 Encountring rush'd together.
 Long was the Tug of Fate, and mutual Wounds
 On each Side were receiv'd; at last my Stars
 Prevail'd, and *Gondibert*, o'erthrown by Fate,
 Resign'd that Life he so deserved to keep. *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

BEHOLD those Wounds,
 Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When the gentle *Severn's* sedgey Bank,
 In single Opposition, Hand to Hand,
 He did confound the best part of an Hour,
 In changing Hardiment with great *Glendower*.
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink.
 Upon Agreement of swift *Severn's* Flood,
 Who then affrighted with their bloody Looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
 And hid his crisped Head in the hollow Bank,
 Stain'd with the Blood of those brave Combatants.

Shakesf. Hen. IV.

C O M E T See IMPRECATIONS.

LONG bearded Comets stick
 Like flaming Porcupines
 As they would shoot their Quills.

Dryd. Oed.

WHEN Beggars dye there are no Comets seen,
 The Heavens themselves blaze forth the Death of Princes.

Shakesf. Jul. Cæsar.

BID

BID Meteors keep their Lustre,
When all the shining Exhalations spent,
That fed their short-liv'd Glory. *Lee's Mith.*

FOR like a blazing Meteor, hence he shot,
And drew a sweeping Train of Fire along. *Dryd. D. Guise.*

FALLEN is that Comet which on high
Portended Ruin, he has spent his Blaze,
And shall distract the World with Fears no more.
Rowe's Tamerlane.

C O M F O R T.

WHO talks of Comfort to a Wretch like me,
This is the House of Sorrow, here it dwells,
And multiplies a Race of unblest Children.
Sewel's Sir Walt. Rawley.

THOU art ever kind
To sooth my Heart with Promises and Hopes,
But yet I am unwilling to deceive
Or blind my Sense with weak fictitious Joys.
Nay tho' I wish it, yet my Heart denies
To hear of Comfort till th' Event is sure.
Come my *Phænissa* let us now retire
To calm Distress and chase away Despair.
Mean while if Pity should some Goddess move,
To succour my afflicted hapless love,
Dispel these Clouds, that on my Fortune wait,
And ease the hard Condition of my Fate;
At past Misfortunes I'd no more repine,
Forget them all was but *Alucius* mine. *Beckingham's Scipio.*

OF Comfort no Man speak;
Lets talk of Graves, and Worms and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with rainy Eyes,
Write Sorrow on the Bosom of the Earth.
Shakef. Rich. II.

I WOULD bring Balm, and pour it in your Wound,
Cure your distemper'd Mind, and heal your Fortunes.
Dryd. All for Love.
I CAME

I CAME

To sooth the secret Anguish of her Soul,
To comfort that fair Mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her Steps to know the Paths of Peace.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

AND can'st thou minister to a Mind diseased;
Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow;
Raze out the written Trouble of the Brain;
And with some sweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the foul Bottom of that perilous Stuff,
Which weighs upon the Heart?

Shakes. Macbeth.

A BEAM of Comfort, like the Moon thro' Clouds,
Gilds the black Horror, and directs my Way.

Dryd. Love Trium.

THY Words have darted Hope into my Soul,
And Comfort dawns upon me.

South. Disap.

COMFORT, like the golden Sun,
Dispels the fullen Shade with her sweet Influence,
And cheers the melancholy House of Care.

Row's J. Shore.

Now whither shall I fly to find Relief?
What charitable Hand will aid me now?
Will stay my failing Steps, support my Ruins,
And heal my wounded Mind with balmy Comfort?

Row's J. Shore.

C O M P A S S I O N.

WHEN most my Heart was lifted with Delight,
If I withheld the Morfel from the Hungry,
Forgot the Widows want and Orphans cry.
If I have known a Good they have not shar'd,
Nor call'd the poor to take his Portion with me,
Let my reproachful Enemies stand forth, and now
Deny the Succour which I gave not then.

Row. J. Shore.

O THOU art tender all!
Gentle and kind, as sympathizing Nature!
When a sad Story has been told, I've seen
Thy little Breast, with soft Compassion swell'd,

Shove

the ENGLISH STAGE. 47

Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds.

Otw. Orph.

NATURE has cast me in so soft a Mould,
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleasure,
Of some sad Lover's Death, moistens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood. *Dryd. All for Love.*

LET them be cruel who delight in Mischief;
I'm of a softer Mold: Poor *Phedra's* Sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding Heart, and wound my Soul.
Smith's Phed. Hip.

SURE Nature form'd me of her softest Mold,
Enfeebld all my Soul with tender Passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak Sex:
Pity and Love by Turns oppress my Heart. *Ad. Cato.*

A FLOOD of Tendernefs comes o'er my Soul;
I join my Grief to your's, and mourn the Evils
That hurt your Peace, and quench your Eyes in Tears.
Rowe's Fair Pen.

WHAT Rage could hurt a Gentleness like thine,
Whose tender Soul could weep
O'er dying Roses, and at Blossoms fall. *Shakesf. Coriol.*

How few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,
And court the Offices of soft Humanity!
Like thee, reserve their Raiment for the naked,
Reach out their Bread to feed the crying Orphan,
Or mix the pitying Tears with those that weep!
Rowe's J. Shore.

WHAT is Compassion, when 'tis void of Love?
To one who asks the warm Returns of Love,
Compassion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death. *Add. Cato.*

WHEN Fortune, or the Gods afflict Mankind,
Compassion to the Miserable's due:
But when we suffer what we may prevent,
At once we forfeit Pity and Esteem. *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

C O N-

CONCEALMENT.

SHE ne'er told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Prey on her Damask Cheek: She pined in Thought,
And sat like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief. *Shakesf. Hen. VI.*

I FIND she loves him much, because she hides it.
Love teaches Cunning even to Innocence;
And where he gets Possession, his first Work
Is to dig deep within a Heart, and there
Lie hid, and like a Miser in the Dark,
To feast alone. *Dryd. Temp.*

I LOVE like thee, and yet conceal my Flame,
Which burns the more, the more it is suppress'd.
Hig. Gen. Cong.

I WORE my Flames conceal'd;
And silent as the Lamps that burn in Tombs,
Sighed only to my self, and to the Winds;
Gaz'd on your Beauties with the distant Crowd:
Your self at last perceiv'd my drooping Care,
And forc'd the trembling Secret from my Breast.
Tate's Loy. Gen.

A MUR'DROUS Guilt shews not itself more soon,
Than Love that would seem hid. *Shakesf. Twelfth Night.*

CONCEIT.

I KNOW not how Conceit may rob
The Treasure of Life, when Life it self
Yields to the Theft. *Shakesf. K. Lear.*

DANGEROUS Conceits are in their Nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the Blood,
Burn like the Mines of Sulphur. *Shakesf. Othello.*

CONCEIT in weakest Bodies strongest works.

Shakesf. Haml.
C O N J U-

CONJURATION.

I'll to the Grove of Furies,
 There I can force th' infernal Gods to shew
 Their horrid Forms.
 Each trembling Ghost shall rise,
 And leave their griesly King without a Waiter.

Dryd. Oed.

CONQUEST.

I CLAIM by Right
 Of Conquest; for when Kings make War,
 No Law betwixt two Sov'reigns can decide,
 But that of Arms, where Fortune is the Judge,
 Soldiers the Lawyers, and the Bar the Field.

Dryd. Love Triumph.

THEN Crimson Conquest clasp'd me in her Arms,
 And laurell'd Triumphs welcom'd my Return.

South. Loy. Broth.

CONQUEST is not given by Chance,
 But bound by fatal and resistless Merit,
 Waits on his Arms.

Rowe's Tam.

It is too much, you dress me
 Like a Usurper in the borrow'd Attribute
 Of injured Heaven: Can we call Conquest ours?
 Shall Man, this Pigmy, with a Giant's Pride,
 Vaunt of himself, and say, Thus have I done this?
 O vain Pretence to Greatness! Like the Moon,
 We borrow all the Brightness which we boast;
 Dark in our selves, and useless: If that Hand
 That rules the Fate of Battles, strike for us,
 Crown us with Fame, and gild our Clay with Honour,
 'Twere most ungrateful to disown the Benefit,
 And arrogate a Pride that is not ours.

Ibid.

CONSCIENCE.

I wou'd be drunk with Death and steaming Slaughter
To stupify the Sense of inward Torment. *Lee's Mith.*

SEVERE Decrees may keep our Tongues in Awe,
But to our Thoughts what Edict can give Law;
Even you your self, to your own Breast shall tell
Your Crimes, and your own Conscience be your Hell:
What Business has my Conscience with a Crown,
She Sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown;
If Mirth should fail, I'll busy her with Cares,
Silence her clam'rous Voice with louder Wars,
Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne,
As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon;
Repell'd by those, more eager she will grow,
Spring back more strongly like a *Scythian* Bow:
Amidst your Train this unseen Judge will wait,
Examine how you came by all your State;
Upbraid your impious Pomp, and in your Ear
Will hollow Rebel, Traitor, Murderer.
Your ill got Power, wan Looks and Care shall bring,
Known but by Discontent to be a King;
Of Crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
You'll sit and brood your Sorrows on a Throne.

Dryd. Auren.

WE cheat the World
With florid Outside, till we meet Surprise;
Then, Conscience working inward like a Mole,
Crumbles the Surface, and reveals the Dirt,
From which our Actions spring. *Fent. Maxiam.*

OH Power of Guilt! How Conscience can upbraid!
It forces her not only to reveal,
But to repeat what she would most conceal.

Dr. Cong. Granad.

OH Power of Conscience! even in wicked Men,
It works, it stings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one, not to clear himself

From

the ENGLISH STAGE. 51

From the most base, detested, horrid Act,
That e'er could stain a Villain *Lee's Oed.*

How shall I 'scape the Stings of my own Conscience?
Which will for ever wrack me with Remembrance,
Haunt me by Day, and torture me by Night;
Casting my blotted Honour in the Way?
Where'er my melancholy Thoughts shall guide me?

Lee's L. J. Brut.

Oh! what's this that rends my Heart,
That rides my Days, and clouds my Nights with Horror!
Is it not Conscience, which sometimes appears
Like a She-wolf, and drags me on the Floor?
Then in a Lion's Form it comes,
And grins, and roars, just gaping to devour me!

Lee's Mass. Par.

WERE all well here, what Force, what Roman Arms,
What General marching at the Head of Millions,
Could daunt the bold, the forward *Mithridates*?
But here, *Pharnaces*, in my guilty Bosom,
The fatal Enemy undermines me quite;
Black Legions are my Thoughts: Not *Pompey*, but
Ziphares comes with all his Wrongs, and Arms,
Like the Lieutenant of the Gods against me.
Semandra too, like bleeding Victory,
Stands on his Side, and cries out, kill, kill, kill
That cursed Parricide, that Ravisher.
Oh Heaven! sustain me, or I shall grow mad!

Lee's Mith.

I TELL thee, Boy, Remorse and upstart Fear
Oppress me even in spight of all my Knowledge;
Tho' none of those that boast Philosophy
Have made a deeper Search in Nature's Womb
Than I; (the Midnight Moon has seen my Watchings:)
I tell thee, none can name her infinite Seeds
Like me; nor better know her Sparks of Light,
Those Gems that shine in the blue Ring of Heaven:
None knows more Reason for or 'gainst yond first
Bright Cause, can talk of Accidents, above me.

Yet there's a Thorn, call'd Conscience, makes its Way
Thro' all the Fence of Pleasure, fortified
With Reasons, that this Ill seems Good to me,
And stings thy guilty Father to the Soul. *Ibid.*

I'LL to the Wars; and as the *Corybantes*,
With clashing Shields, and braying Trumpets, drown'd
The Cries of Infant *Jove*, I'll stifle Conscience,
And Nature's Murmurs, in the Din of Arms.

Smith's Phed. Hip.

LEAD me where my own Thoughts themselves may
lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,
Forget my self, and this Day's Guilt;
Cruel Remembrance, how shall I appease thee!

Otw. Ven. Pref.

CONSCIENCE is a Word that Cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in Awe.

Shakesf. Rich. III.

CONFLICT.

WHITHER wander my bold Thoughts
Broke loose from Reason, how did they run mad,
And now they are come home all arm'd with Stings,
And pierce my bleeding Heart;
I beg the Gods to disappoint my Crime,
Yet almost with'em deaf to my Desire.
I long, repent; repent, and long again,
And every Moment differs from the last. *Young's Busiris.*

CONSPIRACY.

BETWEEN the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first Motion all the Interim, is
Like a Phantasma or a hideous Dream,
The Genius and the mortal Instruments,
Are then in Council, and the State of Man
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then

The

The Nature of an Infurrection. *Shakes. Jul. Cæs.*

OH, the curs'd Fate of all Conspiracies!
They move on many Springs; if one but fail,
The restive Machine stops. *Dryd. Don Sebast.*

OH Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous Brow by Night,
When Evils are most free? O then by Day,
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough
To mask thy monitrous Visage? Seek for none;
Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
For if thou put thy native Semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dark enough
To hide thee from Prevention. *Shakes. Jul. Cæsar.*

CONSTANCY. See INCONSTANCY.

O CONSTANCY, be strong upon my Side,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue,
I have a Man's Mind, but a Woman's Might. *Shakes. Jul. Cæs.*

I COULD be well moved if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern Star,
Let me a little shew it. *Ibid.*

PERUSE the Prospect of thy growing Hopes,
Repeat thy Looks, thy Wishes, and thy Vows,
For constant Kindness is the surest Charm,
And Danger dares not stir, when love is warm. *Sewell's Sir Wa. Ral.*

There's no such Thing as Constancy we call,
Faith tyes not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all;
Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
First Constancy in Love a Virtue made;
From Friendship they the Land-mark did remove,
And falsely plac'd it on the Bounds of Love. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

Whisper to him some Angel what I'm doing,

D 2

By

By sympathy of Soul, let him too tremble
 To hear my wondrous Faith, my wondrous Love,
 Whose Spirit not content with an Ovation
 Of lingring Fate, with Triumph thus resolv'd,
 'Thus in the rapid Chariot of the Soul,
 To mount and dare as never Woman dar'd. *Lee's Theod.*

CONSTANT as Courage to the Brave in Battle;
 Constant as Martyrs burning for their Gods. *Ibid.*

THERE'S no such Thing as Constancy we call;
 Faith ties not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all.
 Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
 First Constancy in Love a Virtue made;
 From Friendship they that Landmark did remove,
 And falsely plac'd it on the Bounds of Love.

Dryd. Cong. of Gran.

I COULD wander o'er the World a Beggar,
 Or fill a Throne with thee, all with one Pride,
 And the same equal Pleasure.
 In Love, like Heav'n, the Monarch and the Slave
 Wear the same Wreath of Blifs.

Be constant, *Bellamira*, to thy Vow,
 So shall we shine as in the inmost Heaven,
 The fix'd and constant Stars, with silent Glory,
 Where never Storms nor Lightnings flash, nor Stroke
 Of Thunder comes: But if you fail in ought,
 Then shall we fall, like the curs'd Angels, down,
 Never to rise again. *Lee's Cæf. Borg.*

WHEN I am false, forsake me, all that's true.
 What! parcel Love,
 Like common Dole, by Scraps, to every Eye
 That hungers after Lust! Shall I do this?
 No, my frank Soul gives largely all at once,
 Nothing by Halves: True Love has no Reserve.
 Yes, my *Cbruseis*, I am only thine,
 Only and all: The Soul that's snatch'd by Death
 Returns no more, nor will her Eyes give back
 The Heart she keeps in her eternal Chain.

Lanf. Her. Love.

Not

NOT rooted Oaks, the Force of raging Winds,
Nor Nature's Bars, on their strong Basis fix'd,
Repel the Fury of insulting Waves
With greater Firmness, than resolv'd *Armida*
Defies the Charms of Majesty and Power.

Hig. Gen. Cong.

FAIR tho' you are
As Summer-Mornings, and your Eyes more bright
Than Stars, that twinkle in a Winter's Night;
Tho' you have Eloquence to warm and move
Cold Age, and praying Hermits into Love;
Tho' *Almahide* with Scorn reward my Care;
Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to despair.

Dryd. Cong. of Gran.

WHEN yet a Virgin free and undispos'd,
I lov'd, but saw you only with my Eyes;
I could not reach the Beauties of your Soul:
I have liv'd since in Contemplation,
And long Experience of your growing Goodness;
What then was Passion is my Judgment now,
Thro' all the several Changes of your Life
Confirm'd and settled in adoring you. *Hayn. Fat. Mist.*

CONSTERNATION.

See ASTONISHMENT.

NEVER was known a Night of such Distraction!
Noise so confus'd and dreadful: Justling Crowds
That run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,
Like Meteors, by each other in the Streets.

Dryd. Span. Fryar.

WHEREFORE stare you thus with haggard Eyes?
Why are your Arms a-cross?
Your heavy and desponding Heads hung down?
What is't you more than speak in these sad Signs?

Cong. Mourn. Bride.

C O N T E N T,

POOR and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches endless is as poor as Winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor. *Shakesf. Othello.*

SINCE all great Souls still make their own Content,
We to our selves may all our Wishes grant;
For, nothing coveting, we nothing want. }

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

THEY cannot want who wish not to have more;
Who ever said an *Anchoret* was poor? *Dryd. Sec. Lowe.*

REST we contented with our present State;
Tis anxious to enquire of future Fate. *Dryd. K. Arth.*

WERE it not better in some distant Clime
To live, and love, and peaceably possess
The small remainder of our Lives to come?
What tho' we quit all glitt'ring Pomp and Greatness,
The busy noisy Flattery of Courts,
We shall enjoy Content: In that alone
Is Greatness, Power, Wealth, Honour, all summ'd up.
Powel's K. of Naples.

C O U N T R Y H O U S E. See RETIREMENT.

WITHIN an antient Forest's ample Verge,
There stands a lonely, but a healthful Dwelling,
Built for Convenience and the Use of Life:
Around it Fallows, Meads, and Pastures fair,
A little Garden, and a limpid Brook,
By Nature's own Contrivance seem dispos'd,
No Neighbours but a few poor simple Clowns,
Honest and true, with a well meaning Priest,
No Faction or domestick Furies Rage,
Did e'er disturb the Quiet of that Place.

Row's Jane Shore.

AH Prince! hadst thou but known the Joys which
dwell

With

With humble Fortunes, thou would'st curse thy Royalty.
Had Fate allotted us some obscure Village,
Where with Life's Necessaries blest alone,
We might have pass'd in Peace our happy Days,
Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empire bring:
No wicked Statesman would with impious Arts
Have striven to wrest from us our small Inheritance,
Or stir the simple Hinds to noisy Faction.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

C O U R A G E.

TRUE Courage, is not where fermenting Spirits
Mount in a troubled and unruly Stream,
The Soul's its proper Seat, and Reason there
Presiding, guides its cool or warmer Motions.

Frowd's Fall of Sag.

FORBID it *Isis*,

That whilst *Busiris* treads the sanguine Field,
The foremost Spirit of his Host shou'd conquer,
But by Example, and beneath the Shade
Of this high brandish'd Arm, didst thou fear,
Sure 'tis an Act I know not how to fear.

'Tis one of the few Things beyond my Power;
And if Death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,
Thy Master is immortal.

Young's Busiris.

I DARE do all that may become a Man,
He who dares more is none,

Shakes. Macbeth.

MAKE thy Demands to those that own thy Power!
Know I am still beyond thee: And tho' Fortune
Has stript me of this Train, this Pomp of Greatness,
This Outside of a King! Yet still my Soul
Fix'd high, and of her self alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal! and even now
As at the Head of Battle, does defy thee!
I know what Power the Chance of War has given thee,
And dare thee to the Use on't.

Rowe's Tamer.

THE greatest Proof of Courage we can give,
Is then to die when we have Power to live.

Dryd. Ind. Queen.

BUT when true Courage is of Force bereft,
Patience the only Fortitude is left. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

ALL desp'rate Hazards Courage do create,
As he plays frankly who has least Estate :
Presence of Mind, and Courage in Distress,
Are more than Armies to procure Success. *Dryd. Aureng.*

LET us appear nor rash, nor diffident :
Immoderate Valour swells into a Fault ;
And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
Betrays like Treason.

Add. Cato.

HE dares much ;
And to that dauntless Temper of his Mind,
He has a Wisdom that still guides his Valour
To act in Safety. *Shakesf. Macb.*

A WISE well-temper'd Valour,
For such is his : Those Giants, Death and Danger,
Are but his Ministers, and serve a Master
More to be fear'd than they ; and the blind Goddess
Is led among the Captives in his Triumph :
Yet Fortune, Valour, all is over-born
By Numbers, as the long-resisting Banks
By the impetuous Torrent. *Den. Soph.*

WHAT Man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' *Hyrcanian* Tyger,
Take any Shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. *Shakesf. Macb.*

A NOBLE Freedom
Dwells with the Brave, unknown to fawning Sycophants,
And claims a Privilege of being believ'd.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

DIP Mountains of black Horror me surround,
I'd scale 'em all.
When Fortune, Honour, Life, and all's in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out. *Suck. Angl.*

C O U R T.

C O U R T.

I AM no Courtier, no fawning Dog of State,
To lick and kiss the Hand that buffets me.
Nor can I smile upon my Guest, and Praise
His Stomach, when I know he feeds on Poison,
And Death disguis'd sits grinning at my Table.

Sewell's Sir Walt. Rawley.

OH how I hate this Tribe of kissing Courtiers!
There is some Flavour in a Woman's Breath,
And Nature bids us meet it with a Gust;
But these new Kisses

Make Perjury conclude where Lust begins.

Ibid.

ALL his gaudy Courtiers basking round him
Like poysonous Vermin in a Dog-day Sun.

Young's Buziris.

I HAVE no Business there;

I have not slavish Temp'rance enough
T'attend a Fav'rite's Heels, and watch his Smiles,
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face;
And thank the Lord that wrong'd me, for his Favour.

Otw. Orph.

BE still, and learn the smoothing Arts of Courts;
Adore his Fortune, mix with flattering Crowds,
And when they praise him most, be you the loudest.

Dryd. Don Sebast.

THE Court is full of Eyes,
As Eagles sharp, fatal as Basilisks,
Who live on looking, and who see to Death.

Dryd. Love Triumph.

WOULD you be happy, leave this fatal Place;
Fly from the Courts pernicious Neighbourhood,
Where Innocence is shun'd, and blushing Modesty,
Is made the Scorners's Jest; where Hate, Deceit,
And deadly Ruin, wear the Masks of Beauty,
And draw deluded Fools with Shews of Pleasure.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

COURTIERS are

High Cowards in Revenge amongst themselves,
 And only valiant when they mischief others :
 Stars that would have no Names
 But for the Ills they threaten in Conjunction :
 A Race of shallow and unthinking Pilots,
 Who oft misguide the Ship even in a Calm,
 And in great Storms serve but as Weights to sink it.

Suck. Bren.

Of all Court-Service learn the common Lot,
 To Day 'tis done, to Morrow 'tis forgot. *Dryd. Don Sebast.*

THE Court's a golden, but a fatal Circle,
 Upon whose magick Skirts, a thousand Devils
 In crystal Forms sit, tempting Innocence,
 And beckon early Virtue from its Centre. *Lee's Nero.*

BERTRAM has been taught the Arts of Courts ;
 To gild a Face with Similes, and leer a Man to Ruin.

Dryd. Span. Fryar.

LEARN the cruel Arts of Courts ;
 Learn to dissemble Wrongs, to smile at Injuries,
 And suffer Crimes thou want'st the Power to punish :
 Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly ;
 Search, and know all Mankind's mysterious Ways ;
 But trust the Secret of thy Soul to none :

This is the Way,

This only, to be safe in such a World as this is.

Rowe's Ulysses.

COURTS are the Places where best Manners flourish,
 Where the Deserving ought to rise, and Fools
 Make Shew. Why should I vex and chafe my Spleen,
 To see a gaudy Coxcomb shine, when I
 Have Sense enough to foorth him in his Follies,
 And ride him to Advantage as I please. *Osw. Orph.*

WHAT Man of Sense would rack his gen'rous Mind,
 To practise all the base Formalities
 And Forms of Bus'ness? Force a grave starch'd Face,
 When he's a very Libertine in's Heart?

Seem not to know this or that Man in Publick,

When

When privately, perhaps, they meet together,
And lay the Scent of some brave Fellow's Ruin?
Such Things are done in Courts. *Ibid.*

VIRTUE must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse Garment,
Too heavy for the Sunshine of a Court.

Dryd. Span. Fryar.

BUT Courtiers are to be accounted good,
When they are not the last and worst of Men. *Ibid.*

COURTSHIP.

CAN I behold thee, and not speak of Love,
Ev'n now thus sadly as thou stand'st before me
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn;
Thy Softness Steals upon my yielding Senses,
'Till my Soul faints and sickens with Desire.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

I WILL forget the Monarch, and lay by
My Royalty, then court you like a Slave,
Sigh at your Feet, and woo you to Compliance.

Trap's Abram.

HE often taught his Tongue a filken Tale,
Descended from himself and talk'd of Love.

Young's Busiris.

THO' he riots 'midst a thousand Beauties,
He wants the Lover's greatest Happiness,
He the fair Slaves commands, and to his Arms
They streight resign their unresisting Charms;
But I my various Arts and Plots prepare,
And court at Distance the refusing Fair;
While I from Hope a silent Joy conceive,
And even my Fears a doubtful Pleasure give,
Till she submits to Love's resistless Laws,
And Cures the Sickness which her self did cause.

Trap's Abram.

MANDANE powerful Being, whose first Sight
Gives me a Transport not to be express'd,
And with one Moment over pays a Year,

Of

Of Danger, Toil, and Death, and Absence from thee.
Leave me not,

I've much to say, much more than you can conceive,
Yes by the Gods much more than I can utter;
May I not breath my Soul upon this tender Hand,
When your Eyes triumph and insult my Pain,
Permit me here to take a small Revenge.

See my Heart beat *Mandane*,
Believe not me, but tell your self my Passion,
Is it in Art to counterfeit within?

To drive the Spirits and inflame the Blood,
Each Nerve is pierc'd with Lightning from your Eye,
And every Pulse is in the Throbs of Love.

Young's Busris.

STILL as I woo'd, when at her Feet I lay,
Begging the Bounty of a Look to bless me:
Had'st thou but seen with what a modest Pride,
A Virgin Innocence and chaste Reserv'dness,
She took the humble Offering of my Love;
How still in all the winding of my Passion
Thro' the high Tide of Vows and strong Temptations,
She kept an equal Mind: By Heav'n, I think,
Had'st thou then seen the temp'rate Virgin stand,
Cold to my Flame, as Marble to the Sun,
(Not flush'd and haughty with the Conquest made,
As other vainer of her Sex would be,)
Thou wouldst have lov'd her rigid Virtue too.

South. Loy. Bro.

O *Semanthe*! how shall I convince thee!
What shall I say, or how shall I protest,
To conquer thy Belief?
Could'st thou discern the Workings of my Soul,
Pass thro' this Bosom to my throbbing Heart;
Oh! there thou wouldst behold thy heav'nly Form
Deep writ, and never to be raz'd away.

Ibid.

HAPPINESS!

There's none for me without you: Riches, Name,
Health, Fame, Distinction, Place and Quality,

Are

Are the Incumbrances of human Life,
To make it but more tedious without you.
What serve the Goods of Fortune for? To raise
My Hopes that you at last will share them with me.
Long Life it self, the universal Pray'r,
And Heav'n's Reward of well Deservers here
Would prove a Plague to me: To see you always,
And never see you mine! Still to desire,
And never to enjoy!

South. Fat. Mar.

SEE, fairest Queen of Love and Beauty, here
Your faithfullest and humblest Worshipper,
Who comes to offer up a Sacrifice
To those eternal Glories of your Eyes;
It is a Heart as spotless and sincere
As the chaste Vows of holy Vestals are:
Accept, divine one, and pronounce my Doom.

Otw. Alcib.

HE preferr'd me

Above the Maidens of my Age and Rank;
Still shun'd their Company, and still sought mine.
I was not wone by Gifts! yet still he gave;
And all his Gifts, tho' small, yet spoke his Love:
He pick'd the earliest Strawberries in the Woods,
The cluster'd Filberts, and the purple Grapes:
He taught a prating Stare to speak my Name;
And when he found a Nest of Nightingales,
Or callow Linnets, he would shew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

Dryd. Mar. Alam.

INDULGE me yet a little in my Ruin;
Ah! suffer me to look my Life away;
While, prostrate at thy Feet, I tell my Love,
And let my latest Accent sigh

Aspatia. Johnson's Force of Friendship.

C O W A R D.

MILK liver'd Man,
That bear'st a Cheek for Blows, a Head for Wrongs,
Who

Who hast not in thy Brows, an Eye discerning
Thine Honour from thy Suffering. *Shakesf. King Lear.*

THOU Coward yet
Art living, canst not, wilt not find the Road
To the great Palace of magnificent Death,
Tho' thousand Ways lead to his thousand Doors,
Which Day and Night are still unbar'd for all.

Dryd. Oed.

COWARDS have Courage when they see not Death,
And fearful Hares that skulk in Forms all Day,
Yea fight their feeble Quarrels by the Moon-light;
But valiant Men

Still love the Sun should witness what they do.

Dryd. Riv. Lad.

A COWARD is the kindest Animal;
'Tis the most forgiving Creature in a Fight. *Dryd. Cleom.*

COWARDS dye many Times before their Death,
The valiant never taste of Death but once.
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that Man should fear;
Seeing that Death, a necessary End,
Will come when it will come. *Shakesf. Jul. Cæs.*

C U C K O L D.

THINK every bearded Fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lye in those improper Beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar your Case is better;
O 'tis the Spite of Hell, the Fiends arch Mock,
To lip a Wanton in a secure Couch,
And to suppose her Chaste. No let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Do but incave your self,
And mark the Fleers, the Gibes, and notable Scorns
That dwell in every Region of his Face,
For I will make him tell the Tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,

He

He hath, and is again, to cope your Wife.

Shakesf. Othello.

I KNOW our Country Disposition well,
In *Venice*, they do let Heaven see those Pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands. *Ibid.*

HAD it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with Affliction, had he rain'd
All kinds of Sores and Plagues upon my bare Head,
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Given to Captivity me and my Hopes,
I should have found in some Place of my Soul,
A Drop of Patience. But alas to make me
A fix'd Figure for the Hand of Scorn,
To point his slow unmoving Finger at;
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there where I have garner'd up my Heart,
Where either I must live or bear no Life,
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a Cistern for foul Toads
To knot and gender in Turn thy Complexion there.

Shakesf. Othello.

Now the broad Shame comes staring in thy Face,
And Boys shall hoot the Cuckold as he passes.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

MAY the Husband's Curse
Light here upon my Forehead, for the Boys
To find me out by, as I pass along,
The common Scorn and Jest of laughing Fools.

South. Disap.

SHE might have number'd out the Stars in Sin,
Fed her hot lustful Appetite with Change
Of every high-fed wanton Fool in *Florence*;
Yet I had been happy ignorantly blest'd:
Like a true Marriage-Fool, I might have sat
Contented at the lower End o'th' Feast,
To welcome all without a further Thought;
And when the Business of the Day was over,

When

When all the Company had danc'd her round,
 At Night I might have ta'en her to my Heart,
 With Praises on her Truth and Constancy,
 And Thanks to Heaven for such a virtuous Wife.
 But to know my self a Monster! Death and Hell!
 Children and Fools will have me in the Wind,
 And I shall stink of Cuckold to the World.

Ibid.

It is a Woman's falsest vainest Pride,
 To boast a Virtue that has ne'er been try'd:
 In equal Folly too those Husbands live,
 Who peevishly against themselves contrive
 By early Fears to hasten on the Day;
 For Jealousy but shews our Wives the Way:
 And if the forked Fortune be our Doom,
 In vain we strive, the Blessing will come home.

Ibid.

O CURSE of Marriage!

That we can call those delicate Creatures ours,
 And not their Appetites! I had rather be a Toad,
 And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
 Than keep a Corner in the Thing I love
 For other Uses. Yet 'tis the Plague of great ones,
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the Base;
 'Tis Destiny unshunnable, like Death!
 I had been happy if the gen'ral Camp,
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
 So I had nothing known.
 I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
 Than but to know't a little.
 What Sense had I of her stol'n Hours of Lust?
 I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
 I slept the next Night well, was free and merry;
 I found not *Cassio's* Kisses on her Lips.
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
 Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Shakef. Othello.

CURSE

CURSE. See RIVAL.

BLASTS and Fogs upon thee,
Th' untented Woundings of a Father's Curse
Pierce every Sense about thee. *Shakesf. King Lear.*

ALL the stored Vengeances of Heaven fall
On her ungrateful Top, strike her young Bones,
You taking Airs, with Lameness.
You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding Flames
Into her scornful Eyes, infect her Beauty,
You fensuck'd Fogs, drawn by the powerful Sun
To fall and blister. *Shakesf. King Lear.*

CURS'D be my Days, and doubly curs'd my Nights!
Blast be every Herb, and Fruit, and Tree!
Curs'd be the Rain that falls upon the Earth!
And may the general Curse reach Man and Beast.
Osw. Ven. Pres.

CURS'D be the fatal Day that gave me Birth,
In Clouds of Darkness let it still be hid,
And roul on more in the vast Rounds of Time:
Fearing Remorse, and never ceasing Vengeance,
Racks, Hell, and burning Sulphur be my Lot.
Smith's P. Parm.

MAY all my Curses, and ten thousand more,
Heavier than them, fall back upon my Head:
Pelion and *Ossa* from the Giant's Grave,
Be torn by some avenging Deity,
And hurl'd at me, a bolder Wretch than they,
Who durst invade the Skies. *Dryd. Troil. Cref.*

SEIZE him, ye Fiends, and Furies damn him, damn
him!
May Hell have infinite Stories, and this Devil
Be damn'd beneath the bottomless Foundation.

Lee's Cæs. Borg.

I CURSE

I CURSE thee not!

For who can better curse the Plague or Devil,
Than to be what they are: That Curse be thine.

Dryd. Don. Sebast.

HEAR me, just Heav'n's!

Pour down your Curses on this wretched Head
With never-ceasing Vengeance: Let Despair,
Dangers, or Infamy, nay all surround me.
Starve me with Wantings; let my Eyes ne'er see
A Light of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace:
But dash my Days with Sorrow, Nights with Horrors,
Wild as my own Thoughts are.

Orw. Ven. Pres.

LET Mischiefs multiply, let ev'ry Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me Increase of Horror.
Oh! let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever.
May every Thing I look on seem a Prodigy,
To fill my Soul with Terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curser of the Works of Nature.

Orw. Oiph.

Now Hell's bluest Plagues

Receive her quick, with all her Crimes upon her:
Let her sink spotted down; let the dark Host
Make Room, and point, and hiss her as she goes;
Let the most branded Ghosts of all her Sex
Rejoice, and cry, Here comes a blacker Fiend.

Shaksp. Troil. and Cress.

O ALL tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the
Night,

And Hags of Fancy, wing him thro' the Air;
From Precipices hurl him headlong down;
Gharybdis roar, and Death be set before him.

Lee's Oed.

KIND Heav'n! let heavy Curses

Gall his old Age, Cramps, Aches, rack his Bones,
And bitterest Disquiet wring his Heart.
Oh! let him live till Life becomes a Burden;
Let him groan under it long, linger an Age

In

In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,
And find its Ease but late.

Osw. Ven. Pref.

BUT Curses stick not: Could I kill with Cursing,
By Heav'n, I know not thirty Heads in Venice
Should not be blasted: Senators should rot
Like Dogs on Dunghills; but their Wives and Daugh-
ters

Die of their own Diseases. Oh, For a Curse
To kill with!

Ibid.

REMORSE and Heaviness of Heart still wait thee,
And everlasting Anguish be thy Portion.

Row's Jane Shore.

If there be a Man
Subtle in Curses, that exceeds all others,
His worst Wish on thee.

Beaumont King and no King.

OH! I will curse thee till thy frightened Soul
Runs mad with Horror.

Lee's Cæsar Borg.

O REPAY him,
Thou great Avenger! Give him Blood for Blood:
Guilt haunt him, Fiends pursue him, Lightnings blast
him;

Some horrid cursed Kind of Death o'ertake him
Sudden, and in the Fulness of his Sins.

Row's Jane Shore.

Now Furies lash him with your Scorpion Whips,
Give him the Torments of the eternal Damn'd;
Prometheus' Vulture, and *Ixion's* Wheel;
And let his Pains thro' circling Ages last,
Nor Time expiring, see his Torments done.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

MAY he be rooted where he stands for ever,
His Eye-balls never move; Brows be unbent;
His Blood, his Liver, Entrails, Heart, and Bowels,
Be blacker than the Place I wish him, Hell.

Lee's Oed.

THE bluest Blaft of pestilential Air,
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms and kill her Eyes;
Perdition catch them both, and Ruin part 'em.

Cong. M. Bride.

A FATHER'S

A FATHER's Curse has Wings;
Thro' this World, and the next, it will pursue thee,
And sink thee down for ever. *Dry. Love Triumph.*

DISEASES wait 'em! Wherefore should I curse them?
If that my Breath were sulphurous as the Lightning,
That murders with a Blast; or like the Vapours,
The choaking Stench which those that die o'th' Plague
Send with their parting Groans; then I would curse them,
With Accents that should poison from my Tongue,
Deliver'd strongly thro' my gnashing Teeth,
More harsh, more horrible, and more outrageous,
Than Envy in her Cave, or Madmen in their Dens:
My Tongue should stammer in my earnest Words;
My Eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint;
My hoary Hair should start, and stand on end;
And all my shaking Joints should seem to curse them.

Lee's Cæf. Borg.

MY Heart will break,
Unless I curse them: Poison be their Drink:
Gall, Gall and Wormwood, Hemlock, Hemlock
quench them;
Their sweetest Shade, a Den of dusky Adders;
Their fairest Prospect, Fields of Basilisks;
Their softest Touch, as soft as Viper's Teeth;
Their Musick horrid, as the Hiss of Dragons;
And boding Shriek Owls make the Comfort full;
All the foul Terrors of dark-seated Hell.
Now by my Wrongs that turn my Heart to Steel,
Well could I curse away a Winter's Night,
Tho' standing naked on a Mountain's Top,
And think it but a Minute spent in Sport.

Shakesf. Hen. VI.

C U S T O M.

HABITUAL Evils change not on a Sudden,
But many Days must pass, and many Sorrows:

Conscious

Conscious Remorse and Anguish must be felt,
To curb Desire, to break the stubborn Will,
And work a second Nature in the Soul,
Each Virtue can remorse the Place she lost,
'Tis else Diffimulation. *Row's Ulysses.*



D A M N A T I O N.



WHAT do the damn'd endure, but to despair?
But knowing Heaven, to know it lost for
ever? *Cong. M. Bride.*

BID the Damn'd be happy,
Who in sad Flames for ever must be tost,
Yet still in View of the lov'd Heaven they've lost.
Otriv. Don. Carl.

Ev'N thus in Hell wander the restless damn'd;
From scorching Flames to chilling Frosts they run;
Then from their Frosts to Fires return again,
And only prove Variety of Pain. *Rowe's Tam.*

WHAT! thou a Statesman,
And make a Business of Damnation
In such a World as this! Why 'tis a Trade:
The Scrivener, Usurer, Lawyer, Shopkeeper,
And Soldier, cannot live, but by Damnation:
The Politician does it by Advance,
And gives All-gone beforehand. *Dryd. Don Sebast.*

D A N G E R.

I DID not spy the Danger,
Without Fear I stood,
Like one who on a Beach decries from far,
A labouring Bark with which the Billows War,
Pities its State, wishing the Tempest gone,
But views not the near Sea come rolling on;

So

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So did with me my unseen Fortune Play,
Till the Waves came and wash'd me quite away.

Lee's Mith.

Now I stand as one upon a Rock,
Environ'd with a Wilderneis of Sea,
Who marks the waxing Tide go Wave by Wave,
Expecting every where, some envious Surge,
Will in his brinish Bowels swallow him.

Shakesf. Titus Andron.

GREAT Things thro' greatest Hazards are achiev'd,
And then they shine.

Beau. Loy. Sub.

DANGER, thou Dwarf dress'd up in Giant's Clothes,
That shew'it far off still greater than thou art.

Suck. Auglaura.

By a divine Instinct Mens Minds mistrust,
Pursuing Danger; as by Proof we see
The Water swell before a boist'rous storm.

Shakesf. Richard III.

'Tis with a seeret Pleasure I look back,
And see the many Dangers I have pass'd:
The Merchant thus in dreadful Tempest toss'd,
Thrown by the Waves on some unlook'd-for Coast,
Oft turns, and sees with a delighted Eye,
'Midst Rocks and Shelves the broken Billows fly;
And whil't th' outrageous Winds the Deep deform,
Smiles on the Tumult, and enjoys the Storm.

Phil. Distress. Moth.

D A R K N E S S.

ALASS! I am betray'd to Darknefs here,
Darknefs which Virtue hates, and Maids most fear;
Silence and Solitude dwell ev'ry where,
Dogs cease to bark, the Waves more faintly roar,
And roll themselves asleep upon the Shore;
No Noise but what my Footsteps make, and they
Sound dreadfully, and louder than by Day;
They double too, and ev'ry Step I take

They

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Sounds thick, methinks, and more than one could make.

Dryd. R. Lad.

OH! she does teach the Torches to burn bright;
Her Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night;
Fairer than Snow upon a Raven's Back,
Or a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear;
Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright,
That Birds would sing, and think the Day were break-
ing.

Shakesf. Rom. and Jul.

HER Beauty gilds the more than Midnight Darkness,
And makes it grateful as the Dawn of Day.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

DAUNTLESS S. See WRETCH-CASSIUS.

THE Damp of Death has quench'd her quite,
These spicy Doors her Lips are shut, close lock'd,
Which never Gale of Life shall open more. *Lee's Mith.*

O SHE is gone, the talking Soul is mute,
She's hush'd, no Voice, no Musick now is heard,
The Bower of Beauty is more still than Death,
The Roses fade and the melodious Bird,
That wak'd their Sweets has left 'em now for ever.

Lee's Alex.

BE Witnesses for me, all ye Powers divine,
If you be angry 'tis no Fault of mine;
Therefore let Furies face me with a Band
From Hell, my Virtue shall not make a Stand;
Tho' all the Curtains of the Sky be drawn,
And the Stars wink, young *Ammon* shall go on. *Ibid.*

DEAD.

SHE's cold,
Her Blood is settled, and her Joints are stiff;
Death lies on her, like an untimely Frost
Upon the sweetest Flower of all the Field.

Shakesf. Rom. Jul.

E

DEATH

DEATH that has suck'd the Honey of thy Breath,
Has had no Power as yet upon thy Beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, Beauty's Ensign still
Is Crimson in thy Lips, and in thy Cheeks,
And Death's pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there. *Ibid.*

O how I grudge the Grave this heavenly Form!
Thy Beauties will inspire the Arms of Death,
And warm the pale cold Tyrant into Life.

South. Loyal Bro.

BACK, thou departed Life! back to thy Cell,
Her Heart! in Heaven thou canst not sweeter dwell,
Move the still Pulse, and thaw each frozen Vein.

Lee's Soph.

FOR ever gone! All her sweet Stock of Breath
Spent in one Sigh, the Riot of rich Death. *Ibid.*

SHE's gone! for ever gone! The King of Terrors
Lays his rude Hands upon her lovely Limbs,
And blasts her Beauties with his icy Breath.

Den. App. Virg.

COLD, my Life! She's gone!
And in her Cheeks are scatter'd Purple smiles,
Like Streaks of Sunshine from a setting Day.

Shakeſ. Coriol.

D E A T H. See FEARS.

O! Death! I've fought thee in the list'd Field,
Midst shouting Squadrons and embattl'd Hosts,
Pursued thee in the Noon-day Sweat of War,
And listen'd for thee on the Midnight Watch.
In frozen Regions, and in Sunburnt Climes,
In Winds, in Tempests, and in troubl'd Seas,
In every Element I sought. But thou
Hast shun'd the Searcher in each dang'rous Path,
Spar'd him in Seas, in Battles and in Storms,
To seize the weary Wand'rer at his Rest,
And sink him in the Coward Arms of Peace.
Who, Providence, shall mark thy secret Ways,

Measure

Measure thy Wisdom, or dispute thy Power?

Sewell's Sir Walt. Rawl.

THE Glas is almost run, the Scene is short,
Presenting but one Object to my View;
O eloquent, O just, O mighty Death,
Who shall recount the Wonders of thy Hand?
Whom none can counsel thou hast well advis'd,
And whisper'd Wisdom to the dearest Ear,
Whom all have trembl'd at, thy Might has dar'd,
Whom all have flatter'd thou alone hast scorn'd,
And swept poor deify'd Mortality
With common Ashes to an humble Grave;
Long have I pluck'd thy Terrors from my Heart,
Call'd thee Companion in my active Life,
My solitary Days and studious Hours,
Made thee familiar to my Couch as Sleep. *Ibid.*

DEATH shuns the naked Throat and proffer'd Breast,
He flies when call'd to be a welcome Guest.

Sedl. Ant. and Cleop.

VAIN Man! to be so fond of breathing long,
And spinning out a thread of Misery.
The longer Life the greater Choice of Evil,
The happiest Man is but a wretched Thing,
That steals poor Comfort from Comparison. *Young's Busiris.*

I SMILE at Death,

For living here is living all alone,
To me a real Solitude, amid'st
A Throng of little Beings grov'ling round me,
Which yet usurp one common Shape and Name;
I thank these Wounds, the raging Pains which promise
An Interview with Equals soon elsewhere. *Young's Busiris.*

NOTHING more certain than to die, but when
Is most uncertain: If so, every Hour
We should prepare us for the Journey, which
Is not to be put off. I must submit
To the divine Decree, not argue it,
And cheerfully welcome it. *Beaum. Lovers Progress.*

LET no Man fear to die: We love to sleep all,

And Death is but the sounder Sleep; all Ages,
And all Hours call us: 'Tis so common, easy,
That little Children tread those Paths before us.

Beauch. Hum. Lieut.

THIS vast, this solid Earth, that blazing Sun,
Those Skies thro' which it rolls, must all have End:
What then is Man, the smallest Part of Nothing?
Day buries Day, Month Month, and Year the Year;
Our Life is but a Chain of many Deaths:
Can then Death's self be fear'd? Our Life much rather:
Life is the Desert, Life the Solitude;
Death joins us to the great Majority;
'Tis to be born to *Platos* and to *Cæsars*,
'Tis to be great for ever;
'Tis Pleasure, 'tis Ambition then to die. *Young's Revenge.*

WHAT art thou, O thou great mysterious Terror!
The Way to thee we know; Diseases, Famine,
Sword, Fire, and all thy ever open Gates,
That Day and Night stand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them? Who will draw that Veil?
Yet Death's not there—— No, 'tis a Point of Time,
The Verge 'twixt mortal and immortal Beings,
It mocks our Thought. On this Side all is Life,
And when we've reach'd it, in that very Instant
'Tis past the thinking of—— Or if it be
The Pangs, the Throws, the agonizing Struggle,
When Soul and Body part; sure I've felt it,
And there's no more to fear *Hughe's Siege Dam.*

DEATH's a Name,

By which poor guessing Mortals are deceiv'd;
'Tis no where to be found. Thou fly'st in vain
From Life, to meet again with that thou fly'st;
How wilt thou curse thy Rashness then? How start,
And shudder, and shrink back? Yet how avoid
To put on thy new Being. *Ibid.*

'Tis but to die!

'Tis but to do what at this very Moment,
In many Nations of the peopled Earth,

A thou-

A thousand and a thousand shall do with me:
'Tis but to close my Eyes, and shut out Day-light,
To view no more the wicked Ways of Men,
And be a weeping Witness of their Woes.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

DEATH we should prize as the best Gift of Nature,
As a safe Inn where weary Travellers,
When they have journey'd thro' a World of Cares,
May put off Life, and be at Rest for ever,
If 'twere in private, void of Pomp and Shew;
But Groans, and weeping Friends, and ghastly Blacks,
Distract us with their sad Solemnity:
The Preparation's the Executioner;
For Death unmask'd, shews me a friendly Face,
And is a Terror only at a Distance.
For as the Line of Life conducts me on
To Death's great Court, the Prospect seems more fair;
'Tis Nature's Hospital, that's always open,
To take us in when we have drain'd the Sweets
Of Life, or worn our Days to Age and Wretchedness;
Death's then a soft Repose, a safe Retreat.

South. Loy. Bro.

I WAS born to die:
'Tis but expanding Thought, and Life is nothing.
Ages and Generations pass away,
And with resistless Force, like Waves o'er Waves,
Rolls down the irrevocable Stream of Time,
Into the insatiate Ocean For-ever.

Steel's Ly. Lovers.

ALL the while I liv'd I have been dying:
Time equal Steps to Death and Life does give;
And those that fear to die, must fear to live:
Death reconciles the World, and Nature's Strife,
And is a Part of Order, and of Life.

How. Vesp. King.

TYRANT of Nature! I would view thee near,
Thou chief of Terrors, Death! A Form so horrid,
As even the Wretched shun.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

OH Nature!
How dost thou mock Mankind! to make him free,

And yet make him fear? Or when he lost
 That Freedom, why did he not lose his Fear?
 That Fear of Fears, the Fear of what we know not,
 While yet we know it is in vain to fear it.
 Death, and what follows Death, 'twas that which stamp'd
 A Terror on the Brow of Kings; that gave
 Fortune her Deity, and *Jove* his Thunder:
 Banish but Fear of Death, those Giant Names
 Of Majesty, Power, Empire, finding nothing
 To be their Object, will be nothing too.
 Then he dares yet be free that dares to die,
 May laugh at the grim Face of Law, and scorn
 The cruel Wrinkle of a Tyrant's Brow. *Denb. Sophy.*

Poor Reason! what a wretched Aid art thou?
 For still in spite of thee,
 These two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
 Their final Separation. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Now Death draw near, a strange Perplexity
 Creeps coldly on me, like a Fear to die.
 Courage uncertain Dangers may abate,
 But who can bear th' Approach of certain Fate?
 The Wisest and the Best some Fear may show,
 And wish to stay, tho' they resolve to go.
 As some faint Pilgrim, standing on the Shore,
 First views the Torrent he would venture o'er,
 And then his Inn upon the farther Ground,
 Loth to wade thro', and lother to go round;
 Then dipping in his Staff, does tryal make
 How deep it is, and fighting, pulls it back;
 Sometimes resolv'd to fetch his Leap, and then
 Runs to the Bank, but there stops short again:
 So I at once
 Both heavenly Faith and human Fear obey,
 And feel before me in an unknown Way.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.
 I FEEL Death rising higher still and higher
 Within my Bosom; every Breath I fetch
 Shuts up my Life within a shorter Compass;

And,

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And, like the vanishing Sound of Bells, grows less
And less each Pulse, till it be lost in Air. *Dryd. R. Lad.*

Our Sleep's a short-liv'd Death;
Either is but the Loss of Time unknown,
And he that sleeps till from the Grave awak'd,
Feels not that Gap in his Eternity
To exceed a Moment. *Cibber's Per. and Izad.*

DISTRUST and Darknefs of a future State,
Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.
Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.
Dryd. Auren.

DEATH's a black Veil, cov'ring a beauteous Face,
Fear'd afar off
By erring Nature: A mistaken Phantom!
A harmless lambent Fire! she kisses cold,
But kind, as soft and sweet as my *Cleora*.
Oh! could we know
What Joy she brings, at least, what Rest from Grief!
How should we press into her friendly Arms,
And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy! *Dryd. Cleom.*
If she be like my Love,
She is not dreadful sure. *Dryd. All for Love.*

DEATH Ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave shuts up the mournful Scene.
Dryd. Sp. Fryar.

DEATH to a Man in Misery is sleep. *Dryd. Don Sebast.*
THE Dead are only happy, and the Dying:
The Dead are still, and lasting Slumbers hold 'em.
He who is near his Death, but turns about,
Shuffles a while to make his Pillow easy,
Then slips into his Shroud and rests for ever.
Lee's Cas. Borg.

DEATH is the Privilege of human Nature;
And Life without it were not worth our taking.
Thither the Poor, the Pris'ner, and the Mourner,
Fly for Relief, and lay their Burdens down.
Rowe's Fair. Pen.

The BEAUTIES of

I WISH to die, yet dare not Death endure;
 Detest the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure.
 Oh! had I Courage but to meet my Fate;
 That short dark Passage to a future State;
 That melancholy Riddle of a Breath,
 That Something, or that Nothing, after Death.

Dryd. Auren.

COWARDS die many times before their Death,
 The Valiant never taste of Death but once.

Shakesp. Jul. Caesar.

BUT Men with Horror Dissolution meet;
 The Minutes e'en of painful Life are sweet.

Dryd. R. Lad.

POOR abject Creatures! How they fear to die?
 Who never knew one happy Hour in Life,
 Yet shake to lay it down. Is Load so pleasant?
 Or has Heav'n hid the Happiness of Death,
 That Men may dare to live?

Dryd. Don Sebast.

WHEN the Sun sets, Shadows that shew'd at Noon
 But small, appear most long and terrible:
 So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
 Our Apprehensions shoot beyond all Bounds;
 Owls, Ravens, Crickets, seem the Watch of Death;
 Nature's worst Vermin scare her Godlike Sons.
 Echoes, the very leaving of a Voice,
 Grow babling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves.
 Each Mole-hill Thought swells to a huge *Olympus*;
 While we, fantastick Dreamers, heave and puff,
 And sweat with an Imagination's Weight.

Lee's Oed.

DEATH is not dreadful to a Mind resolv'd;
 It seems as nat'ral as to be born.
 Groans, and Convulsions, and discolour'd Faces,
 Friends weeping round us, Blacks, and Obsequies,
 Make Death a dreadful Thing. The Pomp of Death
 Is far more terrible than Death it self.

Lee's L. J. Brut.

'TIS not the *Stoicks* Lesson got by rote,
 The Pomp of Words, and pedant Dissertation,
 That can support thee in that Hour of Terror.

Books

Books have taught Cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the Tryal comes, they start and stand aghast.
Rowe's Fair Pen.

DEATH's dark Shades
Seem as we journey on to lose their Horror:
At near Approach, the Monsters form'd by Fear
Are vanish'd all, and leave the Prospect clear.
Amidst the gloomy Vale a pleasing Scene,
With Flowers adorn'd, and never-fading Green,
Inviting stands to take the Wretched in,
No Wars, no Wrongs, no Tyrants, no Despair,
Disturb the Quiet of a Place so fair,
But injur'd Lovers find *Elyzium* there.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

DEATH only can be dreadful to the Bad:
To Innocence 'tis like a Bugbear, dress'd
To frighten Children: Pull but off his Mask
And he'll appear a Friend. *Dryd. Oed.*

Oh, that I less could fear to lose this Being!
Which, like a Snow-ball in my Coward Hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.

Dryd. All for Love.

D E E R.

SEE where the Déer trot after one another,
Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son:
Brother and Sister, mingl'd all together;
No Discontent they know, but in delightful
Wildness and Freedom, luscious Health and Innocence,
Enjoy their Portion. If they see a Man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the Monster. *Orw. Orph.*

DEFORMITY.

THY Mother felt more than a Mother's Pain,
And yet brought forth less than a Mother's Hope,
An indigested Lump. *Shakesf. Rich. III.*

CHEATED of Feature by dissembling Nature;
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my Time
Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That Dogs bark at me as I halt by them.
I that in this weak piping Tune of Peace,
Have no Delight to pass away the Time,
Unless to view my Shadow in the Sun,
And descant on my own Deformity. *Ibid.*

THOU elfish, mark'd, abortive Monster!
Thou that wast seal'd, in thy Nativity,
The Slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell!
Thou Slander of thy heavy Mother's Womb! *Ibid.*
THOU talk of sacred Love!

Hast thou a Nook in all that huddl'd Form
Fit for so soft a Guest? It cannot be.
Fly from my Sight, thou bungl'd Botch of Nature,
Thou Snuff of Life, and Ruins of a Man! *Ibid.*

CURSE Nature,
That ne'er reform'd thy Dross! Curse thy own Fate,
That warm'd that unconcocted Lump to Life,
Half-finish'd into Man!

THOU art a Thing so loathsome,
Nature has shut thee quite from that thou art:
Made like the Bird of Night, to be pursu'd,
Abhorr'd, and loath'd by all thy Fellow-Creatures.

Shakesf. Twelfth Night.

WHY Love renounc'd me in my Mother's Womb,
And, for I should not deal in her soft Laws,
He did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
To shrink my Arm thus like a weather'd Shrub;
To make an envious Mountain on my Back,

Where

Where sits Deformity to mock my Body;
To shape my Legs of an unequal Size;
To disproportion me in ev'ry Part,
Like to a *Chaos*, or unlick'd Bear's Whelp,
That carries no Impression like the Dam.

Shakef. Hen. VI.

NATURE her self start back when thou wer't born,
And cry'd, The Work's not mine.
The Midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
Thy Mountain Back, and thy distorted Legs,
Thy Face it self
Half-minted with the Royal Stamp of Man,
And half o'ercome with Beast, she doubted long
Whose Right in thee were more;
And knew not if to burn thee in the Flames
Were not the holier Work.

Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body
In so perverse a Mould? Yet when she cast
Her envious Hand upon my supple Joints,
Unable to resist, and rumpl'd them
On Heaps in their dark Lodging; to revenge
Her bungled Work, she stamp'd my Mind more fair.
And as from *Chaos*, huddl'd and deform'd,
The Gods struck fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautify the Sky; so she inform'd
This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul,
And making less than Man, she made me more.

No! Thou'rt all one Error, Soul and Body!
The first young Tryal of some unskill'd Power,
Rude in the Making-Art, and Ape of *Jove*!
Thy Body opens inward to thy Soul,
And lets in Day to make thy Vices seen:
Thy crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back,
And wander'd in thy Limbs: Thou Blot of Nature!
Thou Enemy of Eyes? Excrecence of a Man!

Lee's Oedip.

DESART.

So where our wide *Numidian* Wastes extend,
 Sudden th' impetuous Hurricanes descend,
 Wheel thro' the Air, in circling Eddys play,
 Tear up the Sands and sweep whole Plains away;
 The Helpless Traveller with wild surprize,
 Sees the dry Defart all around him rise,
 And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dyes.

}
Addison's Cato.

DELUGE. See MEETING.

DESPAIR.

WHAT Miracle

Can work me into Hope, Heav'n here is bankrupt,
 The wondring Gods blush at the want of Power,
 And quite abash'd confess they cannot help me.

Lee's Mith.

'Tis True, my Hopes are vanishing as Clouds,
 Lighter than Childrens Baubles blown by Winds:
 My Merit, but the rash Result of Chance!
 My Birth unequal! all the Stars against me;
 Power, Promise, Choice, the Living, and the Dead;
 Mankind my Foes, and only love to friend me!

Dryd. Span. Fryar.

As with one

Who, wandring o'er a wide barren Waste,
 Views the last Circles of the sinking Sun,
 Then gazing round, quite destitute of Hope,
 Forsaken, and forlorn, sits sighing down,
 To mix with Night, and entertain Despair.

Scuth. M. Fat.

THIS Pomp of Horror
 Is fit to feed the Frenzy in my Soul:
 Here's Room for Meditation e'en to Madness,

Till

Till the Mind burst with thinking. *Rowe's Fair Pen.*

HE makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair;
He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no Use
Of any Thing but Thought: Or if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect Raving:
Then he defies the World, and bids it pass:
Sometimes he gnaws his Lips, then draws his Mouth
Into a scornful Smile. *Dryd. All for Love.*

I AM here! and thus the Shades of Night around me!
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart!
And I in Hell! Nay, surely 'tis so with me;
For every Step I tread, methinks some Fiend
Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet.
I have heard how desp'rate Wretches, like my self,
Have wander'd out at this dead Time of Night,
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walks:
Sure I'm so curst, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
No Minister of Darknes cares to tempt me.

Otway. Ven. Pref.

My sad Soul has
Form'd a dismal melancholy Scene;
Such a Retreat as I would wish to find:
An unfrequented Vale, o'ergrown with Trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome Shades
Ravens and Birds ill-omen'd only dwell;
No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook,
That bubbling winds among the Weeds; no Mark
Of any human Shape that had been there;
Unless a Skeleton of some poor Wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by Love undone,
Sought that sad Place out to despair and die in.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

WINDS bear me to some barren Island,
Where Print of human Feet was never seen;
O'ergrown with Weeds of such a monstrous Height,
Their baleful Tops are wash'd with bellowing Clouds;
Ieneath whose venomous Shade I may have vent

For

For Horror that would blast the barbarous World.

Lee's Oed.

THERE let me groan my Horrors on the Earth;
There bellow out my utmost Gall!
There sob my Sorrows till I burst with Sighing!
There gasp and languish out my wounded Soul? *Ibid.*

I FANCY

I'm turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all:
Living in a shady Forest's *Silvan* Scene,
Stretch'd at my Length beneath some blasted Oak
I lean my Hand upon the mossy Bark,
And look just of a Piece, as I grew from it;
My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary Face; the Herd come jumping by
me,
And, fearless, quench their Thirst while I look on,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.

Dryd. All for Love.

THERE is a stupid Weight upon my Senses,
A dismal fullen Stifness, that succeeds
The Storm of Rage and Grief; like silent Death,
After the Tumult and the Noise of Life.
Would it were Death, (as sure 'tis wond'rous like it,)
For I am sick of living: My Soul's pall'd,
She kindles not with Anger or Revenge.
Love was th' informing active Fire within;
Now that is quench'd, the Mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its Kindred Earth.

Row's Fair Pen.

For cold Despair begins to freeze my Bosom,
And all my Pow'rs are now resolv'd on Death.

Lee's Theod.

THERE'S nothing in this World can make me Joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told Tale,
Vexing the dull Ear of a drowsy Man. *Sh. K. John.*

Oh! I have Cause to curse my Life, my Being;
To curse each Morn, each cheerful Morn, that dawns
With

With healing Comfort on its balmy Wings
To ev'ry wretched Creature but my self,
To me it brings more Pain and iterated Woes.

Rowe's Ulyss.

WHITHER shall I fly?

Where hide me and my Miseries together?
O *Belvidera*! I'm the wretched'st Creature
E'er crawl'd on Earth. Now, if thou hast Virtue, help
me;

Take me into thy Arms, and speak the Words of Peace
To my divided Soul that wars within me,
And raises every Sense to my Confusion.

By Heav'n, I am tott'ring on the very Brink
Of Peace, and thou art all the Hold I've left:

Do thou at least with charitable Goodness
Assist me in the Pangs of my Afflictions.

Could'st thou but think how I have spent that Night,

Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,

Rest in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart,

Thou would'st not, *Belvidera*, sure thou wou'd'st not

Talk to me thus; but like a pitying Angel,

Spreading thy Wings, come settle on my Breast,

And hatch warm Comforts there, e'er Sorrow
freeze it.

Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner

Hast thou been talking with that Witch the Night?

On what cold Stone hast thou been stretch'd along?

Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,

To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes.

Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
Vow an eternal Misery together.

And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch?

Never grow fond of cheerful Peace again?

Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,

And find out Ways how to encrease Afflictions?

We'll institute new Arts unknown before,

To vary Plagues, and make them look like new ones.

Othw. Orphan.

ALL

ALL Hope of Succour, but from thee, is past;
 As when upon the Sands the Traveller
 Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,
 The Land grow short, he mends his weary Pace,
 While Death behind him covers all the Place:
 So I by swift Misfortunes am pursu'd,
 Which on each other are like Waves renew'd.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

THE damn'd in Hell endure no greater Pain,
 Than seeing Heaven from far with hopeless Eyes.

Dryd. Secret Love.

OUR Woes are like the genuine Shades beneath,
 Where Fate cuts off the very Hope of Day,
 And everlasting Night and Horror reign.

Row's Tamerlane.

HAVE I not cause to rave, and beat my Breast,
 To rend my Heart with Grief, and run distracted?
 Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter Ills:
 I will indulge my Sorrows and give way
 To all the Pangs and Fury of Despair.

Add. Cas.

BE dumb for ever, silent as the Grave;
 Nor let thy fond officious Love disturb
 My solemn Sadness with the Sound of Joy:
 If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dismal Tale
 Of pining Discontent and black Despair;
 For, oh! I've gone around thro' all my Thoughts,
 But all are Indignation, Love or Shame,
 And my dear Peace of Mind is lost for ever.

Row's Fair Pen.

O LET me hunt my travel'd Woes again,
 Range the wide Waste of desolate Despair;
 Start any Hope: Alas, I lose my self;
 'Tis pathless dark, and barren all to me.

South. Oron.

CHUSE then the gloomiest Part thro' all the Grove,
 Throw thy abandon'd Body on the Ground,
 With thy bare Breast lie wedded to the Dew;
 There as thou drink'st the Tears that trickle from thee;
 So stretch'd, resolve to lie till Death shall seize thee;

JJA

Thy

Thy sorrowful Head hung o'er some tumbling Stream,
 To rock thy Griefs with melancholy Sounds,
 With broken Murmurs, and redoubl'd Groans,
 To help the Gurgling of the Waters Fall:
 Or if thy Passion will not be kept in,
 As in that Glas of Nature thou shalt view
 Thy swell'n drown'd Eyes with the inverted Banks,
 The Tops of Willows, and their Blossoms turn'd;
 With all the under Sky, ten Fathom down,
 Wish that the Shadow of the swimming Globe
 Were so indeed, that thou might'st leap at Fate,
 And hurl thy Fortune headlong at the Stars.
 Nay, do not bear it, turn thy wat'ry Face
 To yond misguided Orb, and ask the Gods,
 For what bold Sin, they doom the wretched *Titus*
 To such a Loss as that of *Teraminta*?
 O *Teraminta*! I will groan thy Name,
 Till the tir'd Echo faint with Repetition,
 Till all the breathless Grove, and quiet Myrtles,
 Shake with my Sighs, as if a Tempest blow'd 'em.
Lee's L. J. Brutus.

DEVOTION.

METHINKS at such a glorious Resignation,
 The angelick Orders shou'd at once descend
 In all the Paint and Drapery of Heav'n,
 With charming Voices and with lulling Strings,
 To give full Grace to such triumphant Zeal.

Lee's Theod.

No Eloquence can paint
 The Rapture and Devotion of my Soul,
 You have new form'd, new moulded my Conceptions,
 And by the Platform of a Work divine,
 New fram'd, new built me, to your own Desires;
 Thrown all the Lumber of my Passions out,
 And made my Heart a Mansion of Perfection;
 Clean as an Anchorite's Grot or Vot'ry's Cell,

And

And spotless as the Glories of his Steps,
Whom we far off adore.

Ibid.

DEVOTION in Distress

Is born, but vanishes in Happiness. *Dryd. Tyr. of Love.*

DISGUISE.

IF but as well I other Accents borrow,
And can my Speech disuse my good Intent
May carry through it self to that full Issue,
For which I rag'd my Likeness. *Shakesf. K. Lear.*

I'VE heard the Powers themselves of old for Love,
Far less than mine have left their starry Thrones,
And hid their dazling Forms in brutal Shapes;
Less charming were the Beauties which they sort,
And more their Condescension. *Trapp's Abram.*

DISAPPOINTMENT in LOVE.

ARE then the Joys of this blest'd meeting dash'd
So soon, so soon will Fortune snatch thee from me,
And mock my vain Embraces. Thus like one
Who in a Dream with mighty Toil and Labour,
Strives to embrace some visionary Form,
Just as he seems to clasp the lovely Object,
It slides away and vanishes to Air:
So I who thro' opposing Difficulties,
Have cut my tedious Way to thy lov'd Arms;
At length am disappointed, and but see thee
To take my last Farewell. O slipp'ry State
Of human Pleasures, fleet and volatile,
Given us and snatch'd again in one short Moment,
To mortify our Hopes, and edge our Sufferings.

Trapp's Abram.

O LOVE! how are thy precious sweetest Moments
Thus ever crost, thus vex'd with Disappointments!
Now Pride, now Fickleness, fantastick Quarrels,
And sullen Coldness give us Pain by Turns;

Mali-

Malicious meddling Chance is ever busy
To bring us Fears, Disquiet, and Delays ;
And ev'n at last, when, after all our waiting,
Eager we think to snatch the dear-bought Bliss,
Ambition calls us to its sullen Cares,
And Honour, stern, impatient of Neglect,
Commands us to forget our Ease and Pleasures,
As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
And Love were not the Business of our Lives.

Rowe's Ulyss.

D I S S E M B L E R.

I CANNOT love, to counterfeit is base
And cruel too ; dissembl'd Love is like
The Poison of Perfumes, a killing Sweetness.

Sewell's Sir Walt. Raw.

FORGIVE me then ye faithful Nymphs and Swains,
Teach me to look like you, to steal your Pains ;
To make dissembl'd Tears successful start,
And dropping seem to cool the love-sick Heart :
Then when you view me struggling in the Snare,
Of lying Fears, sick Hopes and false Despair ;
For the sad Tryal let your Pity plead,
And Heav'n who made the Cause, excuse the Deed.

Ibid.

WHY, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;
And cry Content to that which grieves my Heart,
And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
And frame my Face to all Occasions.

Shakesf. Hen. VI. Part 3.

THOU shalt not break yet, Heart ; nor shall she know
My inward Torment by my outward Show.
To let her see my Weakness were too base,
Dissembl'd Quiet sit upon my Face ;
My Sorrow to my Eyes no Passage find,
But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind ;

Falshood

Falshood shall want its Triumph: I begin
To stagger, but I'll prop my self within;
The spacious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,
Till down at once the mighty Fabrick goes.

Dryd. Auren.

IN vain you sooth me with your soft Endearments,
And set the fairest Countenance to View;
Your gloomy Eyes betray a Deadness,
And inward Languishing: That Oracle
Eats like a subtle Worm its venom'd Way,
Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core,
Howe'er the beauteous Outside shews so lovely.

Lee's Oed.

DISSIMULATION.

DISSIMULATION dwells
As at her Home in every smile he wears.

Sewel's Sir Walt. Raw.

Look fresh and merrily,
Let not our Looks put on our Purposes,
But bear it as our Roman Actors do,
With untir'd Spirits and a formal Constancy.

Shakesf. Jul. Caesar.

WHEN Devils will their blackest Sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heav'nly shews,
As I do now.

Shakesf. Othello.

NOTHING is more tedious to a wretch
Orewhelm'd with Misery, than to dissemble
His Grief and be deny'd to give it Vent; *Trap's Abram.*

Now we must shew a Masterpiece indeed,
To meet the Man whom we wou'd make an End of,
E'en at that Time when mortal War's within,
When the Blood boils and flashes to be at him;
Yet then to shew the Signs of heartiest Love,
To cringe, to fawn, to smile, to weep, to fear

Lee's Mass. of Paris.

WE'LL

WE'LL mock the Time with fairest Show;
Fair Face must hide what the false Heart does know.

Shakes. Macb.

THY very Looks are Lyes, eternal Falshood
Smiles in thy Lips, and flatters in thy Eyes.

Smith's Phed. Hip.

CURSE on him

First flatter'd with his Tongue; on her that first
Dissembl'd in her Silence:
What Miseries have they entail'd on Life,
To bring in Fraud and Diffidence in Love!
Simplicity's the Dress of honest Passion;
Then why our Arts, why to a Man enamour'd,
That at our Feet effuses all his Soul,
Must Woman cold appear, false to her self and him.

Steel's Ly. Low.

D I S T R A C T I O N.

A THOUSAND Thoughts prey on my tortur'd Soul,
And whirling Fancy turns my Senses round.

South. Loy. Bro.

OH hide me from him!

Ye Walls, ye Pillars, from your Basis start,
And crush me with your Fall, ye vaulted Roofs:
Earth ope, and living in thy Womb involve me;
Confusion seize me, Madness waste my Reason,
That I may never, never think again.

Governour of Cyprus.

WHAT shall I do? His Fury wildly
Champs upon the Curb:
Anon it foams, and starting with a Bound,
Hurries him headlong far from Reason's Road:
I shake, I tremble at the dismal Consequence;
I can no longer bear this mortal Agony
In him whom dearer than my self I love.

Den. Iph.

D O U B T.

DOUBT.

DOUBT is some Ease to those that fear the worst.

Dryd. St. Inn.

AND yet

A kind of Weight hangs heavy at my Heart;
My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch,
Like Fowl in Air, too damp, and lugs along
As if she were a Body in a Body,
And not a mounting Substance made of Fire.
My Senses too are dull, and stupif'd,
Their Edge rebated; sure some Ill approaches,
And some kind Spirit knocks softly at my Soul,
To tell me Fate's at Hand.

Dryd. Don Sebast.

COME to my Arms, far dearer than my Soul;
To doubt my Passion, shews how well thou lov'st;
Such kind Suspicion gives me new Delight,
And I am blest beyond a Mortal's Share.

Wisem. Antiochus.

OH! how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast!
My Thoughts, like Birds when frightened from their Rest
Around the Place, where all was hush'd before,
Flutter and hardly flutter, and hardly settle any more.

Otaw. Don. Carlos.

DREAMS.

LIKE one,

Who in a Dream with mighty Toil and Labour,
Strives to embrace some visionary Form,
Just as he seems to clasp the lovely Object,
It slides away and vanishes to Air.

Trap's Abram.

As one who in some frightful Dream would shun
His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run,
And his own Slowness in his Sleep bemoans
With thick short Sighs, weak Cries, and tender Groans.

Dryd. Cong. of Gran.

A DREAM

A DREAM o'ertook me at my waking Hour
This Morn; and Dreams, they say, are then divine,
When all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd,
And some o'erpow'ring God continues Sleep.

Dryd. Don Sebast.

D R I N K I N G.

MY Heart is Thirsty for that noble Pledge,
Fill, *Lucius*, till the Wine o'er swells the Cup,
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* Love.

Shak. Jul. Cesar.

LET each indulge his Genius, each be glad,
Jocund, and free, and swell the Feast with Mirth;
The sprightly Bowl shall cheerfully go round,
None shall be grave, or too severely wise:
Losses and Disappointments, Cares and Poverty,
The rich Man's Insolence, and great Man's Scorn,
In Wine shall be forgotten all. To Morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.

Row's Fair Penitent.

COME to the Banquet all,
And revel out the Day, 'tis my Command;
Gay as the *Persian God*, our self will stand,
With a crown'd Goblet in our lifted Hand:
Young *Ammon* and *Statira* shall go round,
While antick Measures beat the burden'd Ground,
And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors found.
All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and *Bellona* join to make us Musick.
A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
White as his Beams: Speak the big Voice of War,
Beat all our Drums, and blow our silver Trumpet,
Till we provoke the Gods to act our Pleasures
In Bowls of Nectar, and replying Thunder.

Lee's Alex.

HARD

HARD are the Laws of Love's despotick Rule,
 And every Joy is trebly bought with Pain.
 Crown we the Goblet then, and call on *Bacchus*,
Bacchus! the jolly God of laughing Pleasures.
 Bid ev'ry Voice of Harmony awake,
Apollo's Lyre, and *Herme's* tuneful Shell:
 Let Wine and Musick join to swell the Triumph,
 To smoothe uneasy Thoughts, and lull Desire.

Rowe's Ulyss.

D R O W N I N G.

HE in the general Rout
 Mistook a swelling Current for a Ford,
 And in *Mucazor's* Blood was seen to rise.
 Thrice was he seen, at length his Courser plung'd,
 And threw him off, the Waves whelm'd o'er him,
 And helpless in his heavy Arms he drown'd.

Dryd. Don Seb.

LIKE some despairing Wretch,
 That boldly plunges in the frightful Deep,
 Then pants and struggles with the whirling Waves,
 And catches every slender Reed to save him.

Smith's Phed. and Hip.

D U N G E O N.

THEN to a Dungeon's Depth, I sent both bound,
 Where stow'd with Snakes and Adders now they lodge,
 Two Planks their Bed, slipp'ry with Ooze and Lime,
 The Rats brush o'er their Faces with their Tales,
 And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs.

Dryd. King Arth.

Haste to the Dungeon, plunge them down
 Far from the Hopes of Day, then let them lie
 Banish'd this World, while yet alive and groan
 In Darkness and in Horror, let double Chains

Consume the Flesh of *Memnon's* loaded Limbs,
Till Death shall knock them off. *Young's Busiris.*

I AM rival'd by his Chains, they clasp
The Hero round (a cold unkind Embrace)
And but an Earnest of far worse to come.
While he my Soul in Dungeon-darkness clos'd,
Breaths damp unwholesome Steams, and lives on Poison.
Ibid.

D Y I N G.

CAN I behold thee thus?
See the pale Fingers of approaching Death,
Damping those Beauties, chilling all thy Flames,
And only moan thee with an idle Sorrow.

Sewell's Sir Walt. Raleigh.

SURE I am near upon my Journey's End,
My Head runs round, my Eyes begin to fail;
And dancing Shadows swim before my Sight:
I can no more: Receive me, thou cold Earth,
Thou common Parent take me to thy Bosom,
And let me rest with thee. *Rowe's J. Shore.*

THERE Life gave way, and the last rosy Breath
Went in that Sigh, Death like a brutal Victor
Already entred, with rude Haste defaces
The lovely Frame he's master'd: See how soon
Those starry Eyes have lost their Light and Lustre.

A deadly Cold has froze the Blood,
The pliant Limbs grow stiff and lose their Use,
And all the animating Fire is quench'd,
Even Beauty too is dead, an ashy Pale
Grows o'er the Roses, the red Lips have lost
Their fragrant Hue, for want of that sweet Breath,
That bless'd 'em with its Odours as it pass'd.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

MORE she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt,
She half pronounc'd your Name with her last Breath,
And bury'd half within her. *Dryd. All for Love.*

F

HE

HE breaths short,
The Taper's spent, and this is his last Blaze.

Lee's Cæsar Borg.

D Y I N G of OLD AGE.

OF no Distemper, of no Blast he dy'd,
But fell like Autumn Fruit that mellow'd long,
Even wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner;
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore Years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more,
'Till like a Clock worn out with eating Time,
The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still.

Dryd. Oed.

HER dying Looks, where new-born Beauty shines,
Oppress'd with Blushes, modestly declines,
While Death approach'd with a majestick Grace,
Pleas'd to look lovely once in such a Face;
Her Arms, spread to receive her welcome Guest,
With a glad Sigh she drew into her Breast;
Her Eyes then languishing towards Heav'n she cast,
To thank the Pow'rs that Death was come at last;
And at th' Approach of the cold silent God
Ten thousand hidden Glories rush'd abroad.

Roch. Valent.

HIS drooping Lids, that seem'd for ever clos'd,
Were faintly rear'd to tell me that he liv'd;
The Balls of Sight, dim and depriv'd of Motion,
Sparkl'd no more with that majestick Fire,
At which even Kings have trembl'd, but had lost
Their common useful Office, and were shaded
With an eternal Night.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

HE with a cold
And shaking Hand, just in the Pangs of Death,
Groan'd out a Parting;
Fain would have spoke, but faultred in his Speech
With undistinguish'd Sounds.

Dryd. Don Sebast.

HIS

the ENGLISH STAGE. 99

His Eye-Balls roll in Death :
Behold the ling'ring Soul's convulsive Strife,
His thick short Breath catches at parting Life.
Dryd. Conq. Granad.

He then
Fail'd in his Speech, and rattl'd in his Throat,
Death o'er his Eyes did a thick Gloom display,
Enthron'd the Night, and dispossefs'd the Day.
My Soul is on the Beach, and strait must launch
Into th' Abyfs of the black Sea of Death :
But, oh ! he's come ; cold Tyrant, I obey,
And hug thy Dart that bears my Life away.

Lee's Mithrid.

The Hand of Death
Comes, like eternal Night, with her dark Wing,
To bar the comfortable Light for ever
From these my aged Eyes.

Ibid.

The peaceful Slumber of the Grave is on me ;
Ev'n all the tedious Life of Day I've wander'd,
Bewilder'd with Misfortunes :
At length 'tis Night, and I have reach'd my Home ;
Forgetting all the Toils and Troubles past,
Weary I lay me down, and sleep for ever.

Roswe's Tamer.



E A G L E.



O the Eagle,
That bears the Thunder of our Grandfire
Jove,
With Joy beholds his hardy youthful Off-
spring

Forfake the Nest, to try his tender Pinions
In the wide untrack'd Air, till bolder grown,
Now like a Whirlwind on the Shepherd's Fold,

He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey;
 Or fixing on some Dragon's scaly Hide,
 Eager of Combat, and his future Feast,
 Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain,
 Wreathing his spiry Tail.

Rowe's Ulyss.

ECLIPSE.

THE moist Star,
 Upon whose Influence Neptune's Empire stands,
 Was sick almost to Doomsday with Eclipse.

Shakesp. Haml.

THE Silver Moon is all o'er Blood;
 A settling Crimson stains her beauteous Face;
 A vast Eclipse darkens the lab'ring Planet.
 Sound there, sound all your Instruments of War,
 Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Brass, and Iron,
 And beat a thousand Drums, to help her Labour.

Lee's Oed.

STRUGGLING in dark Eclipse, and shooting Day,
 On either Side of the black Orb that veil'd him.

Dryd. Don Sebast.

ELDER BROTHER.

Is not the Elder
 By Nature pointed out for Preference?
 Is not his Right enroll'd among those Laws
 Which keep the World's vast Frame in beauteous Order?
 Ask those thou nam'dst but now, what made them Lords?
 What Titles had they had, if Merit only
 Could have conferr'd a Right? If Nature had not
 Strove hard to thrust the worst deserving first,
 And stamp'd the noble Mark of Eldership
 Upon their baser Metal.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

BIRTHRIGHT's a vulgar Road to kingly Sway,
 'Tis ev'ry dull-got elder Brother's Way;

Dropp'd

Dropp'd from above, he lights into a Throne,
Grows of a Piece with that he sits upon;
Heav'n's Choice! a low, inglorious, rightful Drone. }
Dryd. Auren.

My Claim to her by Eldership I prove;
Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*
I LOV'D her first, and cannot quit my Claim,
But will preserve the Birthright of my Passion.
Otw. Orph.

ELOQUENCE.

For your Words they rob the *Hybla* Bees,
And leave them Honilefs. *Shakesf. Jul. Cæsar.*

I'LL try
To change the Soldier's to the Lover's Style,
Use all the strongest Eloquence that Art
Or the sharp Anguish of my Soul can frame,
To plead my Passion, and promote my Love.
Beck. Scipio.

FINE Speeches are the Instruments of Fools,
Or Knaves, who use them when they want good Sense;
But Honesty needs no Disguise or Ornament.
Otw. Orph.

YE faithful Lovers shades of old,
Whose Spirits once inform'd the female Mold;
Who for the Charms of some successful Youth,
Have prov'd blest Miracles of Love and Truth;
Descend and give, ye fair Cælestial Throng,
Fire to my Heart, and Musick to my Tongue.
Sewell's Sir Walt. Rawley.

WHEN he spoke, what tender Words he us'd!
So softly, that like Flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell. *Dryd. Span. Fryar.*

EV'RY Word he speaks a Syren's Note
To drown the careless Hearer. *Beaum. Sea Voy.*

E M B R A C E.

ETERNAL Comfort's in thy Arms:
To lean thus on thy Breast is softer Ease
Than downy Pillows, deck'd with Leaves of Roses.

Ottw. Ven. Pres.

LET me hold thee

Thus to my Bosom! Ages let me grasp thee,
Life of my Life, and Treasure of my Soul!
Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,
I'll break them with *Jocasta* in my Arms:
Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom,
And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shake the Room.

Lee's Oed.

Ant. I THOUGHT how those white Arms would fold
me in,

And strain me close, and melt me into Love;
So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
And added all my Strength to every Blow.

Cleop. Come to me, come, my Soldier, to my Arms,
You've been too long away from my Embraces;
But when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken Murmurs, and tumultuous Sighs,
I'll say you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager Kiss.
Let *Cæsar* spread his subtle Nets like *Vulcan*,
In thy Embraces I would be beheld
By Heav'n and Earth at once,
And make their Envy what they meant their Sport:
Let those who took us, blush, I would love on
With awful State, regardless of their Frown,
As their superior God.

Dryd. All for Love.

THUS let me grow to thee, too close for Fate to sever:

Oh! let Death find me in these dear, dear Arms,
And looking on thee, spare my better Part,
And take me willing hence.

Dryd. Cleom.

Is it then given me to behold thy Beauties?
Those blushing Sweets, those lovely loving Eyes,
To press, to strain thee to my beating Heart,
And grow thus to my Love! *Smith's Phed. Hip.*

I SWEAR I press thee with as hearty Joy
As ever fearful Bride embrac'd her Man,
When from a Dream of Death she wak'd and found
Her Lover safe, and sleeping by her Side. *Lee's Theod.*

OH! I will hold thee with these longing Arms;
Hold thee till Morn, and from that Morn till Evening;
From Evening to Midday, from Day to Night,
From Night to Death——I'll clasp thee thus for
ever. *Lee's L. J. Brut.*

THUS, my *Chryseis*, thus
Embrace me close, and join thy Lips to mine.
There's no Security in other Joys:
Here Happiness is rivetted alone;
Here nothing fades, nothing decays; the Sweets
Immortal are, and never cease to spring.

Landf. Her. Love.

O LET me press thee,
Pant on thy Bosom, sink into thy Arms,
And lose my self in the luxurious Fold.

Rowe's J. Shore.

EMPEROR and EMPIRE.

See GREATNESS.

HAVE we not seen him shake his silver Reins,
O'er harness'd Monarchs, to his Chariot yok'd;
In sullen Majesty they stalk along
With Eyes of Indignation and Despair;
While he aloft displays his impious State,
With half their rifl'd Kingdoms o'er his Brow,
Blazing to Heav'n in Diamond and in Gold.

Young's Eufiris.

WHEN Empire in its Childhood first appears,
 A watchful Fate o'ersees its tender Years;
 Till grown more strong, it thrusts, and stretches out,
 And elbows all the Kingdoms round about:
 'The Place thus made for it's first breathing free,
 It moves again for Ease and Luxury;
 Till swelling by Degrees, it has possess'd
 The greater Space, and now crowds up the rest:
 When from behind there starts some petty State,
 And pushes on its now unwieldy Fate;
 Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,
 And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose.

Dryd. Cong. Gran.

HAST thou not seen my Morning Chambers fill'd
 With scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute me?
 With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun
 To worship my Uprising? Menial Kings
 Ran courting up and down my Palace Yards,
 Stood silent in my Presence, watch'd my Eyes,
 And at my least Command all started out,
 Like Racers for the Goal.

Dryd. All for Love.

EMPEROR! Why that's the Style of Victory!
 The conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt Wounds,
 Salutes his Gen'ral thus. But never more
 Shall that Sound reach my Ears;
 For I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd
 The Name of Soldier with inglorious Ease;
 In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
 Sat still, and saw it press'd by other Hands.

Ibid.

THERE'S no true Joy in such unwieldy Fortune:
 Eternal Gazers lesting Troubles make,
 All find my Spots, but few my Brightness take.
 Why was I born a Prince? Proclaim'd a God?
 Yet have no Liberty to look abroad.
 Thus Palaces in Prospect bar the Eye,
 Which pleas'd and free would o'er the Cottage fly,
 O'er flow'ry Lawns to the gay distant Sky.

Farewell

Farewell then Empire, and the Racks of Love;
By all the Gods, I will to Wilds remove,
Stretch'd like a *Silvan* God, on Grass lie down,
And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown.

Lee's Alex.

REIGN, reign, you Monarchs that divide the World,
Busy Ambition ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and Happiness like mine:
Like gawdy Ships th' obsequious Billows fall,
And rise again to lift you to your Pride:
They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you.

Osw. Ven. Pres.

OH, that I had been born some happy Swain,
And never known a Life so great, so vain!
Where I th' Extremes might not be forc'd to chuse,
And, bless'd with some mean Wife, no Crown could
lose,

Where the dear Partner of my little State,
With all her smiling Offspring at the Gate,
Blessing my Labours, might my coming wait;
Where in our humble Bed all safe might lie,
And not in cursed Courts for Glory die.

Lee's Theod.

To you the Drudg'ry of Pow'r I give;
Cares be your Lot; reign you, and let me live:
Were I a God, the drunken World should roll,
The little Emmets with the human Soul
Care for themselves, while at my Ease I fate,
And second Causes did the Work of Fate.

Dryd. Aurén.

ENJOYMENT. See FALSHOOD.

THE Ties of Minds are but imperfect Bands,
Unless the Bodies join to seal the Contract.

Dryd. Don Sebast.

THESE kissing Lips shall smother all her Smiles,
And follow her with such Pursuit of Kisses,

That e'en our Souls shall lose themselves i' th' Pleasure.

Lee's Mith.

WHEN your kind Eyes look'd languishing on mine,
And wreathing Arms did soft Embraces join,
A doubtful Trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,
Then Wishes, and a Warmth unknown before;
What follow'd was all Extasy and Trance,
Immortal Pleasures round my swimming Eyes did dance,
And speechless Joys, in whose Tumult tost,
I thought my Breath, and my new Being lost.

Dryd. Stat. Inn.

AND why this Niceness to that Pleasure shown,
Where Nature sums up all her Joys, in one?
Gives all she can, and lab'ring still to give,
Makes it so great, we can but taste and live:
So fills the Senses, that the Soul seems fled,
And thinks it self does for a Time lie dead;
Till like a String scru'd up with eager Haste,
It breaks, and is too exquisite to last.

Dryd. Aur.

MAKE haste to Bed,
There let me tell my Story in thy Arms,
There in the gentle Pauses of our Love,
Betwixt our dyings, e'er we live again,
Thou shalt be told the Battle and Success,
Which I shall oft begin, and then break off;
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,
That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer Things
That are not of a Piece; but patch'd with Kisses,
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech,
And Nonsense shall be eloquent in Love.

Dryd. Amphit.

WHEN I have once enjoy'd my sweet *Evanthe*,
And blest my Youth with her most dear Embraces,
I have done my Journey here, my Day is out;
All that the World has else is Fool'ry,
Labour, and Loss of Time.

Beau. Wife for a Month.

Who'd

WHO'D be that sordid foolish Thing call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure,
Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty Bull ranges thro' all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will. *Otw. Orph.*

WHEN you were gone, and
None but I left with that charming Maid,
What furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade?
With open Arms upon my Bliss I ran,
With Pangs I grasp'd her like a dying Man:
Like Light and Heat incorp'rate we lay,
We bless'd the Night, and curs'd the coming Day.
Lee's Soph.

THE ravishing Thoughts of mighty Joys to come,
Kept me in Extasy, and made me dumb;
When on thy snowy Breast dissolv'd I lie,
What Monarch can there be more blest than I?
Car. Perj. Husb.

Queen. How dear, how sweet, his first Embraces
were?

With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine!
And suck'd my Breath at every Word I spoke,
As if he drew his Inspiration thence:
While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths,
As neighb'ring Monarchs at their Borders meet.
I thought, O, no, 'tis false, I could not think!
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.
Then sure his Transports were not less than your's.

Qu. More! more! for by the high-hung Tapers Light,
I could discern his Cheeks were glowing red,
His very Eye-balls trembl'd with his Love,
And sparkl'd thro' their Casements humid Fires:
He sigh'd, and kiss'd, breath'd short, and would have
spoke;
All he could say was *Love*, and *Leonora*.

Dryd. Span. Fryar.

YET this was she, ye Gods! the very she,
 Who in my Arms lay melting all the Night,
 Who kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd again,
 As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips,
 To meet mine there, and parted at the Passage,
 Who, loth to find the breaking Day, look'd out,
 And shrunk into my Bosom, there to make
 A little longer Darkness. *Shakes. Troilus Cress.*

OH, with what soft Devotion in her Eyes
 The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice!
 Oh, how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
 Like too near Sweets they took my Sense away,
 And I even lost the Power to reach at Joy.
 But those cross Witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
 And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far,
 As anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,
 Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide.

Ottr. Don. Carl.

THERE'S no Satiety of Love in thee;
 Enjoy'd, thou still art new: Perpetual Spring
 Is in thy Arms; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,
 And Blossoms rise to fill its empty Place,
 And I grow rich by giving. *Dryd. All for Love.*

YOUR Fruits of Love are like eternal Spring
 In happy Climes; where some are in the Bud,
 Some green, and rip'ning some, while others fall.

Dryd. Amphit.

IN thy Possession Years roll round on Years,
 And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again.
 Kisses, Embraces, Languishings, and Deaths,
 Still from each other to each other move,
 To crown the various Seasons of our Loves.

Dryd. Span. Friar.

OUR Life shall be but one long nuptial Day,
 And like chaf'd Odours, melt in Sweets away:
 Soft as the Night our Minutes shall be worn,
 And chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn.

Dryd. Sec. Love.

IMMORTAL

IMMORTAL Pleasures shall our Senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry Pow'r dissolv'd.

Orw. Orph.

LET me not live, but thou'rt all Enjoyment;
So charming and so sweet, that not a Night
But whole Eternity were well employ'd,
To love thy each Perfection as it ought.

Dryd. Amph.

WHAT said he not, when in the bridal Bed
He clasp'd my yielding Body in his Arms?
When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his Hands my throbbing Breasts,
He swore the Globes of Heav'n and Earth were vile,
To those rich Worlds; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,
And made me shame the Morning with my Blushes.

Lee's Alex.

OH, how I flew into your Arms,
And melted in your warm Embrace!
Did not my Soul ev'n sparkle at my Eyes,
And shoot itself into your much-lov'd Bosom!
Did I not tremble with Excess of Joy,
Nay, agonize with Pleasure at your Sight,
With such inimitable Proofs of Passion,
As no false Love could feign?

Dryd. Amphit.

OH, let me press these balmy Lips all Day,
And bathe my love-scorch'd Soul in thy moist Kisses!
Now, by my Joys, thou art all sweet and soft,
And thou shalt be the Altar of my Love:
Upon thy Beauties hourly will I offer,
And pour out Pleasure and bless'd Sacrifice,
To the dear Memory of my *Lucina*.
No God or Goddesses ever was ador'd
With such Religion as my Love shall be:
For in those charming Raptures of my Soul,
Clasp'd in thy Arms, I'll waste my self away,
And rob the ruin'd World of their great Lord;
While to the Honour of *Lucina's* Name,
I leave Mankind to mourn the Loss for ever.

Roch. Val.

Now

The BEAUTIES of

Now let us start, and give a Loose to Love,
 Feast every Sense with most luxurious Pleasure;
 Improve our Minutes, make 'em more than Years,
 Than Ages, and even live the Life of Gods.

Roswe's Amb. Stepm.

OH, let me sink upon thy gentle Bosom,
 And blushing tell how greatly I am blest!
 Forgive me, Modesty, if here I vow,
 That all the Pleasure of my Virgin State
 Were poor and trifling to the present Rapture.
 A gentle Warmth invades my glowing Breast,
 And while I fondly gaze upon thy Face,
 Ev'n Thought is lost in exquisite Delight.

Ibid.

O THOU great Chymist, Nature!
 Who draw'st one Spirit so divinely perfect,
 Thou mak'st a Dreg of all the World besides.

Lee's Cæs. Borg.

ALL steal into the eternal Knot of Love,
 This Night; this Night shall tell thee how I love thee:
 When Words are at a loss, and the mute Soul
 Pours out her self in Sighs and gasping Joys;
 Life grasps the Pangs of Bliss and murmur'ing Pleasures,
 Thou shalt confess all Language then is vile,
 And yet believe me most without my vowing.

Lee's L. Jun. Brut.

I FOUND a Pleasure I ne'er felt before,
 Dissolving Pains, and swimming shudd'ring Joys.

Lee's P. Cleve.

THEN haste, my Charmer,
 Let's feast our famish'd Souls with am'rous Riot,
 With fiercest Bliss atone for our Delay,
 And in a Moment love the Age we've lost.

Smith's Phed. Hip.

ONCE in a lone and secret Hour of Night,
 When ev'ry Eye was clos'd, and the pale Moon,
 And Stars alone shone, conscious of the Theft;
 Hot with the *Tuscan* Grape, and high in Blood,
 Happ'ly I stole unheeded to her Chamber;

I found

I found the fond, believing, love-sick Maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of Wishes;
Fierceness and Pride, the Guardians of her Honour,
Were charm'd to Rest, and Love alone was waking;
Within her rising Bosom all was calm,
As peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by Tides:
I snatch'd the glorious golden Opportunity,
And with prevailing youthful Ardor press'd her,
Till with short Sighs, and murm'ring Reluctance
The yielding Fairone gave me perfect Happiness;
Ev'n all the live-long Night we pass'd in Bliss,
In Extasies too fierce to last for ever:
At length the Morn and cold Indifference came,
When, fully sated with the luscious Banquet,
I hastily took Leave, and left the Nymph
To think on what was pass'd, and sigh alone.
I saw her soon again, alas! too soon;
For, Oh! that Meeting was not like the former:
I found my Heart no more beat high with Transport;
No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for Enjoyment:
'Twas pass'd, and Reason took her Turn to reign,
While every Weakness fell before her Throne.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

WHEN will the dear Man come, that all my Doubts
May vanish in his Breast? That I may hold him
Fast as my Fears can make me; hug him close
As my fond Soul can wish; give all my Breath
In Sighs and Kisses; swoon, die away with Rapture!

Lee's Alexander.

ENTHUSIASM.

SOMETHING I'd unfold,
If that the God would wake; for something still there
lies
In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read thro' Mists:

'Ti

'Tis great! prodigious! 'tis a dreadful Birth
Of wondrous Fate! And now, just now disclosing!
I see how terrible it dawns,
And my Soul sickens at it!
Now the God shakes me! He comes! He comes!

Dryd. Oed.

I FEEL him now
Like a strong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind:
The rouz'd God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, starts, and dilates himself;
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury; my old Arteries burst;
My shrivell'd Skin, like Parchment, crackles at the
hallow'd Fire.

I shall be young again! *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou hast a Voice that might have sav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the rag'd *Bacchanals*,
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy Airs:
O charm this God, this Fury in my Bosom!
Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,
With powerful Strains! *Manto*, my lovely Child!
Sooth the unruly Godhead to be mild.

Ibid.

At *Delphos*, when the glorious Fury
Kindles the Blood of the prophetick Maid,
The bounded Deity does shoot her out,
Draws every Nerve thin as a Spider's Web,
And beats the Skin out like expanded Gold;

Lee's Mith.

ENTRY.

GREAT *Bullingbroke*!

Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider, seem'd to know,
With slow but stately Pace kept on his Course;
While all Tongues cri'd, God save thee, *Bullingbroke*!
You would have thought the very Windows spake:

So

So many greedy Looks of Young and Old,
Thro' Casements darted their desiring Eyes
Upon his Visage, and that all the Walls
With painted Imag'ry had said at once,
Jesu reserve thee! Welcome *Bullingbroke*!
Whilst he from one Side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud Steed's Neck,
Bespoke them thus; *I thank you, Countrymen.*
And thus, still doing thus, he pass'd along.
But, as in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious:
E'en so, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes
Did scowl on *Richard*; no Man cry'd, God save him;
No joyful Tongue gave him his Welcome home:
But Dust was thrown upon his sacred Head,
Which with such gentle Sorrow he shook off,
His Face still combating with Tears and Smiles,
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience,)
That had not God (for some strong Purpose steel'd
The Hearts of Men, they must, *per* force, have melted,
And Barbarism it self have piti'd him. *Shakes. Rich. II.*

Your glorious Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurels,
Is entering now, in martial Pomp, the Palace:
Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish Wealth*;
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glitt'ring Gems,
Succeed; and next a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Ram on *Alpine Hills*,
That bound, and foam, and champ the golden Bit,
As they disdain'd the Victory they grace;
Pris'ners of War in shining Fetters follow,
And Captains, of the noblest Blood of *Africk*,
Sweat by his Chariot Wheels, and lick, and grind,
With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs raise:
The swarming Pop'lace spread on every Wall,

And

And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
 Their Hold thro' clifted Stones, stretching, and staring
 As they were all of Eyes, and ev'ry Limb
 Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.

Congr. Mourn. Bride.

WHAT Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
 To grace, in captive Bands, his Chariot Wheels!
 Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
 To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney-Tops,
 Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sat
 The live-long Day with patient Expectation,
 To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome*!
 And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a universal Shout,
 That *Tyber* trembled underneath her Banks,
 To hear the Replication of your Sounds
 Made in her concave Shores?

Shakes. Jul. Caf.

ERROR.

ON hateful Error, Melancholy's Child,
 Why dost thou shew to the apt Thoughts of Men,
 The Things that are not soon conceiv'd?
 Thou never com'st unto a happy Birth,
 But kill'st the Mother that engender'd thee.

Shakes. Jul. Caf.

EVENING.

THE setting Sun descends
 Swift to the Western Waves; and guilty Night
 Hasty to spread her Horror o'er the World,
 Rides on the dusky Air.

Rowe's Ulysses.

SEE the descending Sun,
 Scatt'ring his Beams about him as he sinks,
 And gilded Heaven above, and Seas beneath,
 With Paint, no mortal Pencil can express.

Hopk. Pyrrh.

LIGHT

LIGHT thickens, and the Crow
Makes wing to the rooky Wood,
Good Things of Day begin to droop and drouze,
And to their Prey the Night's black Agents rouse.

The God of Day does to his *Thetis* haste,
In Clouds of Gold and shining Purple dress'd:
Each labring Husbandman his Setting waits,
And to his coarse, but welcome, Home retreats:
The drudging Oxen from the Yoke are freed;
And scatt'ring Ewes which on the Mountains feed,
Are by their Shepherd to Inclosures led;
Whilst the gay chirping Flutt'ers of the Air,
To their own mossy Architects repair.

}

Mount. Green. Park.

EUNUCH.

PLEASURE forsook his early Infancy:
The Luxury of others robb'd his Cradle,
And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man,
Cast out from Nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind.

Dryd. All for Love.

EXAMPLE.

EXAMPLE is a living Law, whose Sway,
Men more than all the written Laws obey.

Sedley's Ant. Cleop.

EXISTENCE.

To *be*, is better far than *not to be*,
Else Nature cheated us in our Formation.
And when we *are* the sweet Delusion wears
Such various Charms and Prospects of Delight;
That what we cou'd not *will*, we make our *Choice*.
Desirous to prolong the Life she gave.

Madmen

Madmen and Fools may hurry o'er the Scene,
 The wise Man walks an easy sober Pace,
 And tho' he sees one Precipice for all,
 Declines the fatal Brink of looking back
 On what he leaves, and thinking where he falls.

Sewell's Sir Walt. Raw.

EYES.

You strive to cloud your Brightness, and restrain
 The Lightning of your Eyes, lest on the Spot
 It's Force should flash me dead. *Trap's Abram.*

MORE fatal Influence flashes from thy Eyes,
 Then all those glitt'ring Balls that light the Skies. *Ibid.*

O TURN away those Basilisks, thy Eyes,
 The Infection's fatal, and who sees them dies.

Otw. Don. Carl.

THEIR Glances could create a Day in Cells,
 And kindle freezing Hermits into Dalliance.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

SHALL I ne'er bask in her Eye-shine again,
 Nor view the Love that play'd in those dear Beams,
 And shot me with a thousand thousand Smiles.

Lee's Alex.

THERE is Discourse in Eyes; Consent, Denial,
 All understood by Looks.

Lee's Prin. Cleve.

My Eyes won't lose the Sight of thee,
 But languish after thine, and 'ake with gazing.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

YOUR fiery Eye,
 Which, like the Sun at Noon, none could behold,
 But with a snatch of Light, and then be dazzl'd,
 Now like a cold and drouzy Winter Star,
 Bears a bleak Brightness: O decay of Lustre!

Lee's Mith.

METHOUGHT her Eyes
 Grew larger, and a thousand frantick Spirits,
 Seething like rising Bubbles on the Brim,

Peep'd

Peep'd from their wat'ry Brink, and glow'd upon me.

Dryd. Oed.

THE Abstract of all Beauty, Soul of Sweetness:
Defend me, honest Thoughts, I shall grow wild else.
What Eyes are there! rather what little Heav'ns!
To stir Mens Contemplations! What a Paradise
Runs thro' each Part she has! Good Blood be temp'rate:
I must look off; too excellent an Object
Confounds the Sense that sees it. *Dryd. Buck. Chances.*

HER Eyes,

Tho' they are mute, they plead, nay more, command;
For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Power.

Dryd. Don. Sebast.

WHO knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,
Begging in Floods of Tears, and Flames of Love?

Roch. Valent.

OUR glorious Sun, the Source of Light and Heat,
Whose Influence cheers the World he did create,
Shall smile on thee from his meridian Skies,
And bless the kindred Beauties of thy Eyes:
Thy Eyes which, could his own fair Beams decay,
Might shine for him, and bless the World with Day.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

WHEN with a Groan, that seem'd the Call of Death,
With horrid Force lifting his impious Hands,
He snatch'd, he tore from forth their bloody Orbs
The Balls of Sight, and dash'd them on the Ground.

Dryd. Oed.

F A I R I E S.



HEY dance their Ringlets to the whistling
Winds,

The Honey-bag steal from the humble Bees,
And for Night-Tapers crop their waxen
Thighs,

And light them at the fiery Glow-Worms Eyes,

And

And pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moon-Beams from their sleeping Eyes.

Shakesf. Midsom. N. Dream.

I FRIGHT the Maidens of the Villages,
Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern,
And bootless make the breathless House-wife churn;
And sometimes make the Drink to bear no Barm;
Mislead Night-Wand'ers, laughing at their Harm:
And sometimes lurk I in a Gossip's Bowl,
And when she drinks, against her Lips I bob,
And on her wither'd Dewlap pour the Ale.
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest Tale,
Sometime for three-foot Stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her Bum, down topples she;
And Taylor cries, and falls into a Cough,
And then the whole Quire hold their Hips, and laugh,
And waxen in their Mirth, and sneeze, and swear
A merrier Hour was never wasted there.

Ibid.

FALSE APPEARANCE.

OH! how hast thou with Jealousy infected
The Sweetness of Affiance! Shew Men dutiful?
Why so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why so didst thou. Come they of noble Family?
Why so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in Diet?
Free from gross Passion, or of Mirth, or Anger?
Constant in Spirit, not swerving with the Blood?
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest Compliments?
Not working with the Eye, without the Ear,
And but in purged Judgment, trusting neither?
Such, and so finely boulded didst thou seem,
And thus thy Fall hath left a kind of Blot,
To make the full-fraught Man, the best endu'd
With some Suspicion, I will weep for thee.

Shakesf. Hen. V.

FALSHOOD.

F A L S H O O D. See ENJOYMENT.
See IMPRECATION. See INCONSTANCY.

I wou'd my Royal Lord, but cannot blame you,
I feel a Spirit within me, which calls up
All that is Woman wrong'd, and bids me chide,
But you are *Mitbridates*, that dear Man
Whom my Soul Loves, else were you all the Kings,
All Worlds, all Gods, I could let loose upon you
For those deep Injuries which I must suffer;
Cou'd like the frightning Winds disturb all Nature
With venting of my Wrongs, but I am hush'd
As a spent Wave, and all my fiery Pow'rs
Are quench'd, when I but look upon your Eyes,
Where like a Star in Water I appear,
A pretty Sight, but of no Influence,
And am at best but now a shining Sorrow. *Lee's Mith.*

SHE has a Tongue that can undo the World;
She eyes me just as when she first inflam'd me:
Such were her Looks, so melting was her Language,
Such false soft Sighs, and such deluding Tears,
When from her Lips I took the luscious Poison,
When with that pleasing perjur'd Breath avowing,
Her Whispers trembl'd thro' my cred'ulous Ears,
And told the Story of my utter Ruin. *Lee's Mith.*

Castalio! oh! how often has he sworn,
Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
E'er he would falsify his Vows to me?
Make haste, Confusion, then! Sun, lose thy Light!
And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth!
For my *Castalio's* false!
False as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather!
Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling Prey!
I feel him in my Heart, he tears my Breast,
And at each Sigh he drinks the gushing Blood.

Otw. Orph.

HE

HE hates, he loaths the Beauties that he has enjoy'd;
 Oh, he is false! That great, that glorious Man,
 Is Tyrant 'midst of his Triumphant Spoils,
 Is bravely false, to all the Gods forsworn!
 He that has warm'd my Feet with thousand Sighs,
 Then cool'd them with his Tears! di'd on my Knees!
 Outwept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
 And groan'd, and sworn the wondring Stars away!
 False to *Statyra*! False to her that lov'd him!
 That lov'd him cruel Victor as he was,
 And took him bath'd all o'er in *Persian* Blood,
 Kiss'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd them o'er
 And o'er in Tears, then bound them with my Hair,
 Laid him all Night upon my panting Bosom,
 Lull'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs.

Lee's Alex.

THERE was a Time when
Belvidera's Tears, her Cries and Sorrows,
 Were not despis'd: When, if she chanc'd to sigh,
 Or look but sad, there was indeed a Time,
 When *Jaffier* would have ta'en her in his Arms,
 Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,
 And never left her till he had found the Cause.
 But now, let her weep Seas,
 Cry till she rend the Earth, sigh till she burst
 Her Heart asunder, still he bears it all,
 Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Ot. w. Ven. Pres.

LAST Night he flew not with a Lover's Haste,
 Which eagerly prevents th' appointed Hour:
 I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light,
 And list'ned to each softly treading Step,
 In hopes 'twas he; but still it was not he.
 At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks,
 So wild, so ghastly, as some Ghost had met him;
 All pale and speechless, he survey'd me round:
 Then with a Groan he threw himself a-Bed,
 But far from me, as far as he could move,

And

And sigh'd and tofs'd, and turn'd, but still from me,
At last I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side;
He pull'd it back as if he'ad touch'd a Serpent:
With that I burst into a Flood of Tears,
And ask'd, how I'ad offended him;
He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans:
So restless pass'd the Night, and at the Dawn
Leap'd from the Bed, and vanish'd. *Dryd. Span. Fryar.*

WHAT have I done, ye Pow'rs! what have I done!
To see my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love,
No sooner gain'd but slighted and betray'd!
And, like a Rose just gather'd from the Stalk,
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,
To wither on the Ground! Tell me Heav'n!
Why Name I Heav'n? There is no Heav'n for me:
Despair, Death, Hell have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul.
When I had rais'd his grov'ling Fate from Ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire, and to me,
When each Embrace was dearer than the first;
Then! then to be contemn'd! then, then throw off!
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathsome.

The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the closer; but ungrateful Man,
Base barb'rous Man, the more we raise our Love,
The more we pall, and cool, and chill his Ardour!
Racks, Poisons, Daggers, rid me but of Life,
And any Death is welcome.

Ibid.

NOTHING so kind as he, when in my Arms;
In thousand Kisses, tender Sighs, and Joys,
Not to be thought again, the Night was wasted;
At Dawn of Day he rose, and left his Conquest.
But when we met, and I with open Arms
Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wishes,
Oh! then he threw me from his Breast
Like a detested Sin. As I hung too
Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the Cause,
He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,

G

And

And had no Pity on my Cries;
 Dash'd me disdainfully away with Scorn:
 He did; and more, I fear, will ne'er be Friends,
 Tho' I still love him with unabated Passion:
 Alas! I love him still, and tho' I ne'er
 Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
 Yet bless him, Gods, where'er he goes. *Osw. Orphan.*

My mortal Injuries have turn'd my Mind,
 And I could hate my self for being kind:
 If there be any Majesty above,
 That has Revenge in Store for perjurd Love;
 Send, Heav'n, the swiftest Ruin on his Head,
 Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead;
 Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my Wrong,
 In Height of Pomp, when he is warm'd and young,
 Bolted with Thunder, let him rush along:
 And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,
 Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes;
 Nay, after Death,
 Pursue his spotted Soul, and shoot him as he flies.

Lee's Alex.

I COULD tear out these Eyes that gain'd his Heart,
 And had not Pow'r to keep it. Oh! the Curse
 Of doating on, ev'n when I find it Dotage!
 Bear witness, Gods! You heard him bid me go:
 You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
 Of promis'd Faith. I'll die, I will not bear it,
 I can keep in my Breath, I can die inward,
 And choak this Love.

Dryd. All for Love.

OH! I could tear my Flesh,
 Or him, or you, or all the World to Pieces!
 My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow Room;
 'Tis swell'd with this last Slight beyond all Bounds:
 O that it had a Space might answer to
 Its infinite Desire! where I might stand,
 And hurl the Spheres about like sportive Balls.

Lee's Alex.

DRIVE

DRIVE me, O drive me from that Traytor, Man!
 So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell
 In Lions Haunts, or in some Tyger's Den.
 Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,
 That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean:
 Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb;
 Where starving on my cold and flinty Bed,
 I may from far, with giddy Apprehension,
 See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep;
 Yet not e'en there, in that vast Whirl of Death,
 Can there be found so terrible a Ruin
 As Man! False Man! Smiling destructive Man!

Lee's Theod.

OH, my hard Fate! Why did I trust her ever?
 What Story is not full of Woman's Falshood?
 The Sex is all a Sea of wide Destruction:
 We are vent'rous Barks, that leave our Home
 For those sure Dangers which their Smiles conceal:
 At first they draw us in with flatt'ring Looks
 Of Summer Calms, and a soft Gale of Sighs:
 Sometimes, like *Syrens*, charm us with their Songs,
 Dance on the Waves, and shew their golden Locks;
 But when the Tempest comes, then, then they leave us!
 Or rather help the new Calamity!
 And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman!
 The Lightning, follow'd with a Thunderbolt,
 Is marble-hearted Woman! All the Shelves,
 The faithless Winds, blind Rocks, and sinking Sands,
 Are Woman all! The Wrecks of wretched Men!

Lee's Mithrid.

FALSHOOD and Fraud grow up in every Soil,
 The Product of all Climes. *Add. Cato.*

OH, the bewitching Tongues of faithless Men!
 'Tis thus the false *Hyena* makes her Moan,
 To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den.
 Your Sex are so, such false Dissemblers all;
 With Sighs and Complaints y' entice poor Womens Hearts,
 And all that pity you are made your Prey. *Orph. Orph.*

Y^e sacred Pow'rs, whose gracious Providence
Is watchful for our Good, guard me from Men,
From their deceitful Tongues, their Vows and Flatt'ries;
Still let me pass neglected by their Eyes:
Let my Bloom wither, and my Form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal Love may never be my Bane.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

LET Ignominy brand thy hated Name;
Let modest Matrons at thy Mention start;
And blushing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend
And blots the noble Work. *Shakes. Troil. and Cress.*

SHE's lost! She's gone! The Beauty of the Earth:
All that in Woman could be Virtue call'd,
Is lost; corrupted are her noble Faculties;
The Temper of her Soul is quite infected:
Inconstancy has spotted all her white, her Virgin Beauties.

Lee's Mith.

Semandra, my most fair, dear, gentle Mistress;
That sweet protesting Creature, that pure Whiteness,
Where I so deep had writ my Vows in Blood,
Is false to me; and that eternal Bond of Oaths
Committed to her keeping, now is cancell'd:
Ev'n her fair Hand, the Seal of all my Love,
Her Hand has giv'n her faithless Heart away. *Ibid.*

HAD she been true,
If Heav'n would make me such another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it. *Shakes. Othello.*

FALSE as thou art,
Thou once wer't Empress of my Soul, and I
Still drag thy Chains. Speak then, *Semandra*, speak;
For I am doz'd, so weary with complaining,
That I could stand and listen to the Winds,
And think that Women talk'd: Observe the Rain,
And think that Women wept: Or in the Clouds

Behold

Behold *Semandra's* Form still fleeting from me.

Lee's Mith.

HEAR this, ye Pow'rs, mark how the fair Deceiver
Sadly complains of violated Truth :
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom Day and Night, whom Heav'n and Earth have
heard,

Sighing to weep, and tenderly protest
Ten thousand times she would be only mine;
And yet behold she has giv'n her self away,
Fled from my Arms, and wedded to another.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

I'LL never see him more, but to upbraid him;
Not tho' he should repent, and strait return,
Nay, proffer me his Crown——No more of that :
Honour too cries, Revenge, revenge thy Wrongs;
For 'tis Revenge so wise, so glorious too,
As all the World shall praise——This is the Course
Which Honour bids me take. But, oh! permit me,
For I am yet all Tenderness; the Woman,
The weak, the fond, the mild, the coward, Woman,
Dares not look forth, but runs about my Breast,
And visits all the warmer Mansions there,
Where she so oft has harbour'd false *Varanes* :
Cruel *Varanes*! False forsworn *Varanes*!

Therefore, alas! allow me
A little Time for Love to make his way :
Hardly he won the Place, and many Sighs,
And many Tears, and thousand Oaths it cost him;
And, oh! I find he will not be dislodg'd
Without a Groan at parting : Hence for ever.
No, no, he vows he will not yet be raz'd,
Without whole Floods of Grief at his Farewel,
Which thus I sacrifice——And, oh! I swear
Had he prov'd true, I would as easily
Have empty'd all my Blood, and dy'd to serve him;
As now I shed these Drops, or vent these Sighs,
To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him. *Lee's Theod.*

F A M E.

THE Evil that Men do, lives after them;
The Good is oft interred with their Bones.

Shakes. Jul. Cæsar.

VAIN empty Words

Of Honour, Glory, and immortal Fame!
Can these recall the Spirit from its Place,
Or reinspirè the breathless Clay with Life,
What tho' your Fame with all its thousand Trumpets,
Sound o'er the Sepulchre, will that awake
The sleeping Dead?

Sewell's Sir Wa. Ral.

FAME, the loose breathings of a clam'rous Crow'd,
Ever in Lyes most confident and loud.

Roch. Valent.

SOME when they dye, dye all; their mouldring Clay,
Is but an Emblem of their Memories:
The Space quite closes up thro' which they pass'd.
That I have liv'd, I leave a Mark behind,
Shall pluck the shining Age from vulgar Time,
And give it whole to late Posterity.
My Name is writ in mighty Characters,
Triumphant Columns and eternal Domes,
Whose Splendour heightens our *Egyptian* Day,
Whose Strength shall laugh at time till their great Basis,
Old Earth itself shall fail. In after Age,
Who war or build, shall build or war from me,
Grow great in each, as my Example fires;
'Tis I of Art the future Wonders raise,
I fight the future Battles of the World.

Young's Busiris.

WILL future Fame my present Ills relieve?
And what is Fame, that flutt'ring noisy Sound,
But the cold Lye of universal Vogue?
Thousands of Men fall in the Field of Honour,
Whose glorious Deeds die in inglorious Silence,
Whilst vaunting Cowards, favour'd by blind Fortune,
Reap all the Fruit of their successful Toils,

And

And build their Fame upon their noble Ruins.

Smith's P. Parma.

F A M I N E.

THIS Famine has a sharp and meagre Face;
'Tis Death in an Undress of Skin and Bone;
Where Age and Youth, their Landmark ta'en away,
Look all one common Sorrow. *Dryd. Cleom.*

FAMINE so fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Use,
Ev'n deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous Juice,
Wild Hunger eats; and to prolong our Breath,
We greedily devour our certain Death.
The Soldier in th' Assault, of Famine falls,
And Ghosts, not Men, are watching on the Walls.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

HE daily dies by Hours and Moments,
All vital Nourishment but Air is wanting:
Three rising Days, and two descending Nights,
Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by turns,
But brought no kind Vicissitude to him.
His State is still the same, with Hunger pinch'd,
Waiting the slow Approaches of his Death,
Which halting onwards, as his Life goes back,
Still gains upon his Ground. *Dryd. Cleom.*

DEATH, like a lazy Master stands aloof,
And leaves his Work to the slow Hands of Famine.

Ibid.

F A N C Y.

LOVERS and Madmen have such seething Brains;
Such shaping Phantasies, that apprehend more
Than cool Reason ever comprehends.
The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of Imagination all compact:
One sees more Devils than vast Hell can hold;

That is the Madman. The Lover all as frantick,
 See's *Helen's* Beauty in a Brow of *Egypt* :
 The Poet's Eye, in a fine Frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to Heav'n;
 And as Imagination bodies forth
 The Forms of Things unknown, the Poet's Pen
 Turns them to Shapes, and gives to airy Nothing
 A local Habitation, and a Name.
 Such Tricks have strong Imagination,
 That if he would but apprehend some Joy,
 It comprehends some Bringer of that Joy :
 Or in the Night imagining some Fear,
 How easy is a Bush suppos'd a Bear.

Shakesf. Midf. Night's Dream.

F A T E.

MEN at some Times, are Masters of their Fates ;
 The Fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our Stars,
 But in our selves, that we are Underlings.

Shakesf. Jul. Cæsar.

'Tis wonderful, yet ought not Man to wade
 Too far in the vast deep of Destiny. *Dryd. Oed.*

WHICH of us two the Heav'ns
 Have mark'd for Death, is yet above the Stars.

Lee's Theod.

'Tis the cruel Artifice of Fate,
 Thus to refine and vary on our Woes,
 To raise us from Despair, and give us Hopes,
 Only to plunge us in the Gulph again,
 And make us doubly wretched. *Trap's Abram.*

IF this Day's angry Gods ordain my Fate,
 Know then I fall like some vast Pyramid,
 I bury Thousands in my great Destruction,
 And tho' the first.
 If *Babylon* must fall, what is't to me ?
 Or can I help immutable Decree?

Down

Down then vast Frame, with all thy lofty Tow'rs,
 Since 'tis so order'd by th' Almighty Powers;
 Press'd by the Fates unloose thy golden Bars,
 'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars. *Lee's Alex.*

WHAT Heav'n decrees, no Prudence can prevent.
Dryd. Auren.

PREDESTINATED Ills are never lost.
Dryd. Don Sebast.

LET thy great Deeds force Fate to change her Mind;
 He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her kind.

Dryd. Ind. Queen.

MAN makes his Fate according to his Mind:
 The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,
 But she's a Drudge when hector'd by the Brave.
 If Fate weave common Thread, he'll change the Doom,
 And with new Purple spread a nobler Loom.

Dryd. Conq. of Granad.

ON what strange Grounds we build our Hopes and
 Fears!

Man's Life is all a Mist, and in the dark
 Our Fortunes meet us.
 If Fate be not, then what can we foresee?
 And how can we avoid it, if it be?
 If by Free-will in our own Paths we move,
 How are we bounded by Decrees above?
 Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
 If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the Act of Heav'n. *Dryd. Temp.*

To you, great Gods, I make my last Appeal;
 Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal:
 If wand'ring in the Maze of Fate I run,
 And backward trod the Paths I sought to shun;
 Impute my Errors to your own Decree,
 My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free. *Ibid.*

Gods! would you be ador'd for doing good,
 Or only fear'd for proving mischievous?
 How would you have your Mercy understood:
 Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,
 Ordain'd, tho' guiltless, to be infamous?

Supreme first Causes ! you whence all Things flow,
 Whose Infiniteness does each Little fill :
 You, who decree each seeming Chance below,
 So great in Pow'r, were you as good in Will,
 How could you ever have produc'd such Ill ?
 Had your eternal Minds been bent on Good,
 Could human Happiness have prov'd so lame ?
 Rapine, Revenge, Injustice, Thirst of Blood,
 Grief, Anguish, Horror, Want, Despair, and Shame,
 Had never found a Being, nor a Name.

'Tis therefore less Impiety to say,
 Evil with you has Co-eternity,
 Than blindly taking it the other Way,
 That merciful, and of Election free,
 You did create the Mischiefs you foresee. *Roch. Val.*

Be juster, Heav'ns ! Such Virtue punish'd thus,
 Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
 And shuffles with a random Hand the Lots
 Which Man is forc'd to draw. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Thus with short Plumets Heaven's Deep will we
 sound,
 That vast Abyss where human Wit is drown'd !
 In our small Skiff we must not launch too far,
 We here but Coasters, not Discov'ers, are.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Good Heav'ns ! why gave you me
 A Monarch's Soul,
 And crusted it with base *Plebeian* Clay ?
 Why gave you me Desires of such Extent,
 And such a Span to grasp them ? Sure my Lot
 By some o'er-hasty Angel was misplac'd
 In Fate's eternal Volume.

Dryd. Sp. Fryar.

TELL me why, good Heav'n !
 Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,
 Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,
 That fill the happy'st Man ? Ah ! rather, why
 Didst not thou form me sordid as my Fate,
 Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens ?

Why

Why have I Sense to know the Curse that's on me?
Is this just Dealing, Nature! *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Was it for this, ye cruel Gods! you made me
Great like your selves, and, as a King, to be
Your sacred Image? Was it but for this?
Why rather was I not a Peasant-Slave,
Bred from my Birth a Drudge to your Creation,
And to my destin'd Load enur'd betimes?

Rowe's Ambitious Stepm.

YE cruel Pow'rs!

Take me as you have made me, miserable:
You cannot make me guilty! 'Twas my Fate;
And you made that, not I. *Dryd. Don Sebast.*

'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain,
It may afflict, but Man may not complain.

Otw. Orph.

YET 'tis the Curse of mighty Minds oppress'd,
To think what their State is, and what it should be:
Impatient of their Lot, they reason fiercely,
And call the Laws of Providence unequal.

Rowe's Ulyss.

THE Gods are just:

But how can Finite measure Infinite?
Whatever is, is in its Causes just,
Since all Things are by Fate; but purblind Man
Sees but a Part o'th' Chain, the nearest Link,
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam.
That poises all above. *Dryd. Oed.*

AND therefore wer't thou bred to virtuous Know-
ledge,

And Wisdom early planted in thy Soul,
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery Passions:
To bind their Rage, and stay their headlong Course;
To bear with Accidents and ev'ry Change
Of various Life; to struggle with Adversity;
To wait the Leisure of the righteous Gods,
Till they in their own good appointed Hour,
Shall bid thy better Days come forth at once;

A long and shining Train ; till thou, well pleas'd,
Shalt bow, and bless thy Fate, and say the Gods are just.
Rowe's Ulysses.

F E A R. See DEATH.

FEAR is the Tax that Conscience pays to Guilt.
Sewell's Sir Walt. Rarwley.

I FEEL my Sinews slacken'd with the Fright,
And a cold Sweat trills down all o'er my Limbs,
As if I were dissolving into Water. *Dryd. Temp.*

FEAR is the last of Ills:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
Shakes. Ant. Cleop.

F E M A L E S.

ALL Females have Prerogative of Sex,
The She's ev'n of the savage Herd are safe;
All when they snarl or bite, have no Return
But Courtship from the Male. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

F I G H T. See BATTLE.

FIGHTING,

Through all the Mazes of the bloody Field,
I haunted his sacred Life: I sought him
Where Ranks fell thickest: 'Twas indeed the Place
To seek *Sebastian*! Thro' a Track of Death
I follow'd him by Groans of dying Men:
But still I came too late; for he was flown
Like Light'ning, swift before me, to new Slaughter!
I mov'd a-crofs, and made irregular Harvest;
Defac'd the Pomp of Battle, but in vain;
For he was still supplying Death elsewhere.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

F L A T T E R Y.

FLATTERY. FAWNING.

Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glasse, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toils, and Men with Flatt'ers.

Shakesf. Jul. Cæsar.

THESE Couchings and these lowly Courtesies,
Might fire the Blood of ordinary Men,
And turn Preordinance and first Decree
Into the Lane of Children. Be not fond
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel Blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true Quality,
With that which melteth Fools; I mean sweet Words,
Low crooked Court'sies and base spaniel fawning. *Ibid.*

WHY didst thou flatter me? why give me once
A Daughter's Pow'r and snatch it from me now?
Like a mad Painter, wanted of thy Skill
Delighting to deface thy own fair Works.

Sewell's Sir Walt. Rarw.

SUCH smiling Rogues as these
Like Rats oft bite the holy Cords a-twain,
Which are t' intrince, t' unloose, smoothe every Passion,
That in the Nature of their Lords rebel,
Being Oil to Fire, Snow to their colder Moods.
Renege, affirm, and turn their *Halcyon* Beaks.
With every Gale and Vary of their Masters,
Knowing nought like Dogs, but following:

Shakesf. King. Lear.

GIVE me Flatt'ry,
Flattr'y the Food of Courts! that I may rock him,
And lull him in the Down of his Desires.

Beaum. Rollo.

No Flatt'ry, Boy! an honest Man can't live by't:
It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves
Use to cajole and soften Fools withal.
If thou hast Flatt'ry in thy Nature, out with't;
Or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive. *Osw. Orph.*

'Tis next to Money current there,
 To be seen daily in as many Forms,
 As there are forts of Vanities and Men.
 The superstitious-Statesman has his Sneer,
 To smoothe a poor Man off, who cannot bribe him :
 The grave dull Fellow of small Bus'ness sooths
 The Hum'rist, and will needs admire his Wit.
 Who without Spleen could see a hot-brain'd Atheist
 Thanking a surly Doctor for his Sermon?
 Or a grave Counsellor meet a smoothe young Lord,
 Squeeze him by th' Hand, and praise his good Com-
 plexion?

Ibid.

THERE like a Statue thou hast stood besieg'd
 By Sycophants and Fools, the Growth of Courts:
 Where thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gawdy Round,
 Met nothing but a Lye in ev'ry Face;
 And the gross Flatt'ry of a gaping Croud,
 Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
 The Stuff, or Royal Nonsense. When I spoke,
 My honest homely Words were carp'd and censur'd,
 For want of courtly Style: Related Actions,
 Tho' modestly reported, pass'd for Boasts:
 Secure of Merit, if I ask'd Reward,
 Thy hungry Minions thought their Right invaded,
 And the Bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasites.

Dryd. Don Sebast.

NAY do not think I flatter;
 For what Advancement may I hope from thee?
 Thou no Revenue hast, but thy good Spirits,
 To feed and cloath thee. Why should the Poor be flatter'd?
 No, let the candy'd Tongue lick absurd Pomp,
 And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
 Where Gain may follow Feigning.

Shakesf. Hamlet.

NOTHING misbecomes
 The Man that would be thought a Friend, like Flatt'ry:
 Flatt'ry, the meanest Kind of base Dissembling,
 And only us'd to catch the grossest Fools.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

O FLAT-

O FLATT'RY!

How soon thy smooth insinuating Oil
Supples the toughest Fool.

Fent. Mariam.

BEWARE of Flatt'ry! 'Tis a flow'ry Weed
Which oft offends the very Idol Vice,
Whose Shrine it would perfume.

Ibid.

FLIGHT. See FEAR.

HAVE I not seen the *Britons* quite disheartned?
Run, run, *Bonduca*; not the quick Race swifter;
The Virgin from the hated Ravisher
Not half so fearful: Not a Flight drawn Home,
A round Stone from a Sling, a Lover's Wish,
E'er made that Haste that they have. By the Gods,
I have seen these *Britons*, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run Time; and roaring,
Bafely for Mercy roaring: The light Shadows
That in a Thought scour o'er the Fields of Corn,
Halted on Crutches to them; I have seen them,
Like boding Owls, creep into Tods of Ivy,
And hoot their Fears to one another nightly.

Beaum. Bond.

FLOOD.

THE fruitful Nile

Flow'd e'er the wonted Season, with a Torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the Haste
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd. Men and Beasts
Were born upon the Tops of Trees, that grow
On th' utmost Margin of the Water-Mark:
Then with so swift an Ebb the Flood drove backward,
It slipt from underneath the scaly Herd:
Here monstrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore,
Forsaken Dolphins there, with their broad Tails,
Lay lashing the departing Waves: Hard by 'em

Sea-Horses

Sea-Horses flound'ring in the slimy Mud,
Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Ooze about 'em:
Dryd. All for Love.

F L O W E R S.

ALL Flowers will droop in Absence of the Sun,
That wak'd their Sweets. *Dryd. Auren.*

FAREWELL, ye Flow'rs, whose Buds with early Care
I watch'd, and to the chearful Sun did rear.
Who now shall bind your Stems? Or when you fall,
With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall?
Dryd. Stat. of Inn.

F O N D N E S S.

HIS Soul is so ensetter'd to her Love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list;
Ev'n as her Appetite shall play the God
With his weak Function. *Shakesf. Othello.*

So loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly. *Shakesf. Haml.*

FONDER than Mothers to their first-born Joys.
Dryd. All for Love.

OH! she doats on him;
Feeds on his Looks; eyes him as pregnant Women
Gaze at the precious Things their Souls are set on.
Lee's Cæf. Borg.

SHE would hang on him,
As if Encrease of Appetite had grown,
By what it fed on. *Shakesf. Ham.*

LET me not live,
If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,
Was ever half so fond. *Dryd. All for Love.*

I joy more in thee,
Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,
And

And blest'd the Gods for all her Travail past.

Osw. Ven. Pres.

So the soft Mother, tho' the Babe be dead,
Will have the Darling on her Bosom laid;
Will talk, and rave, and with the Nurfes strive,
And fond it still as if it were alive;
Knows it must go, yet struggles with the Croud,
And shrieks to see them wrap it in the Shroud.

Lee's L. J. Brut.

I LANGUISH with the Fondness of my Love,
Still doat, and fain would keep thee to my Heart.
Oh! thou'rt the very Fountain of my Joys,
The Spirit of my Peace, my Spring of Life,
All that my Wishes would, or Heav'n can give;

South. Moth. in Fast.

At the Sight of her my Soul dilates it self,
As at the View of a long absent Friend,
Unsatiated with gazing.

Den. Iphig.

How I lov'd,

Witness ye Days and Nights, and all ye Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Bus'ness were to count my Passion.
One Day pass'd by, and nothing saw but Love;
Another came, and still 'twas only Love.
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day;
And ev'ry Day was still but as the first:
So eager was I still to see you more. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Elfrid. And will you ever be thus kind, my Lord?
Ever thus charming? Ever thus sincere?
Will not Reflection freeze this Marriage Nectar?
Will not your Draughts of Love be bitter, think you,
When longer mix'd with Pleasure's Wormwood, Wife.

Hill's Elfrid.

SHALL I know any Thing unknown to thee!
Thou hast my Soul, thou keep'st my Key of Thought,
How can my Secrets then be hid from thee?

Yes,

Yes, I will tell thee, tho' my Death succeeds it. *Ibid.*

I HAD so fix'd my Heart upon her,
That wherefoe'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life
For Time to come, she was my only Joy,
With which I used to sweeten future Cares:
I fancy'd Pleasures, none but one who loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like them.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

THOU art the only Comfort of my Age:
Like an old Tree I stand among the Storms;
Thou art the only Limb that I have left me:
My dear green Branch! and how I prize thee, Child,
Heav'n only knows! *Lee's Theod.*

THOU wast the very Darling of my Age;
I thought the Day too short to gaze upon thee:
That all the Blessings I could gather for thee
By Cares on Earth, and by my Pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my Fondness to bestow.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

WHAT Pleasure I took in thee!
What Joy thou gav'st me in thy prattling Infancy!
Thy sprightly Wit, and early blooming Beauty!
How have I stood and fed my Eyes upon thee!
Then lifted up my Hands, and, wandering, blest thee!

Rowe's Fair Pen.

OH, that Form!
That Angel Face, on which my Dotage hung!
How have I gaz'd upon her, 'till my Soul
With very Eagerness went forth to meet her,
And issu'd at my Eyes! Was there a Gem
Which the Sun ripens in the *Indian* Mines,
Or the rich Bosom of the Ocean yields;
What was there Art could make, or Wealth could buy,
Which I have left unfought to deck her Beauty?

Rowe's Jane Shore.

HE lov'd me,
With Fondness and with Tenderness he doated,
Dwelt in my Eyes, and liv'd but in my Smiles. *Ibid.*

FOOL.

FOOL.

FORTUNE takes care that Fools should still be seen;
 She places them aloft, o'th' topmost Spoke
 Of all her Wheel. Fools are the daily Work
 Of Nature, her Vocation. If she form
 A Man, she loses by it; 'tis too expensive;
 'Twould make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy.
Dryd. Oed.

FORTITUDE.

LET Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
 I have a Soul that like an ample Shield,
 Can take in all, and Verge enough for more;
 Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's,
 Souls know no Conquerors.
Dryd. Don Seb.

NOR am I less, ev'n in this despicable Now,
 Than when my Name fill'd *Africk* with Affrights,
 And froze your Hearts beneath your torrid Zone.
Ibid.

DEJECTED! No, it never shall be said
 That Fate had Power upon a *Spursan* Soul:
 My Mind on its own Centre stands unmov'd,
 And stable as the Fabrick of the World,
 Propp'd on it self. Still I am *Cleomenes*,
 I fought the Battle bravely which I've lost;
 And lost it but to *Macedonians*,
 The Successors of those who conquer'd *Asia*.
 'Twas for a Cause too! such a Cause I fought!
 Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword.
Greece, like a lovely Heifer, stood in view,
 To see the Rivals each other gore,
 But wish'd the Conquest mine.
 I fled, and yet I languish not in Exile;
 But here in *Egypt* whet my blunted Horns,

And

And meditate new Flights, and chew my Loss.

Dryd. Cleom.

IN struggling with Misfortunes
Lies the true Proof of Virtue. On smooth Seas
How many bawble Boats dare set their Sails,
And make an equal Way with firmer Vessels :
But let the Tempest once enrage the Sea,
And then behold the strong-rib'd *Argosie*
Bounding between the Ocean and the Air,
Like *Perseus* mounted on his *Pegasus* ;
Then where are those weak Rivals of the Main ?
Or to avoid the Tempest, fled to Port,
Or made a Prey to *Neptune*. Ev'n thus
Do empty Shew and true-priz'd Worth divide
In Storms of Fortune. *Shakesf. Troil. and Cress.*

WITH such unshaken Temper of the Soul
To bear the swelling Tide of prosp'rous Fortune,
Is to deserve that Fortune. In Adversity
The Mind grows rough by buffeting the Tempest ;
But, in Success dissolving, sinks to Ease,
And loses all her Firmness. *Rowe's Tam.*

THOU hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing :
A Man who Fortune's Ruffets and Rewards
Hast ta'en with equal Thanks. And blest are they
Whose Blood and Judgment mingl'd are so well,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger
To sound what Stop she please. *Shakesf. Ham.*

FATE was not mine ; nor am I Fate's :
Souls know no Conquerors. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

THOU hast seen Mount *Atlas*,
While Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its Height :
Such is that haughty Man ; his tow'ring Soul,
'Midst all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*. *Add. Cato.*
THY Virtues, Prince, have stood the Test of Fortune,
Like

the ENGLISH STAGE. 141

Like purest Gold, that tortur'd in the Furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight.
Ibid.

WHERE shall we find a Man that bears Affliction,
Great and majestick in his Grievs, like *Cato*?
Heavens! with what Strength, what Steadiness of Mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his Sufferings!
How does he rise against a Load of Woes,
And thanks the Gods that throw the Weight upon him!
Ibid.

How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,
Thro' the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant Brightness;
His Sufferings shine, and add a Glory round him.
By Heav'n! such Virtues join'd with such Success,
Distract my very Soul: Our Father's Fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his Precepts. *Ibid.*

BE chearful, fight it well, and all the rest
Leave to the Gods and Fortune. If they fail us,
Their's be the Fault; for Fate is their's alone:
My Virtue, Fame, and Honour are my own.
Dryd. Cleom.

THO' plung'd in Ills, and exercis'd in Care,
Yet never let the noble Mind despair:
When press'd by Dangers, and beset with Foes,
The Gods their timely Succour interpose;
And when our Virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
By unforeseen Expedients bring Relief. *Phil. Dist. Moth.*

FORTUNE. See FATE, FOOL, VICISSITUDE.

FORTUNE had no Hand
In what our Swords by Dint of Valour wone,
She to the Brave was ever a curs'd Foe,
But I at last have bound her to my Chariot,
By conquering Virtue to be drag'd along;
And while her broken Wheel is proudly born,
She shall be forc'd our Triumph to adorn. *Lee's Mith.*
Good

GOOD Fortune that comes seldom, comes more welcome.
Dryd. Oed.

FORTUNE's a Mistress that with Caution's kind,
Knows that the Constant merit her alone:
They who tho' she seem froward, yet court on.

Otw. Don Carl.

WERE she a common Mistress, kind to all,
Her Work would cease, and half the World grow idle.

Otw. Orph.

WHEN Fortune means to Men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening Eye.

Shakesf. King John.

PLEASURE has been the Bus'ness of my Life,
And every change of Fortune easy to me,
Because I still was easy to my self.

Dryd. Don Seb.

IN all my Wars good Fortune flew before me;
Sublime I sat in Triumph on her Wheel.

Ibid.

FORTUNE came smiling to my Youth, and woo'd it,
And purpl'd Greatness met my rip'ned Years.

When first I came to Empire, I was born,
On Tides of People crouding to my Triumphs:
The Wish of Nations, and the willing World,
Receiv'd me as its Pledge of future Peace.

I was so great, so happy, so lov'd,
Fate could not ruin me, till I took Pains,
And work'd against my Fortune; chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose, yet still she came again.
My careless Days, and my luxurious Nights,
At length have weary'd her; and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever!

Fortune is *Cæsar's* now, and what am I?

Oh! I am now so sunk from what I was,

Thou find'st me at my low-water Mark:

The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another Course.

What I have left is from my native Spring;
I've still a Heart that swells in Scorn of Fate,
And lifts me to my Banks.

GLUTTON

GLUTTON of Fortune! thy devouring Youth
Has starv'd thy wanton Age. *Dryd. All for Love.*

My Soul's ill-marry'd to my Body:
I would be young, be handsome, be belov'd.
Could I but breathe my self into *Adrastus*,
Were but my Soul in *Oedipus*, I were a King;
Then I had kill'd a Monster, gain'd a Battle,
And had my Rival Pris'ner: Brave, brave Actions!
Why have not I done these? My Fortune hinder'd:
There's it, I have a Soul to do them all;
But Fortune will have nothing done that's great,
But by young handsome Fools. Body and Brawn
Do all her Work: *Hercules* was a Fool,
And strait grew famous: A mad boist'rous Fool!
Nay, worse, a Woman's Fool.
Fool is the Stuff of which Heav'n makes a Hero.

Dryd. Oed.

NATURE meant me
A Wife, a silly, harmless, household Dove,
Fond without Art, and kind without Deceit:
But Fortune, that has made a Mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd
Of Falshood, to be happy. *Dryd. All for Love.*

WHY was I fram'd with this plain honest Heart,
Which knows not to disguise its Grievs and Weakness;
But bears its Workings outward to the World. *Ibid.*

I AM made a shallow forded Stream,
Seen to the Bottom; all my Clearness scorn'd,
And all my Faults expos'd. *Ibid.*

FATE's dark Recesses we can never find,
But Fortune at some Hours to all is kind:
The Lucky have whole Days, which still they chuse;
Th' Unlucky have but Hours, and those they lose.
Dryd. Tyr. Love.

WILL Fortune never come with both Hands full,
But write her fair Words still in foulest Letters?
She either gives a Stomach, and no Food;
Such are the Poor in Health: Or else a Feast,

And

And takes away the Stomach ; such are the Rich,
That have Abundance, and enjoy it not.

Shakes. Hen. IV.

FRIEND.

I HAD a Friend that lov'd me ;
I was his Soul : He liv'd not but in me :
We were so clos'd within each other's Breast,
The Rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet : We were so mix'd,
As meeting Streams ; both to our selves were lost.
We were one Mass ; we could not give nor take,
But from the same ; for he was I, I he.
Return my better half, and give me all my self,
For thou art all !

If I have any Joy when thou art absent,
I grudge it to my self: Methinks I rob
Thee of thy Part.

Dryd. All for Love.

THOU Brother of my Choice : A Band more sacred
Than Nature's brittle Tie, by holy Friendship.
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival ;
My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half,
And languish'd for thy Absence : Like a Prophet
That waits th' Inspiration of his God.

Rowe's Tam.

ART thou not half my self ?
One Faith has ever bound us, and one Reason
Guided our Wills.

Rowe's Fair. Pen.

THUS from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life in Love together.
One Bed has held us, and the same Desires,
The same Aversion still employ'd our Thoughts :
Whene'er had I a Friend that was not *Polydor's*,
Or *Polydor* a Foe that was not mine ?

Otew. Orph.

WHO knows the Joys of Friendship ?
The Trust, Security and mutual Tenderness ?
The double Joys, where each is glad for both ?

Friendship

the ENGLISH STAGE. 145

Friendship, our only Wealth, our last Retreat and
Strength,
Secure against ill Fortune and the World?

Rowe's Fair Pen.

NEITHER has any Thing he calls his own,
But of each other's Joys as Grievs partaking,
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

Otaw. Orph.

EVER note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It uses an inforced Ceremony:

There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith.
But hollow Men, like Horses, hot at Hand,
Make gallant Shew and Promise of their Mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and, like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Tryal.

Shakesf. Jul. Cæs.

THE Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel:
But do not dull thy Palm with Entertainment
Of each unfledg'd unhatch'd Comrade. Beware
Of Entrance to a Quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that the Opposed may beware of thee.
Give every Man thy Ear, but few thy Voice.
Take each Man's Censure, but reserve thy Judgment.
Neither a Borrower nor a Lender be;

For Loan oft loses both it self and Friend:

Borrowing dulls the Edge of Husbandry.

This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the Night the Day;

Thou can'st not then be false to any Man. *Shakesf. Ham.*

HAD you a Friend so desperately sick,
That all Physicians had forsook his Cure;
All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within;
The Moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature
Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away:
Could you behold him beg with dying Eyes
A Glass of Water, and refuse it him,

H

Because

Because you knew it ill for his Disease?
 When he would die without it, how could you
 Deny to make his Death more easy to him?

Dryd. Rival Ladies.

TRUE Happiness

Consists not in a Multitude of Friends,
 But in the Worth and Choice. Nor would I have
 Virtue a popular Regard pursue:
 Let them be good that love me, tho' but few.

Johnson's Cinthia's Revels.

FRIENDSHIP.

BE not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*,
 Were I a common Laugher, or did use
 To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love
 To every new Protester, if you know
 That I do fawn on Men, and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them, or if you know
 That I profess my self in banqueting
 To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Shakesf. Jul. Cæsar.

FRIENDSHIP is above the Reach of Fortune,
 Not to be rated from the blind Events
 Of giddy Chance.

Trapp's Abram.

FRIENDSHIP is still accompany'd with Virtue,
 And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous Minds.
 But 'tis a Stranger to such Breasts as ours.
 True, we can join in Factions and Cabals,
 And form Conspiracies; but still the Bond
 Which holds our mercenary Souls together,
 Is our own Interest.

Ibid.

By Heav'ns I love
 My *Pollidore* beyond all worldly Joys,
 And would not shock his Quiet, to be blest
 With greater Happiness than Man e'er tasted,

Olw. Orph.

FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP is Power and Riches all to me;
 Friendship's another Element of Life:
 Water and Fire not of more general Use
 To the Support and Comfort of the World,
 Than Friendship to the Being of my Joy;
 I would do every Thing to serve a Friend.

South. Fat. of Cap.

IN their Nonage a Sympathy
 Unusual join'd their Loves:
 They paired like Turtles; still together drank,
 Together eat, nor quarell'd for the Choice.
 Like twining Streams both from one Fountain fell,
 And as they ran still mingled Smiles and Tears.

Lee's Cæs. Borg.

HE lov'd me well; so well he could but die
 To shew he lov'd me better than his Life:
 He lost it for me.

Dryd. Don Sebast.

THERE'S Virtue in thy Friendship
 Would make the saddest Tale of Sorrow pleasing,
 Strengthen my Constancy, and welcome Ruin.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

LIVE, live, and reign for ever in my Bosom,
 Safe and unrival'd there possess thy own.
 And you, ye brightest of the Stars above,
 Ye Saints that once were Women here below,
 Be Witness of the Truth, the holy Friendship,
 Which here to this my other self I vow;
 If I not hold her nearer to my Soul
 Than every other Joy the World can give,
 Let Poverty, Deformity, and Shame,
 Distraction and Despair seize me on Earth;
 Let not my faithless Ghost have Peace hereafter,
 Nor taste the Bliss of your celestial Friendship.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Alex. RISE all, and thou, my second self, my Love,
 O my *Hephestion*, raise thee from the Earth
 Up to my Breast, and hide thee in my Heart:
 Art thou grown cold? Why hang thy Arms at Distance?

Hug me, or, by Heav'n, thou lovest me not.

Heph. Not love my Lord! Break not the Heart you fram'd,

And moulded up to such an Excellence;
Then stamp'd on it your own immortal Image.
Not love the King! Such is not Woman's Love!
So fond a Friendship, such a sacred Flame
As I must doubt to find in Breasts above.

Alex. Thou do'st, thou lov'st me, Crown of all my Wars!

Thou dearer to me than my Groves of Laurels!
I know thou lov'st thy *Alexander* more
Than *Clytus* loves the King. No Tears, *Hephestion*!
I read thy Passion in thy manly Eyes,
And glory in those Planets of my Life,
Above the rival Lights that shine in Heav'n.
I'll tell thee, Friend, and mark it all ye Princes,
Tho' never mortal Man arriv'd to such
A Height as I, yet I would forfeit all,
Cast all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,
And die to save this Darling of my Soul. *Lee's Alex.*

MARCUS, the Friendships of the World are oft
Confederacies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleasure:
Ours has severest Virtue for its Basis;
And such a Friendship ends not but with Life. *Add. Cato.*

FRIENDSHIP's the Privilege
Of private Men; for wretched Greatness knows
No Blessing so substantial. *Tate's Loy. Gen.*

FRIENDSHIP is constant in all other Things,
Save in the Office and Affairs of Love;
Therefore all Hearts in Love use their own Tongues:
Let ev'ry Eye negotiate for it self,
And trust no Agent; for Beauty is a Witch,
Against whose Charms Faith melteth into Blood.

Shakes. Much ado about Nothing.

PROTESTATION of FRIENDSHIP.

OH ! thou art so near my Heart, that thou may'st see
Its Bottom ; sound its Strength and Firmness to thee.

Ott. Ven. Pres.

OH my lov'd Friend! till now I never knew
The Pangs of parting Friendship.
At Distance I have tasted of the Pain,
When the rude Morn has Sunder'd us away
To our Repose : But my Soul, I swear,
Ev'n then my Eyes would drop a silent Tear,
Repugnant still to close and shut out thee.

Lanf. Jew. Venice.

F R O S T. See GREATNESS.

F R O W N.

MARK, my *Sebastian*, how that sullen Frown,
Like flashing Lightning, open angry Heav'n,
And while it kills, delights.

Dryd. Don Seb.

ALL these Wrongs
Have never made me sour my patient Cheek,
Or bend one Wrinkle on my Face.

Shakesf. Rich. II.

He parted frowning from me,
So looks the chafed Lion
Upon the daring Huntsman, who has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing.

Shakesf. Hen. VIII.

F O R G I V E N E S S.

OH my Bosom Comforter !
Thou dearest, richest Cordial to my Soul!
Thou hast a Sea of Pity, pour it on me,
Shed thy soft Dew of Mercy on my Love,
And, oh! forgive the Wretch who kneels before thee.

Hill's F. Inc.

FORGIVE

150 *The* BEAUTIES of

FORGIVE the Sallies of my Passion,
For I have been to blame, Oh, much to blame!
Have said such Words, nay, done such Actions too,
(Base as I am) that my aw'd conscious Soul
Sinks in my Breast; nor dare I lift an Eye
On him I have offended. *Shakes. Troil. Cress.*

FUTURE STATE.

IN th' other World our Souls shall there be mixt,
Who knows but there our Joys may be compleat,
A happy Father thou, and I perhaps
The smiling Mother of some little Gods. *Lee's Mith.*

THAT I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh! 'tis true,
If then thy Spirit look upon as now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy Death,
To see thy *Anthony* making his Peace,
Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes,
Most noble in the Presence of thy Coarse.
Shakes. Jul. Cæsar.

IF I must die,
Why then there's one Day less for humane Ills;
And who wou'd moan himself for suffering that,
Which in a Day must pass something or nothing?
I shall be what I was again, before
I was *Adrastus*. *Dryd. Oed.*

THEY talk of Heros and celestial Beauties,
And wond'rous Pleasures in the other World. *Ibid.*

METHINKS I'm more at ease now Death approaches,
Secure of any future Separation
From her I love.

We soon shall meet never to part again;
In that my Hopes are center'd, and by that
Imagination wound so high, that now
My Soul intent on *Paradise* and Her,
Even on the Rack its Firmness shall maintain,
All wrapt in Thought and negligent of Pain.

Trap's Abram.

WHEN

WHEN thy great Soul has left
Thy tortur'd Body, stay a Moment for me
However a while in this inferior Region,
I shall o'ertake thee, Son.

Ibid.

DISTRUST and Darknes of a future State,
Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate;
Death in it self is nothing, but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where;
Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold Obstructions, and to rot;
This sensible warm Motion to become
A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods; or to reside
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribb'd Ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds;
Or blown with restless Violence about
The pendant World; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain Thought
Imagine howling; 'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly Life,
That Pain, Age, Penury, and Imprisonment,
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of Death. *Shakesf. Measure for Measure.*

THE Thought of Death, to one near Death, is dreadful!

Oh! 'tis a fearful Thing to be no more!
Or if to be, to wander after Death;
To walk as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day,
And when the Darknes comes, to glide in Paths
That lead to Graves, and in the silent Vault,
Where lies your own pale Shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps,
And often, often, vainly breath your Ghost
Into your Lifeless Lips:
Then, like a lone benighted Traveller,
Shut out from Lodgings, shall your Groans be answer'd,
By whistling Winds, whose every Blast shakes
Your tender Form to Atoms.

Ibid.

O BLISSFUL Prospect of a future State!
 Delightful Extasy in Thoughts of Death!
 Methinks thro' all the vast and verdant Meads,
 No Rose lies blasted, and no Myrtle fades,
 But ever blooms

Thro' all *Elizium*, all the flow'ry Groves. *Heph. Pyrrh.*

THERE the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fir'd,
 Who greatly in his Country's Cause expir'd,
 Shall know he conquer'd: The firm Patriot there,
 Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care,
 Tho' still by Faction, Vice, and Fortune cross'd,
 Shall find the generous Labour was not lost. *Add. Cats.*

FUTURITY.

DIVINES but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,
 And draw the distant Landskip as they please:
 But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions,
 To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws?

Dryd. Don Seb.

THINK, timely think, on the last dreadful Day,
 How you will tremble there, to stand expos'd
 The foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts
 That must be doom'd for Murder! Think on Murder!
 That Troop is plac'd a-part from common Crimes;
 The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,
 As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me;
 I know this Truth, but I repell'd the Thought.
 Sure there is none but fears a future State;
 And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
 Their trembling Hearts belye their boasting Tongues.

Dryd. Span. Fryar.

THUS Men too careless of their future State,
 Dispute, know nothing, and repent too late.

Dryd. Duke of Guise.

To be, or not to be! that is the Question!
 Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer

The

The Stings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
 Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them? To die! To sleep
 No more! and, by a Sleep to say we end
 The Heart-Ache, and the thousand nat'ral Shocks
 That Flesh is Heir to! 'Tis a Consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep!
 To sleep, perchance to dream! Ay, there's the Rub;
 For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal Coyle,
 Must give us Pause. There's the Respect
 That makes Calamity of so long Life:
 For who could bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
 Th' Oppressor's Wrongs, the poor Man's Contumely,
 The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
 The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
 That patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary Life,
 But that the Dread of something after Death,
 The undiscover'd Country, from whose Borne
 No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
 And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
 And thus the native Hue of Resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale Cast of Thought,
 And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,
 With this Regard their Currents turn away,
 And lose the Name of Action. *Shakesf. Haml.*



G H O S T.



ART thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,

That mak'st my Blood Cold, and my Hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

Shakes. Jul. Cæsar.

I'VE heard a Spirit's Force is wonderful,
At whose Approach, when starting from his Dungeon,
The Earth will shake, and the old Ocean groan,
Rocks are remov'd, and Trees are thunder'd down,
And Walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant,
Are passable as Air, and fleet like Winds. *Lee's Oedipus.*

It faded at the Crowing of the Cock,
And started like a guilty Thing
Upon a fearful Summons.

Shakes. Haml.

BE thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee Airs from Heaven, or Blasts from Hell,
Be thy Events wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable Shape,
That I will speak to thee. Oh! oh! answer me;
Let me not burst in Ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearst in Earth,
Have burst their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
Has op'd its pond'rous and marble Jaws,
To let thee out again? What may this mean,
That thou, dear Corse, again in compleat Steel
Revisit'st thus the Glimpses of the Morn,
Making Night hideous, and us Fools of Nature,
So horribly to shake our Disposition,
With Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls?

I am

I am thy Father's Spirit,
Doom'd for a certain Time to walk the Night,
And for the Day confin'd to fast in Fires,
Till the foul Crimes, done in my Days of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. *Shakesf. Haml.*

G O L D.

GOLD! yellow, glitt'ring precious Gold!
Gold that will make Black white, Foul fair, Wrong
right,
Base noble, Old young, Coward valiant!
Ha! you Gods! why this
Will lug your Priests and Servants from your Sides;
Pluck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads!
This yellow Slave
Will knit and break Religions; bless th' Accurs'd;
Make the hoar Leprosy ador'd; place Thieves,
And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation,
With Senators on the Bench. *Shakesf. Timon of Athens.*

LOVE! what a poor Omnipotence hast thou,
When Gold and Titles buy thee? *Dryd. Span. Fryar.*

WHEN I made
This Gold, I made a greater God than Jove;
And gave my own Omnipotence away. *Dryd. Amph.*

'Tis Gold
Which buys Admittance; oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their Deer to the Stand of the Stealers; and 'tis Gold
Which makes the true Man kill'd, and saves the Thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both Thief and true Man.
What can it not do and undo? *Shakesf. Cymbel.*

G R A V E.

THE reconciling Grave
Swallows Distinction first, that made us Foes,
Then all alike lie down in Peace together: *South. Fat. Mar.*

G R E A T N E S S.

HE doth bestride the narrow World,
Like a *Colossus*, and we petty Men
Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about
To find our selves dishonourable Graves.

Shakes. Jul. Cas.

Now climb'st *Tamora Olympus'* Top,
Safe out of Fortunes Shot and fits aloft,
Advanc'd above pale Envy's threatening Reach,
As when the golden Sun salutes the Morn,
And having gilt the Ocean with his Beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his Glitt'ring Coach,
And overlooks the highest piercing Hills.

Shakes. Tit. And.

HE like a Pyramid revers'd is grown,
Ev'n from a Point, to the most dreadful Greatness,
His very Name already shakes the World. *Lee's Theod.*

Now more Mountains rise, more Rivers flow,
And more Stars shine in my still growing Empire.
The Sun himself surveys it not at once,
But travels for the View, whilst far disjoin'd,
My Subjects live unheard of by each other;
These wrapp'd in Shades, whilst those enjoy the Light,
Their Day is various, but their King the same.

Young's Busiris.

G R E A T N E S S and P O W E R. See SCORN.
See EMPEROR. and EMPIRE. See VICISSITUDES.

How are we bandied up and down by Fate,
By so much more unhappy, as we're great!

Otw. Don Carlos.

GREATNESS, thou gawdy Torment of our Souls,
The wise Man's Fetter, and the Rage of Fools.

Otw. Alcib.

G R E A T N E S S

GREATNESS, most envied when least understood,
Thou art no real, but a seeming Good;
Sick at the Heart, thou in the Face look'st well;
By thy exalted State we only gain
To be more wretched than the Vulgar can.

Sedley's Ant. and Cleop.

FAREWELL, a long Farewel to all my Greatness!
This is the State of Man: To Day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes; to Morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him:
The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost;
And when he thinks, good easy Man, full surely,
His Greatness is a rip'ning, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton Boys, that swim on Bladders,
This many a Summer in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my Depth. My high-blown Pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with Service, to the Mercy
Of a rude Stream that must for ever hide me.

Shakesf. Hen. VIII.

I now begin to loath all human Greatness;
I'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be my Guide;
Love, that's more worth than all the World beside.
State grows uneasy when it hinders Love,
A glorious Burden which the Wise remove.
Whom Heav'n would bless, from Pomp it will remove,
And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love. *Dryd. Auren.*

And when for Air the Goddess would unbind,
She's clogg'd with Sceptres, and to Crowns confin'd.

Lee's Theod.

FOR I disdain

All Pomp when thou art by: Far be the Noise
Of Kings and Courts from us, whose gentle Souls
Our kinder Stars have steer'd another Way.
Free as the Forest Birds we'll pair together,
Without remembering who our Fathers were;
Fly to the Arbours, Grotts, and flow'ry Meads,

And

And in soft Murmurs interchange our Souls;
 Together drink the Crystal of the Stream,
 Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields:
 And when the golden Evening calls us home,
 Wing to our downy Beds, and sleep till Morn. *Lee's Theod.*

COULD great Men thunder,
 As *Jove* himself doth, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
 For every pelting petty Officer
 Would use his Heav'n for Thunder:
 Nothing but Thunder. Merciful Heav'n!
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous Bolt
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak,
 Than the soft Myrtle: O, but Man! proud Man!
 Dress'd in a little brief Authority,
 Most ignorant of what lies most assur'd,
 But glassy Essence, like an angry Ape,
 Plays such fantastic Tricks before high Heav'n,
 As make the Angels weep; who with our Spleens
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Shakesf. Measure for Measure.

WE cannot weigh our Brother with our self:
 Great Men may jest with Saints; 'tis Wit in them,
 But in the Less foul Prophanation.

Ibid.

THAT in the Captain's but a cholerick Word,
 Which in the Soldier is flat Blasphemy.

Ibid.

G R I E F.

WHAT a rich Feast the canker Grief has made,
 How has it suck'd the Roses of thy Cheeks!
 And drank the liquid Crystal of thy Eyes.

Sewel's Sir Walt. Rowl.

THOU and thy Sorrows now are all at Peace,
 But I have Woes unnumber'd Woes to come,
 If any ask whose Eyes are forc'd to see
 Unhallow'd View, a murder'd Lover's Coarse;
 If any ask whose Arms expect to grasp
 A dying Father in a last Embrace;

If

If any ask what Orphan's Tongue must charm
The Ghost of Sorrow in a widow'd Mother,
Conduct him here. In me behold that Wretch,
The Scene and Center of all human Grief.

Ibid.

No Roses bloom upon my fading Cheek,
Nor laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes;
But haggard Grief, lean-looking, fallow Care
And pining Discontent, a rueful Train
Dwell on my Brow all hideous and forlorn,

Rowe's Jane Shore.

THOU thinkst 'tis much that this contentious Storm
Invades us to the Skin; so 'tis to thee,
But where the greater Malady is fix't,
The lesser is scarce felt: When the Mind's free
The Body's delicate. The Tempest in my Mind,
Doth from my Senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.

Shakesf. King Lear.

GRIEF has so wrought upon him,
He takes false Shadows for true Substances.

Shakesf. Titus Andron.

MY Grief was at the Height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nilus*, it disdaineth Bounds.

Ibid.

HER stiff'ning Grief,
Who saw her Children slaughter'd all at once,
Is dull to mine.

Dryd. Oed.

THERE is a kind of mournful Eloquence
In thy dumb Grief, which shames all clam'rous Sorrow.

Lee's Theod.

I SAW her
Cast on the Ground, in mourning Weeds she lies,
Her torn and loosen'd Tresses shade her round,
Thro' which her Face, all pale as she were dead,
Gleams like a sickly Moon, too great her Grief
For Words or Tears, but ever and anon,
After a dreadful still insidious Calm,
Collecting all her Breath, long long suppress'd;
She sobs her Soul out in a lengthen'd Groan,
So sad it breaks the Heart of all that hear,

And

And sends her Maids in Agonies away. *Young's Busiris.*

THE Sun, who with one Look surveys the Globe,
Sees not a Wretch like me: And could the World
Take a right Measure of my State within,
Mankind must either pity me, or scorn me.

Dryd. Maid. Queen,

ALL Days to me henceforth are equal :
To Morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undistinguish'd, roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe. *Cong. M. Bride.*

MIGHT my big swollen Heart
Vent all its Griefs, and give a Loose to Sorrow,
Marcia, could answer thee in Sighs, keep pace
With all thy Woes, and count out Tear for Tear.

Add. Cato.

BUT know, young Prince, that Valour soars above
What the World calls Misfortune and Affliction :
These are not Ills, else they would never fall
On Heaven's first Fav'rites, and the best of Men.
The Gods in Bounty work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues which shun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth Seasons and the Calms of Life. *Add. Cato.*

LET us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our Sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' Event of Things :
Our Lives discolour'd with the present Woes,
May still grow bright and smile with happier Hours.
So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
Works it self clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by Degrees the floating Mirror shines ;
Reflects each Flower that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows.

Ibid.

A SOUL exasperated in Ills, falls out
With every Thing, its Friend, it self.

Ibid.

OH! nothing now can please me:
Darkness, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,

And all the inseparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever.

Dryd. Amph.

'Tis not alone my inky Cloke,
Nor customary Suits of solemn Black,
Nor windy Suspiration of forc'd Breath,
No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
Together with all Forms, Modes, Shews of Grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
For they are Actions that a Man might play :
But I have that within which passes Show,
These are but the Trappings and the Suits of Woe.

Shakesf. Haml.

My Grief lies all within,
And those external Manners of Laments,
Are merely Shadows to the unseen Grief,
That swells with Silence in my tortur'd Soul :
There lies the Substance.

Shakesf. Rich. II.

GIVE Sorrow Words : The Grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught Heart, and bids it break.

Shakesf. Mac.

I AM dumb, as solemn Sorrow ought to be ;
Could my Griefs speak, the Tale would have no end.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

It is the Wretch's Comfort still to have
Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe ;
Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they, unseen, may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And, Glutton-like, devour alone. *Comp. Mourn. Bride.*

TIME gives Increase to my Afflictions :
The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come heavy loaden with th' oppressive Weight
To me ; with me successively they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief that did retard their Flight ;
They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
Their dire collected Dews on my poor Head,
Then fly with Joy and Swiftness from me.

Ibid.

I HAVE

I HAVE been in such a dismal Place,
 Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers;
 Bound in with Darkneſs, o'erſpread with Damps;
 Where I have ſeen (if I could ſay I ſaw)
 The good old King, majeſtick in his Bonds,
 And midſt his Griefs, moſt venerably great,
 By a dim-winking Lamp, which feebly broke
 The gloomy Vapours: He lay ſtretch'd along
 Upon th' unwholeſome Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward,
 And ever and anon a ſilent Tear
 Stole down, and trickled from his hoary Beard:
 My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
 As early Bloſſoms are with Eaſtern Blaſts.
 He ſent for me, and while I rais'd his Head,
 He threw his aged Arms about my Neck,
 And, ſeeing that I wept, he preſs'd me cloſe;
 So leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
 We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.

Dryd. Span. Fryar.

HIS Griefs have rent my aged Heart aſunder;
 Stretch'd on the damp unwholeſome Earth he lies,
 Nor had my Prayers or Tears the Power to move him.
 Now motionleſs, as Death, his Eyes are fix'd,
 And then anon he ſtarts, and caſts them upwards,
 And, groaning, cries, I am th' Accurs'd of Heav'n.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

O TAKE me in a Fellow-Mourner with thee;
 I'll number Groan for Groan, and Tear for Tear;
 And when the Fountains of thy Eyes are dry,
 Mine ſhall ſupply the Stream, and weep for both.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

BUT to perſevere
 In obſtinate Condolement, is a Courſe
 Of impious Stubbornneſs: 'Tis unmanly Grief:
 It ſhews a Will moſt uncorrect to Heav'n,
 A Heart unfortify'd, a Mind impatient,
 An Underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd.
 For what we know muſt be, and is as common

As

As any the most vulgar Thing to Sense,
Why should we in our peevish Opposition
Take it to Heart? Fie! 'tis a Fault to Heav'n;
A Fault against the Dead; a Fault to Nature;
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme
Is Death of Fathers, and who still have cry'd,
From the first Coarse to his that died to Day,
This must be so.

Shakesf. Haml.

GRIEF, tho' not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.

Dryd. Auren.

THAT eating Canker, Grief, with wasteful Spight,
Preys on the rosy Bloom of Youth and Beauty.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

A WHILE she stood
Transform'd by Grief to Marble, and appear'd
Her own pale Monument; but when she breath'd
The secret Anguish of her wounded Soul,
So moving were the Complaints, they wou'd have sooth'd
The stooping Falcon to suspend his Flight,
And spare his Morning Prey.

Fent. Mariam.

MY Soul lies hid in Shades of Grief,
Whence, like the Bird of Night, with half-shut Eyes,
She peeps, and sickens at the Sight of Day.

Dryd. Riv. Lad.

OH let us not support,
But sink each other down!
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of incessant scalding Rain.

Cong. Mourn. Bride.

WHY dost thou heave, and stifle in thy Grief?
Thy Heart will burst; thy Eyes look red, and start:
Give thy Soul away, and tell me thy dark Thought,
Thy second self should feel each other's Wound,
And Woe should be in equal Portions dealt.

Ibid.

Now sunk in Grief, and pining with Despair,
Her waning Form no longer shall incite
Envy in Woman, or Desire in Man:

She

She never sees the Sun, but thro' her Tears;
And wakes to sigh the live-long Nights away.

Rowe's J. Shore.

For this I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swoll'n and wat'ry Eyes,
Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life and Thought of my *Alphonso*.

Cong. Mourn. Bride.

I FELT no Sorrows then, but now my Grief,
Like fest'ring Wounds, grown cold, begins to smart,
The raging Anguish gnaws and tears my Heart.

Roch. Val.

G R O V E.

THIS shadowing Desert, unfrequented Wood,
I better brook than flourishing peopl'd Towns.
Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the Nightingale's complaining Notes
Tune my Distresses, and record my Woes.

Shakesf. Two Gen. of Verona.

DEAR solitary Groves, where Peace does dwell!
Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!
How willingly could I for ever stay
Beneath the Shade of your embracing Greens,
List'ning to the Harmony of warbling Birds,
Tun'd with the gentle Murmur of the Streams;
Upon whose Bank, in various Livery,
The fragrant Offspring of the early Year,
Their Heads, like graceful Swans, bent proudly down
See their own Beauties in the crystal Flood. *Roch. Val.*

G U I L F.

My Senses blaze, my last I know is come,
My last of Hours, 'tis wondrous horrid now,

My

My lawless Love, and boundless Power reproach me.

Lee's Mith.

O POWER of Guilt, you fear to stand the Test,
Which Virtue brings, like Sores your Vices shake
Before this *Roman* Healer : but by the Gods
Before I go, I'll rip the Malady,
And let the Venom flow before your Eyes.' *Lee's Theod.*

HENCEFORTH, let no Man trust the first false Step
Of Guilt, it hangs upon a Precipice,
Whose steep Descent in last Perdition ends.
How far I'm plung'd down beyond all Thought,
Which I this Evening fram'd ; but be it so,
Consummate Horror, Guilt beyond a Name !
Dare not my Soul repent ; in thee Repentance
Were second Guilt, and thou blasphem'st just Heav'n
By hoping Mercy. Ah my Pains will cease,
When Gods want Power to punish ;
Rise never more, O Sun let Night prevail,
Eternal Darkness close the World's wide Scene,
And hide me from *Nicanor* and my self. *Young's Busiris.*

LET us go together,
Full of our Guilt, distracted where to roam,
Like the first wretched pair, dispell'd their Paradise,
Let's find some Place, where Adders nest in Winter,
Loathsome and venomous, where Poisons hang
Like Gums against the Walls, where Witches meet
By Night and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,
Fat with the blood of Babes ; there we'll inhabit.

Ot-w. Orphan.

GUILT is the Source of Sorrow, 'tis the Fiend,
Th' avenging Fiend, that follows us behind
With Whips and Stings.

Roswe's Fair Pen.

WHEN Guilt is in its Blush of Infancy,
It trembles in a Tenderness of Shame ;
And the first Eye that pierces thro' the Veil,
That hides the Secret, brings it to the Face.
But thine amazes me, and seems confirm'd

Beyond

Beyond Confusion bold, and dares the Light.

Southerne's Spart. Dame.

WHY all these Signs in Nature, why this Tumult,
To tell me I am guilty? if my Crown
The Fates demand, why let them take it back.
My Crown indeed I may resign, but Oh!
Who can awake the Dead?
'Tis hence these Speeches shock my Midnight Thoughts,
And Nature's Laws are broke to discompose me;
'Tis I that whirl these Hurricanes in Air,
And shake the Earth's Foundations with my Guilt.

Young's Busiris.

EARTH open quick, and take me to the Centre;
Ye Cedars, fall and crush me, to conceal me:
But what Retreat can hide me from my Thoughts?
For I have seen my Shame, and that's to me
As much as if the assembled World beheld it!

Den. Rise. & Arm.

WHERE shall I find a Refuge?
No Barb'rous Nation will receive a Guilt
So much transcending their's; but drive me out:
The wildest Beasts will hunt me from their Dens,
And Birds of Prey molest me in the Grave. *Lee's Alex.*

THOUGHTS cannot form themselves in Words so
horrid,

As can express my Guilt.

Dryd. All for Love.

BEHOLD her guilty Looks; for Guilt will speak,
Tho' Tongues were out of Use. *Shakesf. Othello.*

THE Horror that attends on waking Guilt,
Now seizes on my Thoughts, and hurries them
Into the Wildness of a mad Despair. *South. Disap.*

AND dost thou bear me yet, thou passive Earth?
Dost thou not labour with my murd'rous Weight?
And you, ye glittering heavenly Hosts of Stars,
Hide your fair Heads in Clouds, or I shall blast you;
For I am all Contagion, Death, and Ruin,
And Nature sickens at me.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

Now

Now as I pass, the crowded Way shall sound
With hissing Scorn, and murm'ring Detestation;
The latest Annals shall record my Shame;
And when th' avenging Muse with pointed Rage
Would sink some impious Woman down to Hell,
She'll say, she's base, she's false, she's foul as *Phædra*.

Smith's Phædra.

WHY dost thou tremble when I look upon thee?
When thou would'st speak, upon thy fault'ring Tongue
Thy Accents die. All Arguments of Guilt!
Thy Colour goes and comes upon thy Face,
And thy young Treason blushes to be seen:
The murder'd Body, at the Murd'rer's Touch,
Will bleed afresh; nor can Betrayers bear
The Sight of one betray'd without Confusion.

Lanf. Her. Love.

WHY do they lay me on a Couch of Thorns?
How should I rest? They bid me close my Eyes;
But thro' the Lids I see a thousand Forms;
Numberless Terrors! I shut both Ears; and yet
I hear infernal Howlings! Death and Despair
Have laid hold upon me——O miserable that I am!
Wou'd I had died as innocent as *Gloucester*!
Let me think no more: Is there no Physician
Can cure the Mind? Nothing to kill Reflection?
That I could drink Oblivion down! O when
Shall I have Rest?

Phil. D. of Gloucester.

THE Noon of Night is past, and gentle Sleep,
Which friendly waits upon the labour'd Hind,
Flies from the Embraces of a Monarch's Arms:
The Mind disturb'd denies the Body Rest.
Of all the Evils that attend Mankind,
Spite of Philosophy, the worst is Death;
Or wherefore does our Nature fear it most?

Sturmy's Love and Duty.



H A G.



N a close Lane, as I pursued my Journey,
I spy'd a wither'd Hag, with Age grown
double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her
self;

Her Eyes with scalding Rheum, were gall'd and red,
Cold Palsy shook her Head, her Hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd Remnants of an old strip'd Hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her Carcass from the Cold :
So there was nothing of a Piece about her,
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsly patch'd
With different colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness.

Otw. Orph.

H A N D.

GIVE me your Hand, this Hand is moist,
This argues fruitfulness and liberal Heart;
Hot, hot, and moist; this Hand of yours requires
Much Castigation, Exercise devout.
For here's a young and sweating Devil here,
That commonly rebels:

Shakes. Othello.

I TAKE thy Hand, this Hand,
As soft as Dove's Down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian's* Tooth, or the fan'd Snow,
That's bolted by the Northern Blast twice over.

Shakes. Winter's Tale.

H A P P I N E S S.

H A P P I N E S S .

Doſt thou come to make my Blifs run o'er,
Why is there more to wiſh? Fortune can find
No Flaw in ſuch a Glut of Happineſs,
To let one Miſery in. *Lee's Theod.*

THE Gods, my dear moſt loved *Theodoſius*,
Double all thoſe Joys that thou haſt met upon thee;
And oh! methinks my Soul is ſtrangely mov'd;
Takes it the more unkindly of her Stars,
That thou and I cannot be bleſ'd together. *Ibid.*

You ſee, fair *Elfrid*, how you charm my Thoughts,
I cannot count the Hours while you are by.
My Bleſſings, like Time's Moments, paſs untold,
For the rich Joys you give ſlip by unmark'd,
While ſtill freſh Joys ſucceed them; my paſt Blifs
In a contracted Circle ſtrikes Remembrance,
While future Oceans of immenſe Delight
Roll deeply thro' the Proſpects of my Soul.
Oh! could the ſinful World be bleſ'd like me!
Like me be chaſtly happy! Vice would die,
And the deluded Taſte of giddy Man,
Find Innocence and Happineſs no Strangers.

Hill's Elfrid.

ALL Happineſs is ſeated in Content. *Orw. Cai. Mar.*

In wiſhing nothing, we enjoy ſtill moſt:
For even our Wiſh is in Poſſeſſion loſt.
Reſtleſs we wander to a new Deſire,
And burn our ſelves by blowing up the Fire.
We toſs and turn about our fev'riſh Will,
When all our Eaſe muſt come by lying ſtill:
For all the Happineſs Mankind can gain,
Is not in Pleaſure, but in Reſt from Pain.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

No Happineſs can be where is no Reſt,
Th' unknown, untalk'd-of Man, is only bleſt.

I

He,

He, as in some safe Cliff, his Cell does keep,
 From thence he views the Labour of the Deep :
 The Gold-fraught Vessel, which mad Tempests beat,
 He sees now vainly make to his Retreat ;
 And when from far the tenth Wave does appear,
 Shrinks up in silent Joy he is not there. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

To be good is to be happy : Angels
 Are happier than Men, because they're better.
 Guilt is the Source of Sorrow ; 'tis the Fiend,
 Th' avenging Fiend that follows us behind
 With Whips and Stings : the Bless'd know none of this,
 But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind,
 And find the Height of all their Heav'n is Goodness.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

WHAT is that Thing call'd Happiness, which Men
 With so much Noise and eager Zeal pursue
 So many sev'ral Ways ; each hoping to
 Attain it in the Possession of some
 Distant long'd-for Blessing, tho' all alike
 In vain ; for even that darling Blessing,
 Plac'd in a nearer Light, and once enjoy'd,
 Loses but too much of its wonted Lustre ;
 Or else, encounter'd with rude Crosses from
 Abroad, is lost and buried in a thick
 And dismal Cloud of rank uneasy Cares. *Film. Unn. Bro.*

H A T R E D.

I HATE his Sight,
 And shall till Death has made it lovely to me.

THIS is Hatred ;

She loaths, detests him, flies his hated Presence,
 And shrinks, and trembles at his very Name.

Smith's Phed. Hip.

My Heart heaves up, and swells ; he's Poison to me :
 My injur'd Honour, and my ravish'd Love
 Bleed at my Murderer's Sight.

Dryd. Don Seb.

I H A D

I HAD much rather see
A crested Dragon, or a Basilisk:
Both are less Poison to my Eyes and Nature. *Ibid.*
By the Head of *Jove*,
I hate him worse than Famine or Diseases:
Perish his Family, let inveterate Hate
Commence between our Houses from this Moment,
And meeting never let them bloodless part.

Otaw. Cai. Mar.

He is my Bane, I cannot bear him;
One Heaven and Earth can never hold us both:
Still shall we hate, and with Defiance deadly
Keep Rage alive, till one be lost for ever:
As if two Suns should meet in one Meridian,
And strive in fiery Combat for the Passage. *Rowe's Tam.*

H E A R T.

My Heart is turn'd to Stone,
I strike it and it hurts my Hand. *Shakesf. Othello.*

My heavy Heart, the Prophetess of Woe,
Forebodes some Ill at Hand. *Dryd. Sp. Fryar.*

My lab'ring Heart, that swells with Indignation,
Heaves to discharge its Burden; that once done,
The busy Thing shall rest within its Cell,
And never beat again. *Rowe's Fair Pen.*

His mounting Heart bounces against my Hand,
As if it would thrust off his manly Soul. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Now Heart,
Be ribb'd with Iron for this one Attempt,
Set ope thy Sluices, send the vig'rous Blood
Thro' ev'ry active Limb for my Relief;
Then take thy Rest within thy quiet Cell,
For thou shalt drum no more. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

H E L L.

EACH dismal Minute, when I call to Mind
 The Promise that I made the Prince of Hell,
 In one and twenty Years to be his Slave,
 Of which near twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
 The Words of Reason roll into their Spring.
 O horrid Thought! but one and twenty Years,
 And twelve near past; then to be steep'd in Fire,
 Dash'd against Rocks, or snatch'd from molten Lead,
 Reeking, and dropping Piece-meal, born by Winds,
 And quench'd ten thousand Fathom in the Deep.

Dryd. D. of Guise.

WHERE am I now? upon the Brink of Life;
 The Gulph before me, Devils to push me on,
 And Heav'n behind me, closing all its Doors:
 A thousand Years for ev'ry Hour I've past:
 O could I scape so cheap! But ever! ever!
 Still to begin an endless Round of Woes!
 To be renew'd for Pains, and last for Hell!
 Yet can Pains last, when Bodies cannot last?
 Can earthly Substance endless Flames endure?
 Or when one Body wears, and flies away,
 Do Souls thrust forth another Crust of Clay?

Ibid.

SEE Hell sets wide its adamantine Doors:
 See thro' the sable Gates the black *Cocytus*
 In smoky Circles roll its fiery Waves:
 Hear, hear the stunning Harmonies of Woe,
 The Din of rattling Chains, the Clash of Whips,
 The Groans of loud Complaints, of piercing Shrieks,
 That wide thro' all its gloomy World resound:
 How huge *Megæra* stalks! What streaming Fires
 Blaze from her glaring Eyes! What Serpents curl
 In horrid Wreaths, and hiss around her Head!
 Now, now she drags me to the Bar of *Minos*:
 See how the awful Judges of the Dead,
 Look stedfast, Hate, and horrible Dismay:

See

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See *Minos* turns away his lothing Eyes,
Rage choaks his struggling Words, the fatal Urn
Drops from his trembling Hands. *Smith's Ph. Hip.*

O THOU hast given me such a Glimpse of Hell,
So push'd me forward, even to the Brink
Of that irremediable burning Gulph,
That, looking in the Abyſs, I dare not leap.
Dryd. Don Seb.

THY Lot will be
Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur,
Vicissitudes of Fires, and then of Frosts. *Dryd. Oed.*

I SAW the burning Centre,
Saw the dire Secrets of th' infernal World;
Beheld the severe Judges of pale Ghosts,
The Furies, and th' inexorable King;
Beheld the molten Gold of flying *Styx*,
That casts a dismal Light and scares the Damn'd;
Millions of Ghosts, that stared with stony Eyes,
And gnash'd with Iron Teeth, I there beheld,
Toss'd from the Banks amidst the flaming Gold,
And plung'd by red-hot Tongues of snaky Furies.
Den. Ap. Virg.

H O N E S T Y.

POWERFUL Villany first set it up
For its own Ease and Safety: Honest Men
Are the soft easy Cushions, on which Knaves
Repose and fatten. Were all Mankind Villains,
They'd starve each other: Lawyers would want Practice,
Cut-throats Rewards; each Man would kill his Brother,
Himself; none would be paid, or hang'd for Murder.
Honesty! 'Twas a Cheat invented first
To bind the Hands of bold deserving Rogues,
That Fools and Cowards might sit safe in Power,
And lord it uncontroul'd above their Betters.
Otw. Ven. Pres.

I PAY my Debts,
 I steal from no Man; would not cut a Throat
 To gain Admission to a great Man's Purse,
 Or a Whore's Bed; I'd not betray my Friend,
 To get his Place or Fortune: I scorn to flatter
 A blown-up Fool above me, or crush the Wretch beneath
 me. *Ibid.*

H O N O U R.

WE lay these Honours on this Man,
 To ease our selves of divers slanderous Loads;
 He shall but bear them as the Ass bears Gold,
 To groan and sweat under the Bus'ness,
 Or led or driven as we point the Way,
 And having brought our Treasure where we will,
 Then take we down, and turn his Load, and turn him
 off;

Like to the empty Ass to shake his Ears,
 And graze in Commons.

HONOUR! a raging Fit of Virtue in the Soul,
 A painful Burden, which great Minds must bear,
 Obtain'd with Danger, and possess'd with Fear.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

WHAT is the vain fantastick Pageant, Honour?
 This busy angry Thing that scatters Discord
 Amongst the mighty Princes of the Earth
 And sets the madding Nations in an Uproar?

Rowe's Ulysses.

THIS Honour is the veriest Mountebank;
 It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks,
 And makes us freakish. What a Cheat must that be,
 Which robs our Life of all their softer Hours?
 Beauty, our only Treasure, it lays waste;
 Hurries us over our neglected Youth,
 To the detested State of Age and Ugliness,
 Tearing our dearest Heart's Desire from us.
 Then in Reward of what it took away,

Our

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Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wishes, and Delights,
It bountifully pays us all with Pride.

Poor Shifts ! still to be proud, and never pleas'd !
Yet this is all your Honour can do for you. *Roch. Val.*

HONOUR's a sacred Tie, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her Actions where she is not :
It is not to be sported with. *Add. Cato.*

WOMENS Honour
Is nice as Ermin, will not bear a Soil. *Dryd. Don Seb.*
HONOUR's the Soldier's Treasure, bought with Blood,
And kept at Life's Expence. *Rowe's Fair Pen.*

BASE groveling Souls ne'er know true Honour's
Worth,
But weigh it out in mercenary Scales :
The secret Pleasure of a generous Act
Is the great Mind's great Bribe. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

HE was a Man
That liv'd up to the Standard of his Honour,
And prized that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth :
He'd not have done a shameful Thing but once ;
Tho' kept in Darkness from the World, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himself. *Osw. Orph.*

HONOUR's a fine imaginary Notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd Men
To real Mischiefs, while they hunt a Shadow.
Add. Cato.

LET Honour come, I'll stand the stalking Nothing ;
And when the bladder'd Air would turn the Balance,
I'll cast in Love, substantial pond'rous Love,
Eternal Love, and hurl him to the Beam.

Lee's Pr. of Clever.

H O P E. See SUPPOSITION.

YOUR Hopes are like happy Blossoms fair,
And promise timely Fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing. *Ben. Johnson's Volpone.*

OH I could listen an Eternity
To those delightful Accents, I could dwell
For ever on those Lips that bade me Hope. *Beck. Scipio.*

HOPE, with a goodly Prospect feeds the Eye,
Shews from a rising Ground Possession nigh;
Shortens the Distance, or o'erlooks it quite,
So easy 'tis to travel with the Sight. *Dryd. Aur.*

HOPE's a Lover's Staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing Thoughts.
Shakesf. Two Gent. of Verona.

H O R R O R.

SURE 'tis a Horror more than Darkneſs brings,
That ſits upon the Night! Fate is abroad:
Some ruling Fiend hangs in the duſky Air,
And ſcatters Ruin, Death, and wild Diſtraction
O'er all the wretched Race of Men below. *Rowe's Tam.*

METHINKS we ſtand on Ruin; Nature ſnakes
About us: and the univerſal Frame's
So looſe, that it but wants another Puſh
To leap from its Hinges.
No Sun to cheer us, but a bloody Globe
That rolls above; a bald and beamleſs Fire:
His Face o'ergrown with Scurf; for no Sun ſhines,
But a dim winking Taper in the Skies,
That nods, and ſcarce holds up his drowſy Head,
To glimmer thro' the Damps. Therefore the Seaſons
Lie all confus'd, and by the Heav'ns neglected,
Forget themſelves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
In his Midway; and ſeeing not his Livery,
Has driven him headlong back. *Dryd. Oed.*

SURE

SURE 'tis the End of all Things! Fate has torn
The lock of Time off, and his Head is now
The ghastly Ball of round Eternity!
Call you these Peals of Thunder but the Yawn
Of bellowing Clouds? By *Jove*, they seem to me
The World's last Groans! And those vast Sheets of
Flame

Are its last Blaze! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen Globes,
And Chaos is at Hand!

Did ever Night or Day shew ought like this?
Answer, ye Powers divine! Spare all this Noise,
This Rack of Heav'n, and speak your fatal Pleasures:
If that the Glow-worm Light of human Reason
Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this Storm of Nature?
Why do the Rocks split, and why rolls the Sea?
Why these Portents in Heaven, and Plagues on Earth?
Why these gigantic Forms, ethereal Monsters? *Ibid.*

TELL me, what means this Anger of the Heavens?
Why did the Eve descend so dismal dark?
Why not one Star to glimmer thro' the Skies?
Why fall those Clouds so thick? Why fits the Night
So heavy on the Brows of bended Mountains? *Hopl. Pyrrh.*

AN universal Horror

Struck thro' my Eyes, and chill'd my very Heart:
The chearful Day was every where shut out
With Care, and left a more than Midnight Darknefs,
Such as might ev'n be felt: A few dim Lamps,
That feebly lifted up their sickly Heads,
Look'd faintly thro' the Shade, and made it seem
More dismal by such Light: While those that waited
In solemn Sorrow, mix'd with wild Amazement,
Observ'd a dreadful Silence. *Rowe's Amb. Stepm.*

ASCEND, ye Ghosts, fantastick Forms of Night,
In all your different dreadful Shapes ascend,
And match the present Horror if you can.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

IF we could recount
Our baleful News, and at each Word's Deliverance
Stab poniards in our Flesh, till all were told,
The Words would add more Anguish than the Wounds.

Shakesf. Hen. VI.

H O U N D S.

I WAS with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a Wood of *Crete* they bay'd the Boar
With Hounds of *Sparta*. Never did I hear
Such gallant Chiding; for beside the Groves,
The Skies, the Fountains, every Region near,
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard
So musical a Discord, such sweet Thunder!
My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* Kind,
So flued, so fanded, and their Heads are hung
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew,
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd; like *Thessalian* Bulls,
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,
Each under each: A Cry more tuneable
Was never holloo'd to, nor chear'd with Horn.

Shakesf. Midf. Night's Dream.

My Hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill Echo from the hollow Earth.

Shakesf. Tam. Shrew.

WHEN thro' the Woods we chas'd the foaming Boar,
With Hounds that open'd like *Thessalian* Bulls,
Like Tygers flued, and fanded as the Shore,
With Ears and Chests that dash'd the Morning Dew;
Driven with the Sport, as Ships are toss'd in Storms,
We ran like Winds, and matchless was our Course;
Now sweeping o'er the Summit of a Hill;
Now with a full Career came thund'ring down
The Precipice, and swept along the Vale. *Lee's Theod.*

H U R R I C A N E.

HURRICANE. See DESARTS.

HUSBAND and WIFE.

My Lord and I
Have mingled Souls like melting Streams :
Can you divide the Waters Drop by Drop,
And reunite them to their former Currents ?
Can you command the glorious Light to stay,
When the Sun leaves us ? Our two blended Hearts
Are rivetted by Fortune, Time, and Fate.

Johns. Success. Pirate.

ARE we not one ? Are we not join'd by Heav'n ?
Each interwoven with the other's Fate ?
Are we not mix'd like Streams of meeting Rivers,
Whose blended Waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roll into the Sea one common Flood ?

Rowe's Fair Pen.

FORCE, and the Will of our imperious Rulers,
May bind two Bodies in one wretched Chain ;
But Minds will still look back to their own Choice.
So the poor Captive in a foreign Realm,
Stands on the Shore, and sends his Wishes back
To the dear native Land from whence he came. *Ibid.*

WHEN Souls, that should agree to will the same,
To have one common Object for their Wishes,
Look different Ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a Train of Wretchedness ensues !
Love shall be banish'd from the genial Bed,
The Nights shall all be lonely and unquiet,
And every Day shall be a Day of Cares. *Ibid.*

WHAT can be sweeter than our native Home ?
Thither: for Ease and soft Repose we come.
Home is the sacred Refuge of our Life,
Secur'd from all Approaches but a Wife.
If thence we fly, the Cause admits no Doubt,
None but an inmate Foe could force us out.

Clamours our Privacies uneasy make,
Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their Haunts
forsake. *Dryd. Auren.*

AND yet of Marriage-Bands I'm weary grown;
Love scorns all Ties but those that are his own:
Chains that are dragged must needs uneasy prove,
For there's a god-like Liberty in Love. *Ibid.*

SURE of all Ills domestic are the worst;
When we lay next us what we hold most dear,
Like *Hercules*, envenom'd Shirts we wear,
And cleaving Mischiefs. *Ibid.*

SECRETS of Marriage still are sacred held,
Their Sweet and Bitter by the Wife conceal'd.
Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands still,
And when divulg'd, proclaim they've chosen ill.
And the mysterious Power of Bed and Throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown. *Ibid.*

MENS Eyes are not so subtle, to perceive
My inward Misery: I bear my Grief
Hid from the World. How am I wretched then?
For ought I know all Husbands are like me,
And ev'ry Man I talk to of his Wife,
Is but a well Dissembler of his Woes,
As I am. *Beaum. Maid's Tragedy.*

FEW know what Care a Husband's Peace destroys,
His real Grievs, and his dissembled Joys.

WHAT rugged Ways attend our Noon of Life!
Our Sun declines, and with what anxious Strife,
What Pains, we tug that galling Load, a Wife. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Cong. Old Batch.

ALL Courses the first Heat with Vigour run,
But 'tis with Whips and Spurs the Race is won.

WOULD I had never married, for now, methinks,
I've bound up for my self a Weight of Cares;
And how the Burden will be born, none knows:
A Husband may be jealous, rigid, false,
And should *Castalio* e'er prove so to me,

So tender is my Heart, so nice my Love,
'Twould ruin and distract my Breast for ever.

Otw. Orph.

THERE'S no Condition sure so curst as mine:
I'm married! Death! I'm sped! How like a Dog
Look'd *Hercules* thus to a Distaff chain'd.

Ibid.

WHAT Woman, when
Her Blood boils up, and wantons in her Veins,
When her hot-panting Pulse beats to the Joy;
What Woman then would quench a generous Flame
In an unactive heavy Husband's Arms,
That tires and jades our Expectations
In the first Stretch of Love, then dully falls
To his old Trot, and drudges out the Course.

South. Disap.

Now she has bound me fast, she means to lord it,
To run me hard, and ride me at her Will,
Till by Degrees she shape me into Fool,
For all her future Uses.

Otw. Orph.

OH! for a Curse upon the cunning Priest,
Who conjur'd us together in a Yoke
That galls me now.

South. Disap.



JEALOUSY. See REVENGE.



BEWARE of Jealousy,
It is a green-ey'd Monster, which doth
mock

The Meat it feeds on:

Oh what damned Minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves.

Shakes. Othello.

THINK'ST I'd make a Life of Jealousy,
To follow still the Changes of the Moon

With

With fresh Suspitions? no, to be once in Doubt,
Is once to be resolved.

'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my Wife is fair, feeds well, loves Company,
Is free of Speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where Virtue is, these are most virtuous.

Nor from my weak Merits will I draw
The smallest Fear or Doubt of her Revolt,
For she had Eyes and chose me. No, *Jago*,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt prove:

Ibid.

LOVE reigns a very Tyrant in my Breast;
Attended on his Throne by all his Guard
Of furious Wishes, Fears, and nice Suspitions.

Ottw. Cai. Mar.

JEALOUSY! Each other Passion's calm
To thee; thou Conflagration of the Soul!
Thou King of Torments! Thou grand Counterpoise
For all the Transports Beauty can inspire.

Young's Revenge.

O JEALOUSY! thou Bane of pleasing Friendship!
Thou worst Invader of our tender Bosoms!
How does thy Rancour poison all our Sweetness,
And turn our gentle Nature into Bitterness!
See where she comes! Once my Eyes dearest Blessing!
Now my chang'd Eyes are blasted with her Beauty,
Loath that known Face, and sicken to behold it,

Rowe's Jane Shore.

ACCURSED Jealousy!

O merciless, wild, and unforgiving Fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd Mischief,
And murders all it meets. Curs'd be its Rage;
For there is none so deadly. Doubly cursed
Be all those easy Fools who give it Harbour;
Who turn a Monster loose among Mankind,
Fiercer than Famine, War, or spotted Pestilence,
Baneful as Death, and horrible as Hell.

Ibid.

It is a Monster
Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Shakesp. Othello.

TRIFLES

TRIFLES, light as Air,
Are to the Jealous Confirmation strong
As Proofs of Holy Writ.

Ibid.

To doubt's an Injury; to suspect a Friend
Is Breach of Friendship: Jealousy's a Seed
Sown but in vicious Minds; prone to distrust,
Because apt to deceive.

Lanf. Her. Love.

OF you I am not jealous;
'Tis my own Indefert that gives me Fears,
And Tendernefs forms Dangers where they're not.
I doubt and envy all Things that approach thee:
Not a fond Mother of a long-wish'd for only Child,
Behold with such kind Terrors her Infant Offspring,
As I do her I love. She thinks its Food, if she's not by,
Unwholesome, and all the ambient Air
Made up of Fevers, and of Quartan Agues,
Except she shrowds it in her Arms;
Such is my unpitied anxious Care for you.

Steel's Ly. Love.

THE greater Care the higher Passion shews;
We hold that dearest, we most fear to lose.
Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun;
But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone:
And in those Climes which most his Scorching know,
He makes the noblest Fruits and Metals grow.

Dryd. Conq. Gran.

JEALOUSY is a noble Crime;
'Tis the high Pulse of Passion in a Fever;
A sickly Drought, but shews a burning Thirst.

Dryd. Amph.

AH! why are not the Hearts of Women known?
False Women to new Joys unseen can move,
There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love:
All Goods besides by publick Marks are known,
But that we most desire to keep has none.
No Sign of Love in jealous Men remains,
But that which sick Men have of Life, their Pains.

Dryd. Conq. Gran.

SMALL

SMALL Jealousies, 'tis true, inflame Desire,
The Great not fan, but quite put out the Fire.

Dryd. Auren.

LOVE reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart,
Attended on his Throne by all his Guard
Of furious Wishes, Fears, and nice Suspensions.

Orw. Orph.

IF I do prove her haggard,
Tho' that her Tresses were my dear Heart-Strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the Wind,
To prey at Fortune.
Villain! be sure thou prove my Love a Whore;
Be sure of it, give me the ocular Proof,
Or, by the Worth of my eternal Soul,
Thou'dst much better have been born a Dog,
Than answer my wak'd Wrath.
Make me to see it, or at least so prove it,
That the Probation bear no Hinge, no Loop
To hang a Doubt on, or Woe upon thy Life!
If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all Remorse;
On Horror's Head Horrors accumulate;
Do Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing can'st thou to Damnation add
Greater than that.

Ibid.

WHAT could'st thou propose
Less to thy self than in this Heat of Wrath,
And stung with my Dishonour, I shou'd strike
This Steel into thee with as many Stabs,
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish Eyes?

B. Johnson's Volpone.

IF you doubt
My Chastity, why lock me up for ever.
Make me the Heir of Darkneſs, let me live
Where I may please your Fears, if not your Trust.

Ibid.

IF you are wise and prize your peace of Mind,
Believe me true, nor listen to your Jealousy,

Let

Let not that Devil which undoes your Sex,
That cursed Curiosity seduce you,
To hunt for needless Secrets which neglected,
Shall never hurt your Quiet, but once known,
Shall sit upon your Heart, pinch it with Pain,
And banish the sweet Sleep for ever from you.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

By the World,

I think my Wife is honest, and think she is not,
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not,
I'll have some Proof, her Name that was as fresh
As *Dian's* Visage is now begrim'd and black.

If there be Cords or Knives,
Poison, or Fire, or suffocating Steams,
I'll not endure it, would I were satisfy'd.

Ibid.

Jago — how satisfy'd my Lord,
Would you be Supervisor, grossly gape on,
Behold her topt?

It were a tedious Difficulty I think
To bring 'em to that Prospect;
What then, how then,
What shall I say, where's Satisfaction,
It is impossible you should see this.

But yet I say,

If Imputation and strong Circumstances,
Which lead directly to the Door of Truth,
Will give you Satisfaction, you might ha't.

Ibid.

Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, *Jago*,
All my fond Love, thus do I blow to Heav'n,
'Tis gone.

Arise, black Vengeance, from thy hollow Cell,
Yield up, O Love thy Crown and hearted Throne,
To tyrannous Hate! swell Bosom with thy Fraught,
For 'tis of Aspics Tongues.

O PLAGUE me, Heav'n, plague me with all the
Woes

That Man can suffer. Root up my Possessions.
Shipwreck my far-sought Ballast in the Haven.

Fire

Fire all my Cities! burn my Dukedoms down!
 Let Midnight Wolves howl in my Desert Chambers!
 May the Earth yawn! shatter the Frame of Nature!
 Let the wreck'd Orbs in Whilwinds round me move!
 But save me from the Rage of jealous Love!

Lee's Cæf. Borg.

How frail, how cowardly is Woman's Mind!
 We shriek at Thunder, dread the rustling Wind;
 And glitt'ring Swords the brightest Eyes will blind
 Yet when strong Jealousy inflames the Soul,
 The Weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roul.

Lee's Alex.

Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look strange, and frown;
 Some other Mistress hath some sweet Aspects.
 I am not *Adriana*, nor thy Wife. *Shakef. Com. of Errors.*
 JEALOUSY that yellow Fiend hath dipp'd the Torch
 in Gall,

And now 'twill light no more.

Fent. Mariam.

I, WHOSE Life
 Was bound with thine, by striving to secure
 Thy Beauties all my own, have kill'd the Dove
 I fondly grasp'd too close.

Ibid.

IMPRECATIONS. See FALSHOOD.
 See RIVAL.

FALL then, ye Mountains, on my guilty Head.
 Hide me, ye Rocks, within your secret Caverns,
 Cast thy black Veil upon my Shame, O Night!
 And shield me with thy Sable Wing for ever.

Rowe's Jane Short.

BLOW Winds and crack your Cheeks, rage, blow,
 You Cataracts and Hurricanes spout
 Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown'd the Cocks.
 You Sulph'rous and thought-executing Fires,
 Vaunt-Curriers of Oak-cleaving Thunderbolts,
 Singe my white Head. And thou, all-shaking Thunder,
 Strike flat the thick Rotundity of the World,

Crack

the ENGLISH STAGE. 187

Crack Nature's Moulds all Germaines spill at once,
'That makes ingrateful Man. *Shakesf. K. Lear.*

Whip me, you Devils,
Blow me about in Winds, roast me in Sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down Gulphs of liquid Fire.
Shakesf. Othello.

RAIN, rain, ye Stars, spout from your burning Orbs,
Precipitated Fires, and pour in Sheets
The blazing Torrent on the Tyrant's Head,
Scorch and consume this curs'd perfidious King.

Cong. Mourn. Bride.

OH hear me, Heav'n! I'll speak it tho' I burst,
And tho' the Air had Ears, and serv'd the Tyrant,
Out it shou'd go; O hear me, thou great Justice,
The Miseries that wait upon his Mischiefs,
Let them be numberless, let no Eye pity him,
Ee'n when his Soul is loaded, and in Labour,
And wounded thro' and thro' with Guilt and Horror,
Then when his monstrous Sins like Earthquakes shake
him,

And those Eyes that had forgot Heav'n wou'd look up-
wards;

The bloody Alarms of Conscience still still beating;
Let Mercy fly, and Day struck into Darkness,
Leave his blind Soul to hunt out her own Horror.

Beaum. D. Mar.

HEAR, Nature, hear, dear Goddess, hear,
Suspend thy Purpose if thou didst intend
To make this Creature fruitful:
Into her Womb convey Sterility,
Dry up in her the Organs of Increase,
And from her derogate-Body never spring
A Babe to honour her. If she must teem
Create her Child of Spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd-Torment to her,
Let it stamp Wrinkles in her brow of Youth,
With cadent Tears, fret Channels in her Cheeks,
Turn all her Mother's Pains and Benefits,

To

188 *The BEAUTIES of*

To Laughter and Contempt.

Shakesf. K. Lear.

HUNG be the Heav'ns with black, gild Day to Night.
Comets importing Change to Times and States,
Brandish their golden Tresses in the Skies,
And with them scourge the bad revolted Stars
That have consented unto *Henry's* Death.

Shakesf. 1 Hen. VI.

LET Heav'n kiss Earth, now let Nature's Hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order dye;
And let the World no longer be a Stage,
To feed Contention in a lingring Act,
But let one Spirit of the first born *Cain*,
Reign on all Bosoms, that each Heart being set
On bloody Courses the rude Scene may end,
And Darknefs be the Burier of the Dead.

Shakesf. Hen. IV. 2d Part.

LET Ignominy brand thy hated Name;
Let modest Matrons at thy mention start:
And blushing Virgins when they read our Annals,
Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend,
And blots the noble Work.

Shakesf. Troil. Cress.

FINAL Destruction seize on all the World:
Bend down ye Heav'ns! and shutting round this Earth,
Crush the vile Globe into its first Confusion;
Scorch it with elemental Flames to one curst Cinder,
And all us little Creepers in it, call'd Men,
Burn, burn to nothing! But let *Venice* burn
Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle Hell,
Ne'er to extinguish; and let Souls hereafter
Groan here in all those Pains which mine feels now.

Otaw. Ven. Pref.

THAT I could reach the Axle, where the Pins are
Which bolt this Frame; that I might pull 'em out,
And pluck all into Chaos with my self!
Who would not fall with all the World about him?

Johns. Cat.

OH! that as oft I have at *Athens* seen
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;

So

So now in every Deed I might behold
The pond'rous Earth, and all yond Marble Roof,
Meet like the Hands of *Jove*, and crush Mankind :
For all the Elements, and all the Powers
Celestial, nay, terrestrial, and infernal,
Conspire the Rack of out-cast *Oedipus*.
Fall Darkness then, and everlasting Night ;
Shadow the Globe ! May the Sun never dawn ;
The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb !
And for a universal Rout of Nature,
Thro' all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,
May there not be a Glimpse, one starry Spark !
But Gods meet Gods, and jostle in the Dark !
That Jars may rise, and Wrath divine be hurl'd,
Which may to Atoms shake the solid World.

Lee's Oed.

Confusion and Disorder seize the World,
To spoil all Trust and Converse among Men ;
'Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,
In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Factions,
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schisms ;
'Till all Things move against the Course of Nature ;
'Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
And the Original of Being lost.

Otw. Orph.

LOOSEN'D Nature

Leap from its Hinges, sink the Props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to crush the nether World.

Dryd. All for Love.

LET me be branded for the publick Scorn,
Turn'd forth, and driven to wander like a Beggar ;
Be friendless and forsaken ; seek my Bread
Upon the barren, wild, and desolate Waste ;
Feed on my Sighs, and drink my falling Tears.

Rowe's J. Shore.

ALL Curses on me,
The Whips of Conscience, and the Stings of Pleasure,
Sores and Distempers, Disappointments, plague me.
May all my Life be one continu'd Torment ;

And

And that more racking than a Woman's Labour.

Lee's P. Cleve.

INCEST.

SHE is beauteous, yet, mighty Love,
I never offer'd to obey thy Laws
But an unusual Chilnefs came upon me,
An unknown Hand, still check'd my forward Joy;
Dash'd me with Blushes tho' no Light was near,
That ev'n the Act became a Violation. *Dryd. Oed.*

MURDER and Incest! but to hear 'em nam'd,
My Soul starts in me, the good Centinel
Stands to her Weapons, takes the first Alarm,
To guard me from such Crimes. *Ibid.*

By Heav'n, I'd rather
Embrue my Hands, up to my very Shoulders,
In the Entrails of the best of Fathers,
Than offer at the execrable Act
Of damned Incest. *Lee's Oed.*

Enjoy thy Mother!
What! violate with bestial Appetite,
The sacred Veils, that wrapp'd thee yet unborn!
That is not to be born. *Ibid.*

Now the baleful Off-springs brought to Light!
In horrid Form they rank themselves before me:
What shall I call this Medley of Creation?
Here one, with all the Obedience of a Son,
Borrowing *Jocasta's* Looks, kneels at my Feet,
And calls me Father; there a sturdy Boy,
Resembling *Laius*, just as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and with his cold Hand grasping mine,
Cries out, how fares my Brother *Oedipus*?
What! Sons and Brothers! Sisters, and Daughters too!
Fly, all be gone! fly from my whirling Brain:
Hence, Incest, Murder; hence, ye ghastly Figures!
O Gods! Gods! answer. Is there any Mean?
Let me go mad, or die, *Lee's Oed.*

INCEST

the ENGLISH STAGE. 191

INCEST! O name it not!

The very Mention shakes my inmost Soul:
The Gods are startled in their peaceful Mansions,
And Nature sickens at the shocking Sound.
Thou brutal Wretch, thou execrable Monster!
To break thro' all the Laws, that early flow
From untaught Reason, and distinguish Man:
Mix, like the senseless Herd, with bestial Lust;
Mother and Son, preposterously wicked:
To banish from thy Soul, the Reverence due
To Honour, Nature, and the genial Bed.

Smith's Ph. Hipp.

ALASS! I groan beneath

The Pain, the Guilt, the Shame of impious Love:
I love! alas, I shudder at the Name!
My Blood runs backward, and my faltering Tongue
Sticks at the Sound—I love—O righteous Heav'n!
Why was I born with such a Sense of Virtue?
So great Abhorrence of the smallest Crime,
And yet a Slave to such impetuous Guilt?
Rain on me, Gods, your Plagues, your sharpest Tortures,
Afflict my Soul with any Thing but Guilt;
And yet that Guilt is mine.

Ibid.

NATURE would abhor

To be forc'd back again upon her self;
And, like a Whirl-Pool, swallow her own Streams.

Dryd. Oed.

CUSTOM our native Royalty dows awe,
Promiscuous Love is Nature's eldest Law:
For whosoever the first Lovers were,
Brother and Sister made the second Pair;
And doubled by their Love their Piety.

Dryd. Auren.

INCONSTANCY. See FALSHOOD.

INCONSTANCY's the Plague that first or last
Paints the whole Sex, the catching Court Disease.

MAN

MAN therefore, was a Lord-like Creature made;
 Rough as the Winds, and as inconstant too:
 A lofty Aspect given him for Command;
 Easily soften'd, when he would betray:
 Like conqu'ring Tyrants, you our Breasts invade,
 Where you are pleas'd to ravage for a while:
 But soon you find new Conquests out, and leave
 The ravag'd Province ruinate and bare. *Otw. Orph.*

O INCONSTANT Man!
 How will you Promise! how will you deceive!
Otw. Ven. Pres.

How vainly would dull Moralists impose
 Limits on Love, whose Nature brooks no Laws:
 Love is a God, and like a God, should be
 Inconstant, with unbounded Liberty;
 Rove as he list. *Otw. Don Carl.*

INGRATITUDE.

SHE has ly'd
 Sharp-tooth'd Unkindness like a Vulture here,
 Look'd black upon me, struck me with her Tongue,
 Most Serpent like upon the very Heart.
Shakes. K. Lear.

RMUBLE thy Belly full, spit Fire, spout Rain,
 Nor Rain, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
 I tax you, not you Elements, with Unkindness.
 I never gave you Kingdom, call'd you Children,
 You owe me no Subscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible Pleasure. Here I stand your Slave,
 A poor infirm, weak, and despis'd old Man.
 But yet I call you servile Ministers,
 That will with two pernicious Daughters join
 Your high engender'd Battles 'gainst a Head
 So old and white as this. *Ibid.*

He that's ungrateful has no Guilt but one,
 All other Crimes may pass for Virtues in him.
Young's Bufris.
 BASE

the ENGLISH STAGE. 193

BASE Ingratitude

Is such a Sin to Friendship, as Heav'n's Mercy,
That strives with Man's untoward monstrous Wickedness,
Unwearied with forgiving, scarce once pardons.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

It was not always thus: The Time has been,
When this unfriendly Door, that barrs my Passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its Hinges,
To give me Entrance here; when this good House
Has pour'd forth all its Dwellers to receive me;
When my Approach has made a little Holiday;
And every Face was dress'd in Smiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwise, and those who bless'd me,
Now curse me to my Face.

Rowe's J. Shore.

THERE was a Time, when my *Alicia*
Has thought unhappy *Shore* her dearest Blessing,
And mourn'd that live-long Day she pass'd without me:
When pair'd, like Turtles, we were still together;
When often as we prattled Arm in Arm,
Inclining fondly to me, she has sworn,
She lov'd me more than all the World beside.

Ibid.

WHERE are thy Friends,
The dear Companions of thy joyful Days?
Whose Hearts thy warm Prosperity made glad;
Whose Arms were taught to grow like Ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their Bosoms? Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said;
For sure thou art the Sister of our Loves,
And nothing shall divide us—Now where are they?

Ah! where indeed? They stand aloof,
And view my Desolation from afar!
When they pass by, they shake their Heads in Scorn!

Ibid.

I COULD stand upright
Under the Tyranny of Age and Fortune;
But the sad Weight of such Ingratitude
Will crush me into Earth.

Den. Sophy.

FILIAL Ingratitude,

Is it not as this Mouth should tear his Hand,

For lifting Food to't?

Shakesf. K. Lear.

Is not the Bread thou eat'st, the Robe thou wear'st,
Thy Wealth, and Honours, all the pure Indulgence
Of him thou would'st destroy?

And would his Creature, nay, his Friend betray him?
Why then no Bond is left on human kind:

Distrusts, Debates, immortal Strifes ensue;

Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands;

All must be Wars, Rapine, and Desolation,

When Trust and Gratitude no longer bind.

Dryd. Don Seb.

INGRATITUDE! thou marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Than the Sea-Monster.

Shakesf. K. Lear.

INGRATITUDE's the Growth of every Clime.

Dryd. Don Seb.

BUT there's a Fate in Kindness,
Still to be least returned where most 'tis given.

Dryd. Sec. Love.

So often try'd, and ever found so true,
Has given me Trust, and Trust has given me Means
Once to be false for all.

Dryd. Don Sebast.

HE trusts us both! Mark that! Shall we betray him?
A Master, who reposes Life and Empire

On our Fidelity? I grant he is a Tyrant:

That hated Name my Nature most abhors;

More, as you say, has loaded me with Shame,

Ev'n with the last Contempt, to serve *Sebastian*:

Yet more, I know he vacates my Revenge,

Which by this Revolt, I cannot compass.

But while he trusts me, 'twere so base a Part,

To fawn, and yet betray, I should be hiss'd

And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.

Ibid.

BOTH false and faithless!

Draw near, ye well-join'd Wickedness, ye Serpents,
Whom I have in my kindly Bosom warm'd,

'Till

'Till I am stung to Death.

My whole Life

Has been a golden Dream of Love and Friendship,
But now I wake, I'm like a Merchant rouz'd
From soft Repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me but as the Swallow Summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams,
Singing her Flatteries to my Morning-Wake;
But now my Winter comes, she spreads her Wings,
And seeks the Spring of *Cæsar*. *Dryd. All for Love.*

He has profan'd the sacred Name of Friend
And worn it into Vileness:

With how secure a Brow, and specious Form,
He gilds the secret Villain! Sure that Face
Was meant for Honesty, but Heav'n mismatch'd it;
And furnish'd Treason out with Nature's Pomp,
To make its Work more easy.

See how he sets his Countenance for Deceit,
And promises a Lye before he speaks.

Ibid.

Two, two such!

O there's no further Name! two such to me!
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breast;
Had no Desire, no Joy, no Life, but you.
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my Heart: I had no Use,
No Fruit of all, but you; a Friend and Mistress,
Was all the World could give. O *Cleopatra*!

O *Dolabella*! how could you betray
This tender Heart, which with an infant Fondness
Lay lull'd between your Bosoms, and there slept
Secure of injur'd Faith? I can forgive
A Foe, but not a Mistress, and a Friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid Shape,
Where Trust is greatest; and the Soul resign'd,
Is stabb'd by her own Guards.

Ibid.

To break thy Faith,
And turn a Rebel to so good a Master,

Is an Ingratitude unmatched on Earth :
 The first revolting Angels Pride could only
 Do more than thou hast done : Thou copie'st well,
 And keep'st the black Original in view. *Rowe's Tam.*

I N N O C E N C E.

WE only who with Innocence unshaken,
 Have stood the Assaults of Fortune, now are happy.
 For tho' the worst of Men by high Permission,
 A while may flourish, and the best endure
 The sharpest Trials of exploring Misery,
 Yet let Mankind from these Examples learn,
 That powerful Villany at last shall mourn,
 And injur'd Virtue triumph in its turn. *Trap's Abram.* }

I THANK the Gods, no secret Thoughts reproach me,
 No; I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,
 And shake my Soul quite empty in their Sight.

A GENERAL Fierceness dwells with Innocence,
 And conscious Virtue is allow'd some Pride. *Dryd. Oed.*

SEE her my Friend! why is she innocent?
 O let the Tongues of Angels tune that Word,
 When they speak Comfort to despairing Souls!
 For there are Charms in ev'ry Letter there:
 The very Winds in silent Reverence
 Must listen to the Music of that Sound,
 And bear about, the Accent of my Joy.

South. Moth. in Fast.

WEALTHY Men,
 That have Estates to lose, whose conscious Thoughts
 Are full of inward Guilt, may shake with Horror,
 To have their Actions sifted, or appear
 Before the Judge: But we that know our selves
 As innocent as poor; that have no Fleece,
 On which the Talons of the griping Law
 Can sure take hold; may smile with Scorn on all
 That can be urged against us.

Beau. Sp. Curate.

LEAD

the ENGLISH STAGE. 197

LEAD on to Dungeons, Horror, Chains, and Death:
The Brave and Honest never are surpriz'd.

If there's a Life to come the Good are blest;
And if there's none, all have eternal Rest. *Hig. G. Con.*

THERE is no Courage, but in Innocence;
No Constancy, but in an honest Cause.

South. Fate of Capua.

WHAT stronger-Breast-Plate than a Heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that has his Quarrel just;
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in Steel,
Whose Conscience with Injustice is corrupted.

Shakesf. Hen. VI.

THE righteous Gods that Innocence require,
Protect the Goodness which themselves inspire:
Unguarded Virtue human Art defies,
Th' Accus'd is happy, while th' Accuser dies.

Smith's Ph. Hipp.

ON a Soul secure
In native Innocence, or Grief, or Joy,
Should make no deeper Prints than Air retains;
Where fleet alike the Vulture and the Dove,
And leave no Trace.

Fent. Mariam.

I N T E R E S T.

INTEREST, that bold imposer on our Fate,
That always to dark Ends misguides our Wills,
And with false Happiness smooths o'er our Wills.

Otw. Don Carlos.

INTEREST makes all seem Reason, that
Leads towards it.

Dryd. Sec. Love.

ALL seek their Ends, and each would other cheat:
They only seem to hate, and seem to love;
But Interest is the Point on which they move:
Their Friends are Foes, and Foes are Friends again,
And in their Turns are Knaves, and honest Men:

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Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold:
'Tis who bids most, for all Men would be sold.

Dryd. Amph.

ROUNDED in the Ear,
With that same Purpose. Changer, that sly Devil,
That Broker, that still breaks the Pale of Faith:
That daily Break-Vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of Beggars, old Men, young Men, Maids,
Who having no external Thing to lose,
But the Word *Maid* cheats the poor Maid of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling Commodity;
Commodity! the Bias of the World:
The World, who of it self is poised well,
Made to run even upon even Ground;
'Till this Advantage, this vile drawing Bias,
This Sway of Motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take Head from all Indifferency,
From all Direction, Purpose, Course, Intent;
And this same Bias, this Commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, that all-changing World,
Clapp'd on the outward Eye of fickle Fancy,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd Aid;
From a resolv'd and honourable War,
To a most base, and vile concluded Peace.
And why rail'd I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet;
Not that I have the Power to clutch my Hand,
When his fair Angels would salute my Palm:
But for my Hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor Beggar, railleth on the Rich.

Shakesf. K. John.

FOR

THOU should'st have brought me the transporting
News
Of her Arrival, with as great Impatience,
As if the inferior Monarchs of the World,
Were all unanimously come to lay Their

Their Scepters at my Footstool, and resign
The yet unconquer'd Globe. *Trap's Abram.*

LET the Kettle to the Trumpet speak,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without;
The Cannons to the Heav'ns, the Heav'ns to Earth.
Shakesf. Haml.

Joy is in every Face without a Cloud:
As in the Scene of opening Paradise,
The whole Creation danc'd at their new Being:
Pleas'd to be what they were, pleas'd with each other.
Dryd. Don Sebast.

A SECRET Pleasure trickles thro' my Veins;
It works about the Inlets of my Soul. *Ibid.*

Now, by my Soul, and by these hoary Hairs,
I'm so o'erwhelm'd with Pleasure, that I feel
A latter Spring within my wither'd Limbs,
That shoots me out again. *Ibid.*

SOME strange Reverse must sure attend
This vast Profusion, this Extravagance
Of Heav'n to bless me thus! 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the Stamp without Allay. *Ibid.*

Now my Veins swell, and my Arms grasp the Poles;
My Breasts grow bigger with the vast Delight:
'Tis Length of Rapture, and an Age of Fury!
Lee's Alex.

OH! you are so divine, and cause such Fondness,
That my Heart leaps, and beats, and feign would out,
To make a Dance of Joy about your Feet!
Such Extasy, Life cannot tarry long!
The Day comes on so fast, and beamy Joy
Darts with such Fierceness on me, Night will follow.
Ibid.

BEGONE, my Cares, I give you to the Winds.
Far to be born; far from the happy *Altamont*;
Far from the sacred *Æra* of my Love:
A better Order of succeeding Joys
Comes smiling forward, white, and lucky all.
Calista is the Mistress of the Year,

She crowns the Seasons with auspicious Beauty,
And bids even all my Hours be good and joyful.

Rowe's Fair. Pen.

LET Mirth go on, let Pleasure know no Pause;
But fill up ev'ry Minute of this Day.

Ibid.

BE still my Sorrows! and be loud my Joys!
Fly to the utmost Circle of the Seas,
Thou furious Tempest that hast toss'd my Mind,
And leave no Thought but *Leonora* there.
What's this I feel aboding in my Soul,
As if this Day were fatal? Be it so!
Fate shall have but the Leavings of my Love!
My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great:
The Lion, tho' he fees the Toils are set,
Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, scours away,
Hunts in the Face of Danger all the Day,
At Night with fullen Pleasure grumbles o'er his Prey.

Dryd. Span. Fryar.

SHE bids me hope; O Heav'ns! she pities me;
And Pity still foreruns approaching Love,
As Lightning does the Thunder. Tune your Harps,
Ye Angels, to that Sound! and thou, my Heart,
Make Room to entertain thy flowing Joys:
Hence all my Griefs, and every anxious Care;
One Look, and one kind Glance can cure Despair.

Ibid.

AM I then pity'd? I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this Moment o' my Joy:
But when my Soul is plung'd in long Oblivion;
Spare this one Thought, let me remember Pity;
And so deceiv'd, think all my Life was blest'd.

Ibid.

KNOWN, be it known to the Limits of the World;
Yet further, let it pass yond daz'ling Roof,
The Mansions of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf
With everlasting Peals of thund'ring Joy!
Oh! for this News, let Waters break their Bounds!
Rocks, Valleys, Hills, with splitting *Io's* ring!
Io Jocasta, Io Pæan, sing.

Lee's Oed.

Be

BE this the gen'ral Voice sent up to Heav'n,
And every publick Place repeat this Echo ;
To Pomp and Triumph give this happy Day :
Let Labour cease : set out before your Doors
The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd: With Laurel wreath your Posts,
And strew with Flowers the Pavement. Let the Priests
Do present Sacrifice: Pour out the Wine,
And call the Gods to join with you in Gladness.

Dryd. All for Love.

My Joy stops at my Tongue ;
But it has found two Channels here for one,
And bubbles out above.

Ibid.

My charmed Ears ne'er knew
A Sound of so much Rapture, so much Joy :
Not Voices, Instruments, nor warbling Birds ;
Not Winds, nor murmuring Waters join'd in Consort ;
Not tuneful Nature, nor th' according Spheres,
Utter such Harmony, as when my *Selima*,
With down-cast Looks and Blushes said, I love.

Rowe's Tam.

THERE'S not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that Hour thro' all his Care,
And shook his Chains in Transport and rude Harmony.

Cong. M. Bride.

O MY Soul's Joy !
If after every Tempest come such Calms,
May the Winds blow 'till they have waken'd Death,
And let the lab'ring Bark climb Hills of Seas
Olimpus high, and duck again as low
As Hell's from Heav'n. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ! for I fear,
My Soul has her Content so absolute,
That not another Comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Shakesf. Othello.

MINE is a Gleam of Bliss too hot to last ;
Watry it shines, and will be soon o'ercast. *Dryd. Auren.*

My plenteous Joys,
Wanton in Fullness, seek to hide themselves
In Drops of Sorrow. *Shakesf. Macb.*

I CANNOT speak, Tears so obstruct my Words,
And choke me with unutterable Joy. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

A SPRINGING Joy,
A Pleasure, which no Language can express,
An Extasy that Mothers only feel,
Plays round my Heart, and brightens up my Sorrow,
Like Gleams of Sunshine in a low'ring Sky.

Ph. Diff. Mother.

Too weak is Man this Rapture to contain,
And I shall die with Transport;
My Grief repell'd with Extasy of Joy,
The jarring Tides will overflow my Heart.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

I'm lost in Extasy!
How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul!
I am so blest'd, I fear 'tis all a Dream:
Fortune, thou now hast made Amends for all
Thy past Unkindness: I absolve my Stars. *Add. Cato.*

Why dost thou come to make my Bliss run o'er?
What is there more to wish? Fortune can find
No Flaw in such a Glut of Happiness,
To let one Misery in.—O my *Varanes!*
Thou, who of late didst seem to walk on Clouds!
Now give a Loose, let go the slacken'd Reins:
Let us drive down this Precipice of Joy,
As if that all the Winds of Heav'n were for us.

Lee's Theod.

O LET me find some Way
To tell the mighty Joy that fills my Breast,
Lest I grow mad with Height of furious Bliss.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

O THE transporting Joy!
Impetuous Flood of unexpected Rapture!
Whether I live, or no, I cannot tell. *Den. Iphig.*

How

How, which Way shall I try,
To utter my full Bliss? 'Tis in my Head,
'Tis in my Heart; and takes up all my Soul:
The Labour of my Fancy; and too vast
A Birth of Joy, to be disclos'd so soon.

South. Fat. Mar.

How all our Joys are set in Toils of Woe,
As after Darknes, Light the brighter shews;
So from our Sorrows all our Joys encrease.

How. Vest. Virg.

My Heart's so full of Joy,
That I shall do some wild Extravagance
Of Love in publick; and the foolish World,
Which knows not Tendernefs, will think me mad.

Dryd. All for Love.

WERE my whole Life to come one Heap of Trou-
bles,
The Pleasure of this Moment would suffice,
And sweeten all my Griefs with its Remembrance.

Lee's Mith.

WHEN to my ravish'd Ears you first confess'd
Your Love, and shot me thro' with trembling Joy;
The Stars flam'd brighter; and the Flowers breath'd
forth

A warmer Fragrancy: The gloomy Grove
Approv'd our Vows, and at our Contract smil'd.

Tate L. Gen.

J O V E.

THE mighty Jove
Fatigu'd with Empire, left his Throne above,
And for a While enjoy'd the Sweets of Love;
Then tow'ring high to his sublime Abode,
Shook Earth and Seas with his imperial Nod,
Return'd to thund'ring, and resum'd the God.

Trap's Abram.

So when of old, *Jove* from the *Titans* fled,
Ammon's rude Front his radiant Face bely'd;
 And all the Majesty of Heav'n lay hid:
 At length by Fate, to Power divine restor'd,
 His Thunder taught the World to know its Lord;
 The God grew terrible again, and was again ador'd.

Rowe's Tam.

So *Jove* look'd down upon the War of Atoms,
 And rude tumultuous *Chaos*, when as yet,
 Fair Nature, Form, and Order had no Being;
 But Discord and Confusion troubl'd all:
 Calm and serene upon his Throne he sate,
 Fix'd there by the eternal Law of Fate:
 Safe in himself, because he knew his Power,
 And knowing what he was, he knew he was secure.

Rowe's Ulyss.



K I N G.



DIADEM! thou Centre of Ambition,
 Where all its different Lines are reconcil'd,
 As if thou wert the burning Glass of Glory.
Dryd. Oed.

WELL have you done to snatch me from
 the Storm

Of racking Transport, where the little Streams
 Of Love, Revenge, and all the under Passions,
 As Waters are by sucking Whirl-pools drawn,
 Were quite devour'd in the vast Gulph of Empire, *Ibid.*

PRINCES are bar'd the Liberty to roam,
 The fetter'd Mind still languishes at home;
 In golden Bands she treads the thoughtful Round,
 Business and Cares eternally abound. *Lee's Theod.*

I WILL

I WILL not wear the Crown in Vain,
Subjects shall work my Will, or feel my Power.

Young's Busiris.

THOUGH the Slaves
Fall off from their Obedience and deny
That I'm their Monarch, I'm *Busiris* still:
Collected in my self I stand alone,
And hurl my Thunder, tho' I shake my Throne;
Like Death, a solitary King I'll reign
O'er silent Subjects and a Desert plain;
E'er brook their Pride, I'll spread a general Doom,
And every Step shall be from Tomb to Tomb.

Ibid.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble Livers in Content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistring Grief,
And wear a golden Sorrow. *Shakesf. Hen. VIII.*

WE view the outward Glories of a Crown;
But dazzl'd with the Lustre, cannot see
The Thorns which line it, and whose painful Prickings
Embitter all the pompous Sweets of Empire.
Happier the Wretch, who at his daily Toils,
Sweats for his homely Dinner, than a King
In all the dangerous Pomp of Royalty!
He knows no Fears of State to damp his Joys;
No Treason shakes the humble Bed he lyes on;
Nor dreads he Poison in his peaceful Bowls:
He sleeps contented in the guiltless Arms
Of his unjealous Consort;— Frightful Dreams
Break not his Slumbers, with the shocking Sight
Of bloody Daggers, and ideal Murders.
True, he's a Stranger to the Power of Kings;
But then again, he is as much a Stranger
To Kingly Cares and Miseries. *Hill's Elfrid.*

O POLISH'D Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchful Night: Sleep with it now,
Yet, not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As

As he whose Brow with homely Biggen bound,
 Snores out the Watch of Night. O Majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy Bearer, thou dost fit
 Like a rich Armour, worn in Heat of Day,
 That scald'st with Safety.

Shakesf. Hen. IV.

KINGS, like Heaven's Eye, should spread their Beams
 around,

Pleas'd to be seen while Glory's Race they run:

Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun.

Luxurious Kings are to the People lost;

They live like Drones upon the publick Cost. *Dryd. Auren.*

How wretchedly he rules,

That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools.

Dryd. Don Carlos.

KINGS who are Fathers, live but in their People.

Dryd. Don Seb.

WHAT'S Royalty, but Power to please my self?

And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,

And my own Slaves the Sovereigns.

Weak Princes flatter, when they want the Power

To curb their People: Tender Plants must bend;

But when a Government is grown to Strength,

Like some old Oak, tough with its armed Bark,

It yields not to the Fig, but only nods,

And turns to fullen State.

Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,

Which Time wears off, and mellows into Right;

And Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,

Is ripen'd in the next to true Succession.

Dryd. Span. Fryar.

UNBOUNDED Power and Height of Greatness give

To Kings that Lustre which we think divine;

The Wise who know 'em, know they are but Men,

Nay, sometimes, weak ones too. The Croud indeed,

Who kneel before the Image, not the God,

Worship the Deity their Hands have made.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepm.

HE'S

HE's in Possession! so Diseases are:
Should not a ling'ring Fever be remov'd,
Because it long has rag'd within my Blood?
Do I rebel, when I would thrust it out?
What! shall I think the World was made for one,
And Men are born for Kings, as Beasts for Men;
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd?
Mark those who doat on arbitrary Power,
And you shall find 'em, either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts servile in their Greatness,
And Slaves to some, to lord it o'er the rest.
O Baseness! to support a Tyrant Throne,
And crush you free-born Brethren of the World!

Dryd. Span. Fryar.

THOSE Kings who rule with limited Command,
Have Players Sceptres put into their Hands:
Power has no Balance! one Side still weighs down,
And either hoists the Commonwealth, or Crown.

Dryd. Cong. of Granad.

THE Thoughts of Princes dwell in sacred Privacy,
Unknown and venerable to the Vulgar;
And like a Temple's innermost Recesses,
None enter to behold the hallowed Mysteries,
Unbidden of the God that dwells within.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

SEBASTIAN was a Man
Above Man's Height, ev'n tow'ring to Divinity;
Brave, pious, gen'rous, great, and liberal:
Just as the Scales of Heav'n, that weighs the Seasons:
He lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd:
His Goodness was diffus'd to human Kind;
He was the Envy of his neighbouring Kings;
For him the fighting Queens despis'd their Lords,
And Virgin-Daughters blush'd when he was nam'd.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

WELL has our holy *Alla* mark'd him out,
The Scourge of lawless Pride and dire Ambition;
The great Avenger of the groaning World:

Well

Well has he sworn the sacred Cause of Justice
 Upon his prosp'rous Sword: Approving Heav'n
 Still crown'd the righteous Warrior with Success,
 As if he said, Go forth, and be my Champion,
 Thou most like me of all my Works below.

Rowe's Tam.

No Lust of Rule, the common Vice of Kings;
 No furious Zeal, inspir'd by hot-brain'd Priests:
 Ill hid beneath Religion's specious Name,
 E'er drew his temp'rate Courage to the Field:
 But to redress an injur'd People's Wrongs,
 To save the weak one from the strong Oppressor,
 Is all his End of War: And when he draws
 The Sword to punish, like relenting Heav'n,
 He seems unwilling to deface his Kind.

Ibid.

O AXALLA!

Could I forget I am a Man, as thou art,
 Would not the Winter's Cold, or Summer's Heat,
 Sickness, or Thirst, or Hunger, all the Train
 Of Nature's clamorous Appetites, asserting
 An equal Right in Kings, and common Men,
 Reprove me daily? No, if I boast of ought,
 Be it to have been Heav'n's happy Instrument,
 The Means of Good to all my Fellow-Creatures:
 This is a King's best Praise.

Ibid.

'Tis true, I am a King:
 Honour and Glory too have been my Aim:
 But tho' I dare face Death, and all the Dangers
 Which furious War wears in its bloody Front,
 Yet could I chuse to fix my Fame by Peace,
 By Justice, and by Mercy; and to raise
 My Trophies on the Blessings of Mankind:
 Nor would I buy the Empire of the World
 With Ruin of the People whom I sway;
 Or Forfeit of my Honour.

Ibid.

O HARD Estate of Empire; wretched Kings!
 How are we snar'd in Errors not our own;
 And hood-wink'd, led to Crimes we most should shun!

Hence:

Hence 'tis, our Name's stain'd black in Chronicles,
When impious Counsellors betray our Reason
With Eloquence, and ensnare us
And make Injustice necessary.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

SOME are born Kings;
Made up of three Parts Fire: So full of Heav'n,
It sparkles at their Eyes; inferior Souls
Know 'em as soon as seen, by sure Instinct,
To be their Lords, and naturally worship
The secret God within 'em.

Dryd. Cleom.

THE Gods have for themselves alone reserv'd
A quiet State: Kings are their Stewards here,
Intrusted with the Conquest of the World;
And like good careful Servants, must submit
Their single Profit to the general Welfare.

Lansd. Her. Love.

KINGS are like other Misers,
Greedy of more: They use not what they have,
As Merchants vent'ring on the faithless Seas,
For needless Wealth, are driven by sudden Storms
On Banks of Sands, or dash'd against the Rocks;
And all they have is sunk, and lost at once!
Kings rush to Wars, more faithless than the Seas;
Where more inconstant Fortune waits their Arms;
Where, in a Moment, one unhappy Blow
Ruins the Progress of an Age before.

Hopk. Pyrr.

THE vulgar call us Gods, and fondly think,
That Kings are cast in more than mortal Moulds:
Alas! they little know that when the Mind
Is cloy'd with Pomp, our Taste is pall'd to Joy;
But grows more sensible of Grief or Pain.
The stupid Peasant, with as quick a Sense,
Enjoys the Fragrance of the Rose as I;
And his rough hard Hand is Proof against the Thorn,
Which, rankling in my tender Skin, would seem
A Viper's Tooth. O blissful Poverty!
Nature too partial to thy Lot, assigns
Health, Freedom, Innocence, and downy Peace,

Her

Her real Goods ; and only mocks the great,
With empty Pageantries.

Fent. Mariam.

Th' unbusy'd Shepherd stretch'd beneath the Haw-
thorn,

His careless Limbs thrown out in wanton Ease,
With thoughtless Gaze perusing th' arched Heav'ns,
And idly whistling, while his Sheep feed round him,
Enjoys a sweeter Shade than that of Canopies,
Hemm'd in with Care, and shook by Storms of Treason.

Hill's Hen. V.

KISSES and KISSING.

THIS Kiss if it durst speak,
Wou'd stretch thy Spirits up into the Air:
I WILL provoke thy Lips, lay Siege so close,
That all thy fallying Breath shall turn to Blessings.

Dryd. Don Seb.

SWEET were his Kisses on my balmy Lips,
As are the Breezes breath'd amidst the Groves
Of ripening Spices on the Height of Day.

Behn's Abd.

OH ! could I give the World ;
One Kiss of thine, but thus to touch thy Lips,
I were a Gainer, by the vast Exchange.
The fragrant Infancy of opening Flowers,
Flow'd to my Senses in that melting Kiss.

South's Disapp.

O LET me run and seal
My melting Soul upon their bubbling Wounds !
I'll print upon their Coral Mouths such Kisses,
As shall recal their wand'ring Spirits home.

Lee's Oed.

SHE brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd on his ;
At which he wisper'd Kisses back on her's.

Dryd. All for Love.

BALMY, as Cordials that recover Souls,
Chaste as Maids Sighs, and keen as longing Mothers.

Lee's Luc. Jun. Br.

I FELT

I FELT the while a pleasing Kind of Smart,
The Kifs went tingling to my very Heart.
When it was gone, the Sense of it did stay,
The Sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all Day,
Like Drops of Honey, loth to fall away.

Dryd. Mar. a-la-mode.

THEY kifs'd with such a Fervor,
And gave such furious Earnest of their Flames,
That their Eyes sparkled, and their mantling Blood
Flew flushing o'er their Faces.

Dryd. Don Seb.

How could I dwell for ever on these Lips!
Oh! I could kifs 'em pale with Eagerness!
So soft, by Heav'n! and such a juicy Sweet,
That ripen'd Peaches have not half their Flavour.

Dryd. Amph.

OH! let me live for ever on those Lips!
The Nectar of the Gods to these is tasteless.

Ibid.

I SWEAR, I love you with my first Virgin-Fondness;
I live all in you, and I die without you:
At your Approach, my Heart beats fast within me;
A pleasing Trembling thrills thro' all my Blood,
Whene'er you touch me with your melting Hand:
But when you Kifs, Oh! 'tis not to be spoke!

Gild. Fat. Divorce.

WHAT strange new Motions do I feel? my Veins
Burn with an unknown Fire; in every Part
I suffer Alteration: I am poison'd,
Yet languish with Desire again to taste it;
So sweetly it works on me.

IF I prophane with my unworthiest Hand
This holy Shrine, the gentle Sin is this;
My Lips, two blushing Pilgrims, ready stand,
To smoothe that rough Touch with a tender Kifs.

Shakesf. Rom. and Jul.

HE kifs'd me hard,
As if he'd pluck up Kisses by the Roots,
That grew upon my Lips.

Shakesf. Othello.

HE scarce afforded one kind parting Word,
But went away so cold; the Kiss he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd Compliment of fated Love.

Orw. Orph.

NECTAR, and Flames, and Sweets of *Hybla* grow
About her Lips, Ambrosial Odours flow. *Lee's Soph.*

THE Kiss you take is paid by that you give;
The Joy is mutual, and I'm still in Debt.

Lansd. Her. Love.



L A M B.



OME, lead me forward now, like a tame
Lamb,

To sacrifice. Thus, in his fatal Garland,
Deck'd fine, and pleas'd, the Wanton skips,
and plays,

Trots by th' enticing, flattering Priestess's Side;

And much transported with its little Pride,

Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain,

'Till by her bound, he's on the Altar lain;

Yet then too, hardly bleats, such Pleasure's in the Pain. }

Orw. Ven. Pres.

So safe are Lambs within the Lion's Power,

Ungrip'd, and play'd with, 'till fierce Hunger calls;

Then Nature shews it self, the close hid Nails

Are stretch'd, and open'd, to the panting Prey.

Dryd. King. Arthur.

L A M E N T A T I O N S.

BUT he sleeps happy.

I must wake for ever. — This Object! this!

This Face of fatal Beauty —

Will

214 *The BEAUTIES of*

Which, by Reflection of her Light, appear'd
As Nature meant her Sorrow for an Ornament;
After, her Looks grew chearful, and I saw
A Smile shoot graceful upward from her Eyes,
As if they had gain'd a Victory over Grief;
And with it, many Beams twisted themselves;
Upon whose golden Threads the Angels walk
To and again from Heav'n.

Shirley's Brot.

L A D Y's Picture.

FAIR *Portia's* Counterfeit! what Demi-god
Hath come so near Creation? Move these Eyes!
Or, whether riding on the Balls of mine,
Seem they in Motion? Here are sever'd Lips
Parted with Sugar Breath; so sweet a Bar!
Such Sunder! such sweet Friends! here in her Hair
The Painter plays the Spider, and hath woven
A golden Mesh t' entrap the Hearts of Men
Faster than Gnats in Cobwebs: But her Eyes!
How could he see to do 'em? having made one,
Methinks, it should have Power to steal both his,
And leave it self unfinish'd.

Shakesf. Merch. of Ven.

L A R K.

Now hear the Lark,
The Herald of the Morn; whose Notes do beat
The vaulty Heav'ns, so high above our Heads,
Making such sweet Divisions.

Shakesf. Rom. and Jul.

THE Lark,
That gives sweet Tidings of the Sun's Uprise.

Shakesf. Tit. And.

L A W and L A W Y E R.

LAW is the sacred Child of Heav'n and Nature.

Den. App. Virg.

ONE,

ONE, that not long since was the Buckram Scribe.
That would run on Mens Errands for an Asper ;
And from such Baseness having rais'd a Stock,
To bribe the covetous Judge, call'd to the Bar ;
So poor in Practice too, that he would plead
A needy Client's Cause for a starv'd Hen,
Or half a little Loin of Veal, tho' Fly-blown :
And these the greatest Fees, you could arrive at
For just Proceedings ; but since you turn'd Rascal.

Beaum. Sp. Curate.

ROGUES that can extract
Fines out of Looks, and Death from double Meanings.

Sewell's Sir Walt. Raleigh.

I HEARD the deep-mouth'd Pack, they scented Blood
From the first starting, and pursued their View
With the Law Musick of long winded Calumny.
Well I remember one among the Tribe,
A reading Cut-throat skill'd in Parallels,
And dark Comparisons of wondrous Likeness,
Who in a Speech of unchew'd Eloquence,
Mustered up all the Crimes, since Noah's Days,
To put in Ballance with this fancied Plot,
And made e'en Cataline a Saint to Raleigh :
The Sycophant so much o'er play'd his Part,
I could have hugg'd him, kiss'd the unskilful Lyes,
Hot from his venal Tongue.

Ibid.

I OFT have heard him say, how he admir'd
Men of your large Profession that could speak
To every Cause, and Things meer Contraries
'Till they were hoarse again, yet all be Law
That with most quick Agility could turn,
And return, make Knots and undo them,
Give forked Counsel, take provoking Gold
On either Hand, and put it up. These Men,
He knew wou'd thrive with their Humility,
And (for his Part) he thought he should be blest
To have his Heir of such a suffering Spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a Tongue,

And

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And loud withall, that could not wag nor scarce
Lie still without a Fee. *B. Johnson's Volpone,*

L I B E R T Y.

OUR freeborn Sons in Freedom shall expire,
Visit the Elysian Fields all true and brave,
And not one single Soul descend the Shades a Slave.

Frowd's Fall of Sag.

A DAY, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage. *Cato.*

WHAT is Life? 'Tis not to stalk, and draw fresh Air,
From Time to Time; or gaze upon the Sun:
'Tis to be free: When Liberty is gone,
Life grows inspid, and has lost its Relish. *Ibid.*

REMEMBER, O my Friends! the Laws, the Rights,
The generous Plan of Power deliver'd down,
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers;
So dearly bought, the Price of so much Blood!
O let it never perish in your Hands!
But piously transmit it to your Children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls,
And make our Lives in thy Possession happy;
Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Defence. *Ibid.*

FLY, fly, *Varanes*, fly this sacred Place,
Where Virtue and Religion are profess'd:
'This City will not harbour Infidels,
Traytors to Chastity, licentious Princes:
Fly to imperial Libertines abroad:
In foreign Courts thou'lt find a thousand Beauties,
That will comply for Gold; for Gold they'll weep,
For Gold be fond, as *Athenais* was;
And charm thee still, as if they lov'd indeed:
'Thou'lt find enough Companions too for Riot;
Luxuriant all, and royal as thy self;
Tho' thy loud Vices should resound to Heav'n.

Lee's Theod.

OH!

Oh! give me Liberty!
For were ev'n Paradise it self my Prison,
Still I should long to leape the crystal Walls.

Dryd. Don Seb.

L I F E.

LIFE's but a walking Shadow; a poor Player,
That frets, and struts his Hour upon a Stage;
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying nothing. *Shakesf. Macbeth.*

THEY live too long, who Happiness out-live:
For Life and Death are Things indifferent:
Each to be chose, as either brings Content.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

'Tis not for nothing that we Life pursue;
It pays our Hopes with something still that's new;
Each Day's a Mistress unenjoy'd before:
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.

Dryd. Auren.

WHEN I consider Life, 'tis all a Cheat:
Yet fool'd with Hope, Men favour the Deceit;
Trust on, and think, To-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former Day;
Lyes more, and while it says we shall be blest'd
With some new Joys, cuts off what we possess'd:
Strange Cozenage! none would live past Years again,
Yet all hope Pleasure in what yet remain:
And from the Dregs of Life think to receive
What the first sprightly Running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymic Gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old. *Ibid.*

L

L I G H T N I N G,

LIGHTNING.

As when some dreadful Thunder-Clap is nigh,
The winged Fire shoots swiftly thro' the Sky ;
Strikes, and consumes, e'er scarce it does appear!
And by the sudden Ill prevents the Fear.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

LIKE Lightning's fatal Flash,
Which by destructive Thunder is pursu'd,
Blasting those Fields on which it shin'd before.

Robt. Valentih.

LION.

LIKE a Lion,
Who long has reign'd the Terror of the Woods,
And dar'd the boldest Huntsman to the Combat;
'Till caught at length within some hidden Snare,
With foaming Jaws he bites the Toils that hold him,
And roars, and rolls his fiery Eyes in vain:
While the surrounding Swains wound him at Pleasure.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

THUS Lions to their Keepers couch, and fawn,
And disobey their Hunger.

Dryd. Cleom.

It breeds Contempt,
For Herds to listen, and presume to pry,
When the hurt Lion groans within his Den.

Dryd. Don Seb.

LIKE a caught Lion, raging in the Snare,
He plunges in his Passion, spends his Force,
And struggles with the Toil that holds him faster.

Lee's Mithrid.

THE Prince in a lone Court was plac'd.
Unarm'd, all but his Hands, on which he wore
A Pair of Gantlets.
At last, the Door of an old Lion's Den
Being drawn up, the horrid Beast appear'd:

The

The Flames which from his Eyes shot glaring Red,
 Made the Sun start, as the Spectators thought,
 And round them cast a Day of Blood and Death;
 The Prince walk'd forward: The large Beast descry'd
 His Prey; and with a Roar that made us pale,
 Flew fiercely on him: But *Lyfmachus*
 Starting aside, avoided his first Stroke,
 With a slight hurt; and as the Lion turn'd,
 Thrust Gantlet, Arm, and all, into his Throat:
 Then with *Herculean* Force, tore forth by th' Roots,
 The foaming bloody Tongue; and while the Savage,
 Faint with the Loss, sunk to the blushing Earth,
 To plough it with his Teeth, your conqu'ring Soldier
 Leap'd on his Back, and dash'd his Skull to Pieces.
Lee's Alex.

L O O K S.

HIS Visage seem'd to bear
 A Mixture of uncertain Chearfulness,
 Like Hope corrected by some Cautious Fear.
Sewell's Sir Walt. Raleigh.

IF I have veild my look,
 I turn the Trouble of my Countenance
 Meerly upon my self, vex'd I am
 Of late with Passions of some Difference,
 Conceptions only proper to my self,
 Which give some Soil perhaps to my Behaviour.
Shakes. Jul. Cæsar.

HE looks as if he had bespoke his Grave.
Lee's Theod.

EVEN your Anger charms, and you appear
 Awfully fair and lovely in your Frowns. *Trap's Abram.*
 A SULLEN Gloom
 Scouls on his Brow, and marks him the Dusk.
Young's Busiris.

FATE is in thy Face,
 And from thy haggard Eyes, looks wildly out,

And threatens e'er thou speak'st. *Dryd. All for Love.*

JUST now I met him, at my Sight he started,
Then with such ardent Eyes he wander'd o'er me,
And gaz'd with such Malignity of Love,
Sending his Soul out to me in a Look. *Young's Busiris.*

WHAT Glory Blazes from his Eye,
What Force, what Majesty in every Motion
As at each Step he trod upon a Foe. *Ibid.*

A LOOK so sweet,
As might disarm even Death. *Den. Iphig.*

SEE! what a Grace was seated on his Brow!
Hyperion's Curls, the Front of *Jove* himself;
An Eye, like *Mars*, to threaten, or command:
A Combination, and a Form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his Seal.
To give the World Assurance of a Man. *Shakesf. Haml.*

READ o'er the Volume of his lovely Face,
And find Delight writ there with Beauty's Pen:
Examine ev'ry several Lineament,
And what obscur'd in this fair Volume lies,
Find written in the Margin of his Eyes.
Shakesf. Rom. and Jul.

HE has I know not what,
Of Greatness in his Looks, and of high Fate,
That almost awes me. *Dryd. Mar. A-la-mode.*

SEE! where she comes! with that high Air and Mien,
Which marks, in Bonds, the Greatness of a Queen!
Dryd. Tyr. Love.

HADST thou thy self been by, and but beheld him,
Thou would'st have thought, such was his Majesty,
That the Gods lighten'd from his awful Eyes,
And thunder'd from his Tongue. *Lee's L. J. Brut.*

A VENERABLE Aspect!
Age fits with decent Grace upon his Visage,
And worthily becomes his silver Locks:
He wears the Marks of many Years well spent,
Of Virtue, Truth well try'd, and wise Experience.

Rowe's Jane Shore.
IN

IN his Looks appears
A wild distracted Fierceness: I can read
Some dreadful Purpose in his Face.
Sometimes his Anger breaks thro' all Disguises,
And spares nor Gods nor Men: And then he seems
Jealous of all the World; suspects, and starts,
And looks behind him. *Denb. Sophy.*

MY Heart quakes in me: In your settled Face,
And clouded Brow, methinks, I see my Fate.
Othw. Orph.

READS'T thou not something in my Face, that speaks
Wonderful Change, and Horror from within me. *Ibid.*

HER Looks grow black, as a tempestuous Wind,
Some raging Thoughts are rolling in her Mind.
Dryd. Ind. Emp.

NE'ER think to fright me with your mighty Looks:
Know, I dare stem that Tempest in your Brow,
And dash it back upon you. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

WHAT brutal Mischief sits upon his Brow!
He may be honest, but he looks Damnation.
Dryd. Don Seb.

SEE, the King reddens,
The Fear which seiz'd him at *Alphonso's* Sight
Is vanish'd now;
And a new Tide returns upon his Cheeks,
And Rage and Vengeance sparkle in his Eyes.
Dryd. Love Tr.

BY *Jupiter*, he looks so terrible,
I'm half afraid to praise him. *Shakesf. Troil. Cress.*

SEE where he comes, all pensive, and alone:
A gloomy Fury has o'erspread his Face.
Dryd. Conq. Gran.

WHY dost thou shake thy Brows with that stern
Look?

Speak; for to me thy Face is as the Heav'ns,
And when thou smil'st I cannot fear a Storm:
But now thy gather'd Brows prognosticate
Ill Weather; Light'ning sparkles from thy Eyes:

Speak too, tho' Thunder follow.

Lee's Cæf. Borg;

ON your Brow,

A thousand Deaths fit menacing my Soul.

Lee's Mass. of Paris.

So fiery fierce, that those who see him nearly,
May see his haughty Soul still mounting in his Face.

Lee's Theod.

EACH Vassal has a wild distracted Face,
And looks as full of Business, as a Blockhead
In Times of Danger.

Otw. Orph.

WHY dwels that busy Cloud upon thy Face?

Otw. Ven. Presf.

YET Sorrow on his Brow majestic fits,
And shews that from no common Cause it springs:
His Mien seems earnest, and his Looks profound,
Like one upon important Business bent.

Den. Iphig.

MARK but how terrible his Eyes appear!
And yet there's something roughly noble there,
Which in unfashion'd Nature looks divine,
And like a Gem, does in the Quarry shine.

Dryd. Conq. Gran.

HE looks

As if some mighty Secret work'd within him,
And labour'd for a Vent.

Lee's Theod.

AN awful Gloom
Spreads o'er his Face, and gnawing Cares of Love
Indent his furrow'd Brows.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

THOU hast a grim Appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in it: Tho' thy Tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble Vessel.

Shakesf. Coriol.

FOR his late Disgrace,
His conscious Virtue rages in his Face.

Sed. Anth. and Cleop.

WHAT Disorder?

What sad Fate's that that bodes upon your Brow?

I see your Face

Pale, as the Cherubims at Adam's Fall.

Dryd. D. of Guise.

HE

HE wears Affliction in his Aspect,
And the black Cloud that lowrs upon his Brow,
Seems to declare strange Wretchedness of Sorrow.

Den. Iphig.

METHOUGHT, I saw Love, Anger, and Despair,
All combating at once upon her Face. *Dryd. M. Queen.*

WHY are those graceful Sorrows on that Brow?
Why frown those Looks, by Nature form'd to smile?

Hig. Gen. Conq.

I HAVE observ'd of late thy Looks are fallen;
O'ercast with gloomy Care, and Discontent. *Add. Cato.*

MY Form, alas! has long forgot to please:
The Scene of Beauty and Delight is chang'd:
No Roses bloom upon my fading Cheeks,
No laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes;
But haggard Grief, lean-looking, fallow Care,
And pining Discontent, a rueful Train,
Dwell on my Brow, all hideous and forlorn.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

WHOM would not that majestic Mien deceive?
And his Friends, godlike Eyes that look Divinity?
Why should the sacred Character of Virtue
Shine on a Villain's Countenance? Ye Powers!
Why fix'd you not a Brand on Treason's Front?
That we might know t'avoid perfidious Mortals.

Den. Iphig.

O SERPENT Heart! hid with a flow'ring Face!
Did ever Dragons keep so fair a Cave?
O despis'd Substance of divinest Shew!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st!
O Nature! what hadst thou to do in Hell,
When thou didst bower the Spirit of a Fiend,
In mortal Paradise of such sweet Flesh?
Was ever Book containing such vile Matter,
So fairly bound? Oh! that Deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Palace!

Shakes. Rom. and Jul.

ALL thy Deformity of Mind breaks out

Upon thy cruel Face, and blasts my Eyes.

Den. Ap. and Vir.

I GUESS you're pleas'd, by a malicious Joy,
Whose red and fiery Beams cast thro' your Visage
A glowing Pleasure: Sure you smile Revenge.

Dryd. Oed.

BUT who art thou, whose heavy Looks foretel
Some dreadful Story hanging on thy Tongue?

Shakesf. Hen. VI.

WHAT means this wild Confusion in thy Looks?
As if thou wert at Variance with thy self;
Madness and Reason combating within thee;
And thou wert doubtful which should get the better.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

THERE is no Art

To find the Mind's Constraction in her Face.

'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts,
Or carry Smiles and Sun-shine in my Face,
When Discontent sits heavy at my Heart.

Add. Cato.

MANLY Majesty

Sat in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
Commanding all he view'd.

Dryd Oed.

WHAT's he? who with contracted Brow,
And sullen Port, glooms downwards with his Eyes,
At once regardless of his Chains, or Liberty?
He shuns my Kindness;
And, with a haughty Mien, and stern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Office. If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a Word; as he was born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk,
At least to talk, where he must not command.

Cong. M. Bride.

THAT gloomy Outside, like a rusty Chest,
Contains the shining Treasure of a Soul
Resolv'd and brave.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

HE looks secure of Death: Superior Greatness;
Like *Jove*, when he made Fate, and said, thou art
The Slave of my Creation.

He

He looks as Man was made, with Face erect,
That scorns his brittle Corps, and seems asham'd
He's not all Spirit: His Eyes with a dumb Pride,
Accusing Fortune, that he fell not warm;
Yet now disdains to live.

Ibid.

By his warlike Port,
His fierce Demeanour, and erected Look,
He's of no vulgar Note.

Dryd. All for Love.

METHINKS, you breathe
Another Soul; you Looks are more divine;
You speak a Hero, and you move a God.

Ibid.

His Presence bears the Shew of manly Virtue.

Ot. w. Ven. Pref.

LOQUACIOUS.

Oh rid me of this Torture quickly there,
My Madam with the everlasting Voice;
The Bells in Time of Pestilence ne'er made
Like Noise, or were in that perpetual Motion!

All my House

But now steam'd like a Bath with her thick Breath;
A Lawyer could not have been heard, nor scarce
Another Woman, such a Hail of Words
She has let fall.

B. Johnson's Vesp.

LOVE.

LOVE strong in Wish, is weak in Reason, still
Forming a thousand Ills which ne'er shall be,
And like a Coward, kills itself to Day
With fancy'd Grief for fear it die to Morrow.

Sewel's Sir Walt. Ral.

O LOVE! what Miracles by thee are wrought,
How does thou mix thy Causes in one Day,
Crowding the Woes and Happiness of Years;
All Passions that divide the human Breast,

L. 5

Sink

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Sink it in Sorrow, or exalt with Joy.
 Hope, Anguish, Transport, Anger, Fear,
 All have reign'd here within the scanty Space.
 Let this suffice, imperious Deity
 Be all my future View, one bright Serene,
 One lengthen'd Sunshine of unspotted Bliss,
 Where Fear, nor Damps, nor Sorrow casts a Shade.

Ibid.

IT exceeds

My Power to cease to love, but tho' a Wretch
 Scorch'd in a Fever, cannot cease to thirst;
 Yet he may throw the baneful Draught away,
 Or beg some Friend to bind his desperate Arms;
 May chuse the present Misery to avoid
 A greater in Reversion, and endure
 The Cravings of unsatisfy'd Desire.

Trap's Abram.

FROM this propitious Minute will I date,
 My smiling *Æra* of indulgent Fate.
Mars and *Bellona* now to *Cupid* yield,
 To gentler Love reserve the Warlike Field;
 The little God pleas'd with his am'rous Trust,
 Is to the Soldier in the Lover just,
 Safe and secure from Wars destructive Frowns,
 With Love's succeeding Joys the Fav'rite Warrior crowns.

Beck. Scipio.

THE Hero shakes in vain the whizzing Spear,
 Boasts the rich Trophies and the Pomp of War,
 Though captive Princes sweat beneath his Chains,
 A greater Foe unconquer'd yet remains;
 Love seels with Rival's Pride and envious Shame,
 His growing Honours and aspiring Fame;
 Then his big Schemes are in a Moment crost,
 Beauty unnerves him, and the World is lost.

Ibid.

METHINKS it lightens
 The Weight of my Calamities, that thou
 Art yet a Kin to my Infirmary,
 And bear'st thy Part in Love's melodious Ills;

Love

Love like that Bane perfum'd infects the Mind,
That sad Delight, that charms all Woman Kind.

Lee's Theod.

How great is the Mistake of our vain Sex,
Who think the Number of their fond Admirers
Alone can make them happy! — she indeed
Who unsubdu'd by Love his Power defies,
May with Delight her num'rous Conquests prize,
And view with careless Air the Triumph of her Eyes.
But when these am'rous Pains our Breasts divide,
We find in Spight of our fantastick Pride,
We shou'd more true and lasting Pleasure prove,
Were we belov'd by none but those we love.

Trap's Abram.

NOTHING but the Fear of Separation
From the most brave of Men and best of Lovers,
Could force me to disclose the mighty Secret;
I will unlock my Breast, and lay before you
The inmost Thoughts and Counsels of my Soul.
Know then,
That since the Time that mine and your Deliverer,
The generous Visier, the thrice noble *Pyrrhus*,
Rescued us in our Journey to this City;
I have in Secret lov'd that wond'rous Man,
And he with equal Fire receiv'd my Passion;
And during those four Months in which I lay
Hinder'd from travelling by tedious Sickness,
We have by mutual Intercourse exchange'd
Each others Souls.

Ibid.

I HAVE strove
Resisted all in Vain, Love still maintains
It's high Preeminence, whilst I like *Sisyphus*
Rolling a weighty Stone upon Ascent,
Which soon with Violence and rapid Speed,
Comes hurrying downward, only can begin
A second and leis Labour.

Beck. Scipio.

Its Place can give me Ease, my restless Thought,
Like working Billows in a troubled Sea,

Tosses me to and fro, nor know I whither.
 Oh how this Passion like a Whirlpool drives me
 With giddy rapid Motion round and round
 I know not where, and draws in all my Soul!
 I reason much, but reason about her,
 And where she is all Reason dies before her,
 And Arguments but tell me I am conquer'd.

Young's Busiris.

LET the Fools

Who follow Fortune, live upon her Smiles;
 All our Prosperity is plac'd in Love:
 We have enough of that to make us happy.

South. Oron.

To be in Love, where Scorn is bought with Groans:
 Coy Looks, with Heart-fore Sighs: One fading Mo-
 ment's Mirth,

With twenty watchful weary tedious Nights;
 If haply won, perhaps, a hapless Gain:
 If lost, why then a grievous Labour won;
 However, but a Folly bought with Wit,
 Or else a Wit by Folly vanquish'd.

Shakes. Two Gent. of Verona.

To love like her's a Task too hard for you;
 Love me as she did! Why, each Thought she had
 Of me, was such might make an Angel glad:
 For Crowns, tho' Emp'ror of the World I were,
 I'd turn a Beggar, to recover her.

O Madam! tempt no further, all's but vain;

I ne'er can have a Thought of Love again. *Orov. Alcib.*

Love's a greater King,

Nay, a Tyrant, a Devil, that possesses me;
 He tunes the Organs of my Voice, and speaks
 Unknown to me within me; pushes me,
 And drives me on by Force.

Dryd. Don Seb.

THERE is no Woman's Sides

Can 'bide the beating of so strong a Passion
 As Love does give my Heart: No Woman's Heart
 So big to hold so much; they lack Retention;

Alas!

Alas! their Love may be call'd Appetite:
 No Motion of the Liver, but the Palate,
 That suffers Surfeit, Cloyment, and Revolt:
 But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
 And can digest as much; make no Compare
 Between that Love a Woman can bear me,
 And that I owe *Olivia*. *Shakef. Twelfth Night.*

WHAT Sacrifice of Thanks, what Age of Service;
 What Danger of more dreadful Look than Death?
 What willing Martyrdom to crown me constant,
 May merit such a Goodness, such a Sweetness?
 A Love so nobly great no Power can ruin.

Beaum. Custom Country.

LOVE, fair Maid, is an extream Desire,
 That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd:
 To ask the Reason why thou art in Love;
 Or, what might be the noblest End in Love;
 Would overthrow that kindly rising Warmth,
 That many Times slides gently o'er the Heart:
 *Twould make thee grave and staid, thy Thoughts
 would be

Like a thrice-married Widow, full of Ends,
 And void of all Compassion; and to fright thee
 From such Enquiries: Whereas thou art now,
 Living in Ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
 And but sixteen; the knowing what Love is,
 Would make thee six and forty.

Beau. Coxcomb.

To what scurvy Things this Love converts us!
 What stinking Things, and how sweetly they become us!
 Murder's a moral Virtue with these Lovers,
 A special Piece of Divinity I take it:
 I may be mad, or violently drunk,
 Which is a Whelp of that Litter; or I may be covetous,
 And learn to murder Mens Estates too; that's base too;
 Or proud, but that's a Paradise to this;
 Or envious, and fit eating of my self,
 At other's Fortunes: I may lye, and damnably,
 Beyond the Patience of an honest Hearer:

Cozen.

Cozen, cut Purfes, fit i'the Stocks for Apples :
 But when I am a Lover, Lord have Mercy !
 Thefe are poor polting Sins, or rather Plagues.
 Love and Ambition draw the Devil's Coach.

Beaum. Island Princefs.

LOVE is a Child that talks in broken Language,
 Yet then he fpeaks moft plain. *Dryd. Troil. and Cress.*

LOVE rais'd his noble Thoughts to brave Atchieve-
 ments:

For Love's the Steel that ftrikes upon the Flint,
 Gives Coldnefs Heat, exerts the hidden Flame,
 And fpreads the Sparkles round, to warm the World.

Dryd. L. Triumph.

LOVE! that does all that's noble here below!

Dryd. Don. Seb.

YE niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long ;
 You fill them with Difcafes, Wants, and Woes ;
 And only dafh 'em with a little Love :
 Sprinkled by Fits, and with a fparing Hand.

Dryd. Amph.

LIFE without Love's a Load, and Time fands ftill :
 What we refufe to him, to Death we give ;
 And then, then only, when we love we live.

Cong. Mourn. Bride.

LOVE's an heroic Paffion, which can find
 No Room in any bafe degenerate Mind :
 It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,
 To make the Lover worthy his Defire.

Dryd. Cong. Gran.

LOVE is not Sin, but where 'tis finful Love :
 Mine is a Flame fo holy, and fo clear,
 That the white Taper leaves no Soot behind,
 No Smoke of Luft.

Dryd. Don. Seb.

LOVE gives Esteem, and then he gives Defert ;
 He either finds Equality, or makes it :
 Like Death, he knows no Difference in Degrees,
 But plains and levels all.

Dryd. Mar. A-la-mode.

I KNEW

I KNEW 'twere Madness to declare this Truth,
And yet 'twere Baseness to deny my Love:
But such a Love kept at such awful Distance,
As what it loudly dares to tell a Rival,
Shall fear to whisper there! Queens may be lov'd,
And so may Gods; else why are Altars rais'd?
Why shines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our Eyes in Darkness.

Dryd. Span. Friar.

Love various Minds does variously inspire;
He stirs in gentle Natures gentle Fire,
Like that of Incense on the Altars laid;
But raging Flames tempestuous Souls invade:
A Fire, which every windy Passion blows,
With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

THE Fate of Love is such,
That still it sees too little, or too much. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Love is that Madness which all Lovers have:
But yet it's sweet and pleasing so to rave:
'Tis an Enchantment where the Reason's bound;
But Paradise is in th' enchanted Ground:
A Palace void of Envy, Cares, and Strife,
Where gentle Hours delude so much of Life;
To take those Charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into Misery:
And Prudence, of whose Care you so much boast,
Restores the Pains which that sweet Folly lost.

Dryd. Conq. Gran.

My Love's a noble Madness,
Which shews the Cause deserves it. Moderate Sorrow
Fits vulgar Love, and for a vulgar Man:
But I have lov'd with such transcendent Passion,
I soar'd, at first, quite out of Reason's View,
And now am lost above it.

Dryd. All for Love.

In Love what Use of Prudence can there be?
More perfect I, and yet more powerful She!

One Look of hers my Resolution breaks,
Reason it self turns Folly when she speaks;
And aw'd by her, whom it was made to sway,
Flatters her Power, and does its own betray,

Dryd. State of Inn.

OH! she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love!
And made Perdition pleasing. *Dryd. All for Love.*

WITNESS, ye Powers!

How much I suffer'd, and how much I strove:
But mighty Love, who Prudence does despise
For Reason, shew'd me *Indamora's* Eyes:
What would ye more? my Crime I sadly view,
Acknowledge, am asham'd, and yet pursue.

Dryd. Auren.

BUT I must rouse my self, and give a Stop
To all those Ills by headlong Passion caus'd:
In Minds resolv'd weak Love is put to Flight,
And only conquers when we dare not fight:
But we indulge our Harms, and while he gains
An Entrance, please our selves into our Pains.

Dryd. Sec. Love.

THE idle God of Love supinely dreams
Amidst inglorious Shades and purling Streams;
In rosy Fetters, and fantastic Chains,
He binds deluded Maids, and simple Swains;
With soft Enjoyments, woos them to forget
The hardy Toils, and Labour of the Great:
But, if the warlike Trumpet's loud Alarms
To virtuous Acts excite, and manly Arms;
The Coward Boy avows his abject Fear,
On silken Wings sublime he cuts the Air;
Scar'd at the noble Noise and Thunder of the War.

Rowe's Tam.

AWAY, thou feeble God,
I banish thee my Bosom: Hence, I say,
Be gone; or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,
And stab thee in my Heart. The War's come on:
By Heav'n, I'll drown thy laughing Deity

In Blood, and drive thee with my brandish'd Sword.

Lee's Mith.

YES! I will shake this *Cupid* from my Arms,
If all the Rages of the Earth can fright him;
Drown him in the deep Bowl of *Hercules*;
Make the World drunk, and then, like *Æolus*,
When he gave Passage to the struggling Winds,
I'll flick my Spear into the reeling Globe,
To let it Blood; set *Babylon* in a Blaze,
And drive this God of Flames with more consuming Fire.

Lee's Alex.

LOVE is that Passion which refines the Soul;
First made Men Heroes, and those Heroes Gods:
Its genial Fires inform the sluggish Mass;
The Rugged soften, and the Tim'rous warm;
Gives Wit to Fools, and Manners to the Clown:
The rest of Life is an ignoble Calm;
The Soul unmov'd by Love's inspiring Breath,
Like lazy Waters stagnates and corrupts.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

IT enters at the Eyes,
And to the Heart like subtil Lightning flies.

Sed. Anth. and Cleop.

LOVE, like a Meteor, shews a short-liv'd Blaze;
Or treads thro' various Skies a wand'ring Maze:
Begot by Fancy, and by Fancy led;
Here in a Moment, in a Moment fled:
But fix'd by Obligations it will last;
For Gratitude's the Charm that binds it fast.

Lansd. Jew of Venice.

O LOVE! thou Bane of the most gen'rous Souls!
Thou doubtful Pleasure, and thou certain Pain!
What Magic's thine that melts the hardest Hearts?
That fools the wisest Minds?

Lansd. Her. Love.

O LOVE! how hard a Fate is thine!
Obtain'd with Trouble, and with Pain preserv'd;
Never at Rest.

Ibid.

LOVE

LOVE is a blind and foolish Passion :
Pleas'd, and disgusted with it knows not what.

Add. Cato.

WHEN Love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a Fault to love :
The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wife,
Sink in the soft Captivity together. *Ibid.*

OH! shun that Passion, as thou would'st thy Bane ;
The deadliest Foe to human Happiness,
That poisons all our Joys, destroys our Quiet.
Love like a beauteous Field at first appears,
Whose pleasing Verdor ravishes the Sight ;
But all within the hollow treacherous Ground,
Is nought but Caverns of Perdition. *Hig. Gen. Cong.*

SORROW and Joy in Love alternate reign ;
Sweet is the Bliss, distracting is the Pain.

Smith. Pb. Hipp.

TRUE Love is never happy but by halves ;
An April Sunshine, that by Fits appears ;
It smiles by Moments, but it mourns by Years.

Dryd. K. Arthur.

To Providence and Chance commit the rest ;
Let us but love enough, and we are blest.

Dryd. Cong. Gran.

WE of our selves can neither Love nor hate ;
Heav'n still reserves the Power to guide our Fate.

Eth. Love in a Tub.

THERE is a Fate in Love, as well as War :
Some, tho' less careful, more successful are. *Ibid.*

LOVE's Force is shewn in Countries cak'd with Ice,
Where the pale Pole-Star in the North of Heav'n
Sits high, and on the frozy Winter broods,
Ev'n there Love reigns :
There the proud God disdaining Winter's Bounds,
O'er-leaps the Fences of eternal Snow ;
And with his Warmth supplies the distant Sun.

Dryd. K. Arthur.

Love

LOVE is a Subject to himself alone,
And knows no other Empire than his own

Lanf. Brit. Ench.

LOVE is the noblest Frailty of the Mind.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

LOVE is a Passion,
Which kindles Honour into noble Acts.

Dryd. Rival Lad.

O ARTLESS Love! where the Soul moves the Tongue,
And only Nature speaks what Nature thinks.

Dryd. K. Arthur.

LOVE is the brightest Jewel of a Crown;
It fires Ambition, and adorns Renown.

Lee's Soph.

WITH Love and with Glory at once I burn;
I feel th' inspiring Heat, and absent God return.

Dryd. Auren.

SMALL Hope attends my mighty Care;
But of all Passions, Love does last despair.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

A LOVE so pure,
As will the Test of Heav'n it self endure:
A Love, which never knew a hot Desire;
But flam'd as harmless as a lambent Fire:

A Love which pure, from Soul to Soul might pass,
As Light transmitted thro' a crystal Glass.

Ibid.

BUT love neglected will convert to Rage.

Dryd. Auren.

WE lov'd, without transgressing Virtue's Bounds,
We fix'd the Limits of our tenderest Thoughts;
Came to the Verge of Honour, and there stopp'd:
We warm'd us by the Fire, but were not scorch'd:
If this be Sin, Angels might love with more,
And mingle Rays of Minds less pure than ours:
Our Souls enjoy'd, but to their holy Feasts;
Bodies on both Sides were forbidden Guests.

Dryd. Love Triumph.

BELIEVE me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer Love,
'Tis easy to direct, and break its Force:

Absence

Absence might cure it, or a second Mistress,
Light up another Flame, or put out this. *Add. Cato.*

If it be hopeless Love, use gen'rous Means;
And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound:
Take in a new Infection to the Heart,
And the rank Poison of the old will die. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

ALL Love may be expell'd by other Love,
As Poisons are by Poisons. *Dryd. All for Love.*

LOVE's an ignoble Joy below your Care:
Glory shall make Amends with Fame in War.
Honour's the noblest Choice, pursue that Game;
And recompence the Loss of Life with Fame:
If still against such Aids your Love prevails:
Yet Absence is a Cure that seldom fails. *Lanf. Br. Inch.*

AND Love once pass'd, is at the best forgotten,
But oftner sows to Hate. *Dryd. Span. Friar.*

LET Honour go, or stay,
There's more Religion in my Love than Fame.
Dryd. Troil. and Cress.

DIDST thou taste but half the Grievs
That wring my tortur'd Soul, thou could'st not talk thus
coldly:

Passion unpity'd, and successless Love,
Plant Daggers in my Heart, and aggravate
My other Grievs. Were but my Lucia kind! *Add. Cato.*

DID'T thou but know, as I do,
The Pangs, the Tortures of a slighted Love,
Thou would'st not wonder at this sudden Change!
For when ill treated, it turns all to Hate,
And the then Darling of our Soul's Revenge.
Pow. Treach. Bro.

FIE! fie! how wayward is this foolish Love!
That, like a testy Babe, will scratch the Nurse,
And presently all humbl'd, kiss the Rod?
How churlishly I chid *Lucella* hence?
When willingly I would have had her here?
How angrily I taught my Brow to frown,

When

When inward Joy enforc'd my Heart to smile.

Shakes. Two Gent. of Verona.

OH! how this Spring of Love resembleth
Th' uncertain Glory of an *April Day*!
Which now shews all the Beauty of the Sun,
And by-and-by a Cloud takes all away.

Ibid.

LOVE can transpose to Form and Dignity!
Love looks not with the Eyes, but with the Mind!
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind:
Nor hath Love's Mind of any Judgment Taste:
Wings, and no Eyes, Figure, unheedy Haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a Child,
Because in Choice he often is beguild.
As waggish Boys themselves in Game forswear,
So the Boy Love is perjurd every where.

Shakes. Midf. Night's Dream.

LOVER and MISTRESS.

I CANNOT bear
To owe the Sweets of Love, which I have tasted,
To the submissive Duty of a Wife:
I would owe nothing to a Name so dull,
As Husband is, but to a Lover all.

My Tendernefs
Surpasses that of Husbands for their Wives:
Oh! that you lov'd like me! then you would find
A thousand, thousand Niceties in Love:
The common Love of Sex to Sex is brutal;
But Love refin'd will fancy to it self
Millions of gentle Cares, and sweet Disquiets.
The being happy is not half the Joy;
The Manner of the Happiness is all!
In me, my charming Mistrefs, you behold
A Lover, that disdains a lawful Title;
Such as of Monarchs to successive Thrones:
The generous Lover holds by Force of Arms,
And claims his Crown by Conquest.

The

238 *The BEAUTIES of, &c.*

The very Name of Wife and Marriage
Is Poison to the dearest Sweets of Love:
To please my Niceness, you must separate
The Lover from his mortal Foe, the Husband:
Give to the yawning Husband your cold Virtue:
But all your vigorous Warmth, your melting Sighs,
Your am'rous Murmurs be your Lover's Part.

Dryd. Amphit.

In her, who to a Husband is so kind,
What Raptures might a Lover hope to find?

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